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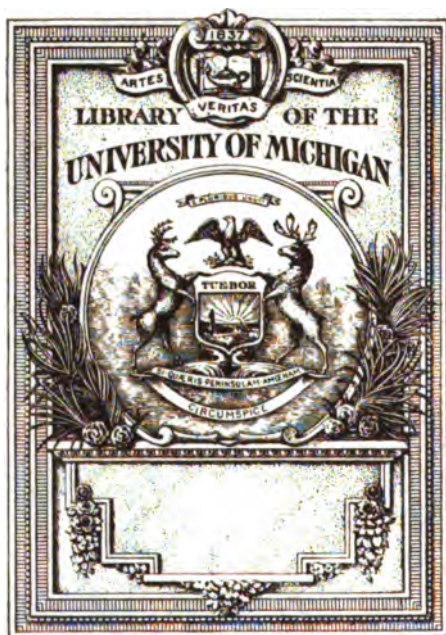
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THE IRISH MONTHLY.



THE  
IRISH MONTHLY



A Magazine of General Literature

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# MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERKEEVIL," "ELDERBROOWAN,"  
"THE WALKING TREES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

### HER MOTHER WAS A LADY.

**I**N that part of Dublin known as the Liberties there lived an old man called Grace with his daughter Marcella. The father, though an uneducated son of the people, had seen better days, had once been a master-weaver, and had married a lady. But the daughter never had seen better days, her mother, the lady, had been dead before she could walk, and all the good times were gone before she had sense to be aware of their existence. The old man had of late years gradually sunk to his original level, and consoled himself with a single loom and his pipe; and the daughter, while mending his clothes and striving to make him comfortable, had somehow grown into a woman.

They lived in a quaint old part of the Liberties, called Weaver's-square, a spot that reminded one of a dilapidated nook of some ancient foreign town, for the houses of dark brick were built with high-peaked fronts, and flat narrow windows, and had peculiarities of their own which marked them as of a different quality from the ruder and uglier dwellings that surrounded them. It was a place inhabited by poplin weavers ever since the establishment of the trade in the neighbourhood, by Huguenot settlers in the olden time. Tabinet-weaving, once a flourishing art, is now on the wane and threatening to decay. Michael Grace had gone down with the trade, and was now dragged lower every day by the increasing infirmities of years.

The house in which they lived stood at the entrance to the square, and was larger than the rest, with some heavy stone-carving about the hall-door, and massive sills to the windows. The dwelling had probably been at one time the country-house of gentlefolks, and had got built up to, and walled around, and had found itself caught in a network of foul streets, and long left behind by its old frequenters. With the perpetual frown under its windows, and

the streams of damp on its walls, it had a brooding, weeping look, which seemed ever to deplore its reverse of fortune. In his palmy days, Grace had bought the old house, and furnished it in a manner which he had considered splendid; and here he had brought his wife, who had never, certainly, seen the neighbourhood before, who probably had not liked it, and who here had died. Marcella had been born in the house, and there was something about its aspect which seemed to harmonise with the character of the girl. In spite of its sad and lonesome air, it had also its gracious aspect, and held the same relation to the other houses in the streets that Marcella occupied among the people, being one of themselves, though standing a little apart, and, undoubtedly, a good deal the pride, and slightly the envy of its neighbours. Its glory was a thing of the past, like the good fortune of the Graces, for it had become so dilapidated that it was with difficulty the weaver and his daughter were able to make their home in a corner of it.

Yet, in spite of all difficulties, Marcella, by virtue of some gift in her eyes and fingers, contrived to make the dingy place something a little different from the ordinary of such homes. Strips of old amber tabinet, much faded with frequent cleaning, hanging by the window, and other such contrivances, gave the room she lived in a character of its own. She would go without her breakfast to buy a penny bunch of yellow spring flowers, to place in the brown pitcher, which was the best vase she could find, on the corner of the dark old loom that caught the sunlight as it fell through the window. Her floor was always scrupulously sanded, and her fireside bright and swept. Neighbours who came to ask her help or advice could not tell what it was that made the old weaver's room so home-like. The walls were as crooked as other folks' walls, the ceiling as dark with age and smoke, and the light as scant, for it was not in the handsomer rooms of his house that he harboured in his latter days, nor had the Graces preserved any smart pieces of furniture to show that they had come down in the world. Housewives of the decenter order came and went away again perplexed. There was something in old Grace's room which they could not describe, and which they did not see when they went home.

Even from the outside, Marcella's window, when she happened to stand by it, would strike a stranger who might happen to be peering about the ancient street, and might wake in him—if he happened to be imaginative and a traveller—a memory of Italy. He had seen a richly tinted face, a dark picturesque head, like the

head of a Roman girl framed in a queer worm-eaten window frame based by a sill with fantastic carving, and behind it a glow of yellow drapery had shone dimly through the shadows and glinted into the light. And if it chanced to be sunset hour, when the sunshine would suddenly cover one strip of the house, like the unfurling of a long red banner against the time-darkened walls, then deep unsuspected hues would come out of the weather-stained bricks, enhanced by the intensified shadows under the sullen brown window frames, and in the cavernous chambers behind the sashes.

Certainly the Graces' room would not have been a cheerful one if anyone else had lived in it, if Marcella had been allowed to go elsewhere to earn her bread, or if the fever had not spared her the last time it went its fiery way through the Liberties, burning up human life like chaff before flame. The better class of neighbours were aware of this, and would have been sorry to see her depart; for though she did stand a little aloof from them, it was only a little. Were anyone sick or in trouble, Marcella forgot her reserve. She was a credit to the street when she went out to do her scanty bit of marketing, for she walked with the step of a lady in her bonnet which was no better than their own. And why should she not do so, since her mother was a lady? In the girl's simple superiority there was little that could offend even the most envious or ill-conditioned. In spite of her unusual beauty she never interfered with the lovers of other girls; never had had one herself and seemed willing to have none. Then she was useful to the mothers as a model to be held up to the daughters. Sometimes young wives did not like having her thrift thrust in their teeth by cross husbands; but on the whole she was popular. The very old men liked her the best, and the young men least of all, the latter feeling awed by her gravity, and by a certain involuntary haughtiness in the carriage of her head which made them humble and awkward when (as on rare occasions) they happened to find themselves in her presence.

A damp winter afternoon was just closing, the thick yellow daylight fading in the street, and dingy lights springing up in the windows. In the weaver's room dusk was shifting gradually along the walls and through the panes, and, seeing it depart, a small fire began to find courage to burn, and darted little javelins of flame into the gloom, making the silent loom look like some ungainly ogre who was trying, vainly, to hide himself in the shadows of the corner.

Marcella put down her sewing, and straightened her limbs,

which were stiffened with the fatigue of sitting still. She had been at work since morning and had earned a shilling. She peered out before drawing the curtain across the window, looking anxiously for her father coming home. There was poplin on the loom which ought to be finished to-morrow. Why had he always forbidden her to learn to do his work? She stood before the loom gazing at it with bent brows, as at an enemy with whom she was powerless to grapple; while she thought of her terrible helplessness as a woman, and the urgent need of aid from some quarter which she felt more and more as the days went by, and her father grew less inclined to work. And then the door opened and Michael Grace came in, and sat down at the fire.

He was a tall old man, with arms that seemed loose at the joints, long rugged features, and an indolent, not ill-humoured expression of countenance, but with a warning spark smouldering in the corner of his eye which might easily be quickened into anger. He looked like one who would do a good turn if it cost him no trouble, but who would shirk a burden if he could. The world might slip away from his large limp hands if the holding it fast were to cost him much effort. And it had slipped away from him, taking with it his comfortable house, his workmen, his mastership, and many busy looms. But he was old now, and he had his pipe. Could he but live without toiling, he were content. It was slow getting money out of yonder weary old loom; but Marcella, the girl there, knew more about money than he did. She contrived his cup of tea and his tobacco. Could her magic but reach the length of providing for herself and her old father, then indeed, he would be glad of her and proud of her. But no; he never had got her taught a trade. Her mother had been a lady; let the world remember that. His daughter had enough to do about her own fireside. He needed his little comforts looked after. Were she to go running about after millinery and dressmaking what kind of life would her old father have at home? Well, well, she had a handsome face. No brighter eyes were to be seen about Dublin. He had turned the matter over in his mind. Never fear but she would do her work well some day.

Michael Grace lit his pipe and smoked, and Marcella stood waiting at the opposite side of the hearth. Should she dare to light the evening lamp? No; her father might be angry, thinking she wanted him to work.

The weaver extended his large feet to the blaze, and smoked with great zest. He was dreaming that he lay at ease in a snug

arm-chair by the side of a fire that was not likely to go out, and that he had no other duty than to smoke all day long, with a pleasant odour of plentiful food in his atmosphere. Old Michael's castle in the air was a substantial one, and he thought he knew the road to it well.

"I'm gettin' old, my girl, an' I feel myself full of aches and pains. Whisht, now, ye needn't look so scared. It's only ould age that's come down on me. I'm not goin' to be makin' many more gran' gownds for the ladies, an' that's all."

Marcella's face grew pale in the firelight. She had hardly thought this day so near at hand.

"You've got cold, father!" she said, briskly. "Cheer up and let me nurse you a while."

"No such a thing!" cried the father, angrily. "I tell you I'm grown old, an' I look to have my rest."

Marcella sat silent. Many items of trouble were cast up in her mind on the moment into a long account—owing to the baker, dinner to-morrow—rent at the end of the week. Next week—next month—next year!"

"Father," said she presently, "why did you not give me a trade?"

"A trade! Puff!" The old man drew away his pipe, and made a contemptuous flourish with his hand. "Your mother was a lady, girl. Remember that."

Marcella had heard such an answer before. She had spoken on the subject many times: maybe once too often, for she was silent now.

"Ay," echoed the weaver, "she was a rale lady. No better blood ever danced a Pathrick's dance in the four ould walls of the Castle yonder—black as it is wid the age, and big as it is wid the size. It was a Pathrick's Night that I seen her the first."

"My masther had an order on hands of blue tabinet for Her Excellencyess the Lady Lifenant. Holiday as it was I had to stay at the finishing of it. I worked very hard to get the evenin' to myself; but it was far in the night when the parcel was ready. 'Well, well,' I said, 'I'll just take the bundle in my hands, and go up to the Castle at the wanst wid it. An' maybe Molly Sullivan 'll contrive to get me a sight of the quality at their dancin.'" Molly was a tidy little maid at the Castle, an' there's little she wouldn't ha done for me at the time."

"'It's myself was in the right, for Molly found me a peep-hole. At first I could see an' hear nothing, for the whole place was in

wan uproar of splendour. The music was fit to make your heart burst in two halves wid the delight. Molly said they were dancin', but I only saw the ladies sailin' up an' down the room like swans in a river, an' the gentlemen follyin' them, an' meetin' them, an' bowin' to them.

"I was hardly drawing my breath wid admiration when my eyes lit on wan little face: an' never could they leave it the rest of the time. She was shy and frightened lookin' someways—Molly said because it was her first Castle ball. She was as beautiful as a fairy, an' as happy as a queen. I thought she had the purtiest pair of eyes that ever were planted in any mortal head. An' she was dressed out all in white, wid a long poplin train; an' what but Michael should set about thinkin' maybe 'twas his hands that wove the very piece! Molly knew all about her: in the regard of her sister being the little jewel's maid.

"I went home that night grumblin' to myself because I wasn't a gentleman; that I couldn't wear a uniform, nor ruffles, nor silk stockings; for then I might ha' been leadin' her about as proud as e'er a wan o' them, an' bowin' to her, an' meetin' her, an' follyin' her through the crowd. But in a few days I forgot about it all. Times took a good turn wid me, an' my head was full o' the lucre o' the world.

"Five or six years went by, an' I had got to be a master-weaver. I had taken this ould house the best in the street, an' made it look tidy, an' furnished it up handsome. An' it's little I thought who I was doing it for. An' when it was finished there was somethin' the matter wid me. An' wan day the truth hit me hard; an' I says to myself, 'Michael Grace,' says I, 'you're a lonesome man!' An' then an order came in, an' I forgot about it again. An' that same day I was walkin' down the street, an' who should I light upon but little Molly Sullivan.

"'Well, well, Misther Grace!' said she; 'but it's you has got up in the world since the Pathrick's night when ye came up to the castle wid the poplin.'

"'It's thrue for you, Molly,' said I, 'an' I hope things goes aiqually as well wid yourself.'

"'I'm not goin' to complain,' said Molly; 'but it's badly the times has gone wid some since then. Do you remember the little lady you fell in love wid at the Pathrick's ball? Well, she's down now, lower nor you nor me.'

"'What do you mane?' said I, for well I minded her.

"'The father went to ruin that year,' said Molly, 'wid his

horses, an' his hounds, an' his dinners. Hunted himself to death, an' his poor wife wid him. An' what was the daughter but a child?—an' her friends has dropped off, an' the world has turned against her. An' she's trying to airn her bread, the poor crature, doin' little bits of sewin' that wouldn't feed a cat. But it's in the graveyard she'll be afore long,' said Molly.

"That's what Molly said, an' it was throe. Molly was married only middlin' herself. She had a corner to let, an' the poor little lady was livin' wid her. I seen her at the place, by the way I should give an order for work, an' the purty young face was thin an' worn, an' she had no more pride than a babby. For three long years I stood her friend, fast an' firm, till Molly died, rest her sowl! an' there wasn't a crature left to take care of the little lady. I don't know where I got the courage to ask her to marry me. I tould her I wasn't fit to spake to her, I knew; but I could give her a safe home, an' I could worship the ground she walked. An' she took it quite quiet, an' was thankful to me till the last day she lived. An' the ould house was beautiful to go into from ever the first day she set her foot upon the floor, an' ill luck ne'er came near me till she left it in her coffin. I made her the purtiest gowns that ever seen the loom; but she didn't like the gay ones, I could see: seemed as if they minded her o' somethin'! An' she never wanst gave me the crooked word. It was 'Yes, Michael, if ye please,' an' 'No, Michael, if ye please.' She got rosy an' happy-lookin' for wan little while, after the child was born—that was you, Marcella. Then she faded like the snow off the ditch."

Old Michael paused and drew his hand across his eyes. Marcella had listened to every word. The tale was not new to her, yet it never had grown wearisome. Many a time had her fancy seen that pretty girl-lady, her mother, dancing in glee, among her peers, at the great Castle ball. Of Patrick-nights, when the carriages were rolling to the Castle, she had sat late over her fire and studied the brilliant picture. Very dazzling were the lights, very gloomy the shades: and Marcella's thoughtful eyes had marked them all.

Many a time, too, had she lingered, passing the old house before entering it. She had peered in at the windows, and had seen the gentle creature with her baby in her arms. Up and down she had seen her pacing softly, pondering in mild amazement the sadness of the changes in her life. So this mother was like a dream or a story, but with a difference. In passing away she had left something behind her. Her strange little fate had made a

mark upon her narrow bit of world : an unusual mark which would be seen and recognised. She had left a nature with her daughter which was foreign to the class to which that daughter must belong. And this Marcella had observed in her own untutored way

"So that bein' the story of your mother," said the weaver, "never spake again about learnin' a thrade. I'll settle you like a lady in a house of your own, an' Michael will have a seat in the chimney corner."

"Father!" cried Marcella, startled out of her dream.

"Buy yourself a ribbon, and begin to look handsome," he went on, "for I've made a fine match for you. And I'll weave you a weddin' gown that'll stand alone."

Marcella sprang forward and stood trembling before him.

"Oh, no, father! I will not have that!" she cried, hastily.

The weaver took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at her. How handsome she looked, even when she was a bit troublesome, like this. It was well she was, or the well-to-do grocer on the quay would never have taken a fancy to her, as she stepped out of the chapel-door on Sundays.

"Not have what?" he asked, peevishly. "Maybe ye'd like a thrade to work at, betther nor a husband to airn for ye?"

"I would," said Marcella, eagerly.

"Ye're a fool," shouted the weaver, "and ye'll go to the poor-house! It's the cursed proud blood of strangers that's workin' in ye, settin' ye against the biddin' of yer father!"

Michael was angered and disappointed in his daughter. Would any other girl in the world not have been thoroughly charmed with his plan? But there was always a queer turn in her, wherever she came from. Her eyes might be like her mother's, now when they had tears in them, but it was not her mother's humble spirit that had looked out of them a minute ago.

He got up impatiently, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and went off to bed in a sulk, leaving a frightened, aching heart, and the unfinished tabinet behind him.

Marcella lit the poor but neatly trimmed lamp, and unfolded a new piece of sewing. It was still early in the night, and she could, perhaps, earn sixpence before the great bell of St. Patrick's Cathedral should boom forth, calling the hour of midnight over the city. And meantime she could give herself up to her own sad and speculating thoughts, undisturbed except by the occasional too-familiar sounds of quarrelling in the streets, as men and women, turned out



of the late-closing taverns in the neighbourhood, passed under the window, on their way to wretched homes.

Shuddering over the announcement her father had just made, of his desire to marry her to some well-to-do man of his own, or not much better than his own, class, she assured herself again and again that this was a matter in which she had a right to refuse obedience to him. Though she was certainly his child, and would always devote herself lovingly to his service, yet she had, as he had angrily complained, blood in her veins which was different from his. The instincts of her mother, of whose ladyhood he so proudly boasted, were with her, and she felt that they would cling to her as long as she lived. She acknowledged to herself now, what through loyalty to him she had often tried to deny and ignore, that there was a gulf between herself and his friends and associates, which time would never help her to bridge. It was not that she disliked or despised the poor people around her, but they were not of her class, and she was not of theirs. She could help them, sympathise with them, pity them, respect them as occasion required, but she could not take a husband of their kind.

Dropping her work and covering her face with her hands, she gave way to her grief and wept. Having faced the loneliness, the isolation of her position in the world, she perceived the misfortune that her birthright of refinement must be to her, the burden of solitude that it laid upon her. Must she spend her whole life sewing alone in a garret, as now, after her father had left her, when she should indeed be alone in the world? He must really be ill, must feel himself breaking down, or he never would have talked as he had talked this evening. Oh, why had he not given her a trade, not taught her something by which she could earn for him now, by which she should be able to maintain herself after he was gone?

She thought of the very small amount of education she had received; not sufficient to enable her to be a National School teacher without further study. She could read and write well, better than most ladies (though of that she knew nothing), and had read and re-read the few treasured books which her mother had left behind her, and which the weaver had always preserved with a sort of superstitious reverence. The "Imitation of Christ," Wordsworth's Poems, and a New Testament were the staple of Marcella's library.

Though her fingers were naturally clever at putting feminine odds and ends together, she had received no teaching to enable

her to be a dressmaker or milliner. And who was to support her while she learned such handicrafts, even if she were free to begin now? She knew nothing of artistic work, such as ladies do, and which she had often looked at admiringly in the windows of shops where such things are to be sold.

Her thoughts strayed longingly towards the convent where she had received her scanty education at a daily school, to the hospital where the bright-faced Sisters of Charity pass their days in tending the sick and the dying. Oh, could she be even a lay-sister under such a blessed roof! But how could she hope to be good enough, clever enough, strong enough? Now, at all events, she could not desert her father. She must endure his anger, she must stitch night and day—

A subdued but persistent sound of urgent knocking here interrupted the course of her thoughts. She dropped her work and listened. It was at the street door. Someone was wanting admittance to the house. As she sat listening in absolute wonder, the summons was repeated, softly, rapidly, imploringly.

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## CHAPTER II.

### NOTHING WRONG.

MARCELLA got up from her seat, and went down into the mildewed old hall, and spoke through the keyhole.

"Who wants to get in so late at night? I cannot open."

"Open for God's sake!" said a voice. "'Tis a matter of life and death."

More information as to character is sometimes conveyed in the tones of a voice than in the expression of an eye, and Marcella, believing instinctively in the owner of the voice, opened the door without further hesitation. In an instant it was shut again by a pair of strong hands, and a man was standing in the darkness in the hall beside her.

By the very faint ray of lamplight that came through the dusty and broken fanlight, she could just see that he was tall and dark, pale and weary looking.

"You have done a good act," he said; "I am more thankful than I can say. Will you go further, and find me a hiding-place for a few hours? I trust myself entirely into your hands. But

first of all, let me assure you before God that I have done nothing wrong.'

"It is a serious thing," said Marcella, hurriedly, for the urgency of his manner pressed her. "I am a young girl, and my father is an old man, and there are only two of us in the house. We are very poor, and I think if you were not good we should hardly be worth your notice. And if you are good and in trouble ——"

"I do not boast of much goodness, but I am not a wicked man, and I am in a strait. Is there any place in the house where you could conceal me? I have reason to fear I have been watched, and may be searched for here."

"There is a place," said Marcella, "though not a comfortable one. Come upstairs and I will show it to you."

She led the way up the worm-eaten stair. Old Michael Grace slept heavily, and the light sound of their feet did not wake him. Marcella knew that the times were troubled, and that it was a moment when a man might be in a strait through his political opinions. She therefore asked no more questions and hoped for the best. At all events, once fastened up in the old secret closet behind the panel in the unused room, at some distance from that in which she and her father lived, the stranger would be safe, and also incapable of delivering himself till she should choose to release him with her own hands. Even if he were a robber——

She fetched her small lamp, and holding it over her head rejoined the stranger on the threshold of the mouldy and deserted room, into which she had introduced him.

A robber! What a fool she must be to have allowed such an idea to cross her mind for an instant, was her thought as she glanced at the face on which the meagre lamplight fell. It was the thoughtful face of a cultivated gentleman, a countenance of no ordinary cast, pale, thin, and worn, with a look of noble resolve and manly determination on the brow and mouth.

"Such a man could do, could think no wrong," thought Marcella, with enthusiasm, while the piercing gray eyes of the stranger scanned her own face and form, wondering much, even in the midst of his own anxiety, that so beautiful and intelligent a creature should be found harbouring in this rotten old shelter in the midst of the poverty and squalor of the city slums.

"The closet is here, sir," she said, putting her hand on the wood that still lined the strong-built walls. "It was evidently made for a hiding-place in the old times, and I think nobody remembers its existence but me."

For a moment her words, and unconsciously graceful action as she looked over her shoulder at him, suggested the conceit that this was no woman who had come to his aid, but the ghost of some long-dead lady of quality, who had once dwelt in state in the now dilapidated mansion, and who had come back opportunely to reveal to him the secret of her house, pleased that there had occurred yet another opportunity for the service of the once needful hiding-place.

Marcella threw open a door, formed by the panel, which creaked on its rusty hinges, and disclosed a small chamber long enough for a man to lie his full length in, and high enough to allow of his standing upright. It smelt of decay and damp, and was as dark as a dungeon.

"It is ventilated through the outer wall," she said; "so you cannot be smothered. At what time shall I come back to let you out?"

"About an hour before daylight, if you will be so good." He was going to say something more when a loud knocking began to resound upon the street door which had so lately admitted him.

Marcella instantly closed the closet and extinguished her light, which, as the room was a back one, could not have been yet seen by the new applicants for admittance to the house. Then she crept away to the little room where she slept, got into bed, and lay still. This time she was determined she would not open the door to strangers.

The knocking went on for five or ten minutes, and at last became so loud and imperious that Michael Grace was awakened by it.

The old man sat up in his bed and listened in astonishment. It did not seem to him that the house was on fire, and what other reason could there be for such an assault upon his house after midnight? Grumbling, and muttering a few characteristic oaths, he groped out of his room and went stumbling down the staircase, and confronted the assailant of his knocker (a knocker that was one of the few relics of grandeur the old fellow had got to be proud of) with a face of thunder.

At the sight of the police his countenance altered, not for the better, however, and a storm of abuse greeted the stalwart servants of the law.

"You great overgrown fools," he said, "what brought you to

an honest man's dure at such an hour of the night—or mornin' ?—bad scran to me if I know which of them it is ! ”

“ Aisy, Misther Grace, aisy ! ” said the head policeman. “ It's not you we have to do with. But you see there's been a bad job done to-night —— ”

“ Of course there has ! ” sneered Grace. “ Many's the bad job done ivery night that you've got no eyes to see, Mister *Omad-haun*. Why didn't you take whoever was afther doin' the job that ye're talkin' of, an' not come routin' a dacent man out of his bed to tell him the news that he could wait for till mornin' . ”

“ Come, come, ” said the policeman. “ I tell you I am going to search your house. We have reason to suspect that a person concerned in the affair is in hiding here. ”

“ Dropped down the chimney, I suppose, or into the letter-box, ” said Grace, talking in a sarcastic tone, and glancing towards the slit in the massive door (another source of his pride), where a letter-box once had been. “ Nothing more likely to happen in the world, Misther Peeler, when a dacent man is asleep —— ”

Here the policeman put the master of the house aside, and walked noisily up the crazy stair, followed by a volley of imprecations of a ludicrous and harmless character from the exasperated Grace.

“ You unmannerly giant ; may you grow so broad that no door will be able to recave you ! May ye live to have to boil yer potatoes in that ugly pot of a helmet ye wear on your stupid head ! ”

By this time the policemen were searching the house, followed by Grace threatening and abusing them.

“ I'll have ye up before the Lord Liffenant himself, so I will. Where's yer warrant ? The law's agin you —— ”

“ Whisht, man, ” said the second policeman, good-humouredly. “ Do you think ye are in England ? Cock ye up with a warrant ! Don't ye know you're livin' under the Coercion Act ? ”

“ Bedad, so I am, ” said Grace, “ an' I forgot it entirely. Well, now, Mr. Policeman, are you satisfied that nobody is here ? Nicely you've let misther, what's his name—Captain Mconlight—I beg his pardon—slip through your fingers ! ”

“ There's a room here that we have not opened. ”

“ My daughter's room. Then do you want me to brain you ? ” But at the same moment Marcella appeared at her door.

“ Let them come in, father. You know it is the law. ”

“ Beg pardon, Miss, but we have to do our duty. ”

In a few seconds the big men of the massive belts and helmets were out on the landing again, admitting to each other that they had got on a wrong scent. The house had been easy enough to search. Except in the corner of it occupied by the weaver and his daughter, there was no furniture behind which a man could hide. A look into the empty rooms, with their decaying ceilings and floors, was sufficient, and even the inhabited chambers could not have long concealed a cat. With another apology to Marcella, the policemen soon turned on their heels and retreated from the place, followed by the gibes and jeers of the master of the dilapidated dwelling.

Marcella stood for a moment irresolute on the threshold of her room, as her father came grumbling up the stair again after fastening the door. Should she tell him what she had done, relieve her mind of the responsibility she had incurred, and place the fate of the concealed stranger in his hands? She felt that she could not do it. There was no knowing what view a man so uncertain of humour, though with so good a heart as her father, might take of the affair. If he chose to make up his mind instantly that the refugee was a criminal, skulking from justice, he might deliver him up and undo the good she had done, for she felt assured that it was good. On the other hand, a knowledge of what had occurred this night might at some future time involve the old man in difficulty and danger. He had acted in all sincerity in dismissing the police. She alone was accountable for misleading them; and so she elected to remain. Let her take the sole responsibility of her impulsive action.

Grace returned to his bed, and the girl crept back to hers, to lie awake, counting the hours by the strokes of St. Patrick's bell, waiting for the moment for her prisoner's release, and thinking anxiously over this strange event that had broken upon the poverty-stricken monotony of her existence.

Her imagination was possessed by a troubled wonder as to the "bad job" that had been done. How had that man with the noble face got himself mixed up in such an affair? Though she did not read the papers, Marcella heard enough of what they contained from her father, who was a lively politician (as what Irishman is not?) to be well aware that she was living in troubled times, that a struggle was going on between class and class which she could not understand, and that wicked deeds had been done.

In her secret heart Marcella was on the side of the powers that be. The spirit of her lady-mother's forefathers was at this

moment more strong within her than sympathy with the "people," who were to her represented chiefly by the drinking, idle, and disorderly crowd, who made the slums around her hideous on a Saturday night.

Her heart yearned towards the beings of nice living, refined habits, and finer perceptions, whom she vaguely knew as the upper classes, and of whose kind she felt herself to be. More wise, more intelligent, better educated than the others, why should they not be more fitted to regulate the affairs of the world? She trusted them, blindly following the instinct that was in her blood. She reflected now that if an outrage had been committed in the streets, the gentleman in her keeping was little likely to have been concerned in it.

Had the man been of a coarser mould, had he failed, when seen, to match with the vibrations of his voice, which had gained admittance by appealing to her charity, she should, she told herself, have wakened her father directly and placed the affair in his hands. But the secret of a person like this she could venture to keep to herself. Something which she could not have described in the stranger's face, an expression not easily analysed even by persons accustomed to ticket and label their thoughts, had impressed the untutored girl so vividly that the countenance must henceforth remain on her memory as the incarnation of all that was strong, chivalrous, and stainless in manhood.

Quick and keen in her perceptions, she recognised this fact as she lay thinking, and was glad that she had seen the face. During the rest of that life of hers which was to be spent sewing in a garret among coarse surroundings, she could hold it in her memory, much as she cherished the picture of her patron saint upon the wall.

At last hearing the hour beginning to toll at which she was to give back his liberty to the intruder, she arose, dressed quickly, and not daring to strike a light, made her way by the glimmer of the faint moonlight into the mouldy recesses of the panelled chamber. The closet was quickly opened, and the stranger stepped out of it.

"I heard the police making search," he said, "and I know how prudent you have been for my sake. How is it possible for me to thank you?"

"I want no thanks," said the girl. "The poor are accustomed to do any little good turn they can. It was fortunate for you that you happened to knock at this door, though; for in no other house would there have been a closet like that."

"Yes, it was providential; I do not overlook that part of it. But any other girl would have raised an alarm. I am deeply grateful for your caution, and your trust in me, both of which have been of the utmost service to me."

"You may wonder, perhaps, that I did not tell my father," said Marcella; and even in the moonlight he could see the vivid colour that dyed her face as the idea occurred to her that possibly he thought her less maidenly, even if more self-reliant, than others would have been under the circumstances; "and if you had been any other man, I would have done so."

Any other man! Was it possible this girl of the Liberties, whom he had never seen before, could recognise him?

"I do not mean that I know who you are," she said, apprehending his thought, and quick to correct the impression her words had made, "but only that I know that you are good, by your face. It was not that I wanted to be bold, but I thought I could venture to take care of you myself; and that it would be sure to be the safest course for you."

"I understand you perfectly," said the stranger, trying to conceal the admiration aroused in him by the straight, proud glance of her beautiful eyes, the graceful gesture with which she threw out her hand, giving her words a kind of impassioned emphasis. He would try not to distress her maidenly pride by words or looks of masculine compliment. "You are a woman of fine instincts as well as perfect courage," he went on, wondering at himself for speaking to this humble girl in the same language he would have used to an equal. But in manner as well as appearance, he reflected, she was far beyond her class.

Even in his own hour of difficulty, which was not over yet, he could not help feeling curious to know something more of this strange girl with her peculiar beauty, her mournful, steadfast eyes and thrilling voice. How was her presence to be accounted for in this abode of poverty, in this neighbourhood of wretchedness and vice? "Truly the Irish are a wonderful race," he thought, "when such creatures can spring up in the very cellars of our cities." He glanced around to impress the scene upon his memory with a strong conviction that he would in the future look back upon it with exceeding interest, the decaying old room with its mouldy ceiling, rotting panels, and mysterious and friendly closet, and the dark head and pale brows of the girl dimly seen in the scanty moonlight, as she waited patiently till it was his pleasure to follow her from the chamber, to allow her to finish the task she



had undertaken for him by letting him noiselessly out of the house and closing the door as silently behind him.

"At all events, I shall never forget this kindness," he said; "and now if you will allow me to offer you something——"

Emboldened by the certainty that one so wretchedly dressed and living in such a house must be miserably poor, he attempted to put money in her hand. But the girl shrank from the touch of it, and quickly drew several steps further away from him. Poor as she was and miserable as were her prospects, she would not take money for this charity she had done. The man whom she had sheltered and succoured, unknown as he was, had already become her hero, her *protégé*, in some sort her child, by virtue of her efforts for him. She would not have her part in him blotted out like a settled score.

"I cannot!" she said, eagerly, "I cannot! The poor are accustomed to serve others without payment. I am glad to have been of any little use to you. Do not spoil it all by paying for what cannot be bought."

"You are a strange, unusual girl," he said. "Well, I cannot distress my benefactress. You will not refuse, however—I trust you will not refuse—to take some little token of my gratitude. This ring is not very valuable," he added, drawing one from his finger. "I have nothing else to offer you at this moment. *You* will spoil all if you deny me the pleasure of remembering afterwards that you accepted it."

She leaned forward, and looked with interest at the ring. Yes, she would take this shining circlet as a memorial of this night, which had given a living form and voice to the ideal of her dreams.

She held forth her hand for it with sudden eagerness, and he dropped it in her palm.

"May I put it on your finger?"

She hesitated, and then held up her long, slim hand, while he placed the ring on a finger too slender to hold it in safety long.

The next moment they had passed the threshold of the rotting old chamber, and were descending the staircase in the dark, slowly and carefully for fear of awaking the weaver.

As her hand was on the lock of the door, he said to her earnestly: "It is possible that I may never see you again in this world; but if so, remember, whatever may come to pass, that I repeat I have not been in hiding here because of any criminal thing that I have done."

"If I had not been sure of it, I should not have acted as I did,"

said Marcella, firmly; and then the door opened and closed and the stranger was gone.

Marcella listened anxiously in the hall for a few moments. It was a safe hour, she hoped, for his return to his home wherever that home might be, an hour when the late people have all gone to rest at last, and the early people have not got up. With a vehement prayer for his safety she went softly back to her own room and lit her lamp and examined her ring, the only proof remaining to her that this wonderful adventure was not entirely a dream. It was a very old, slender hoop set with a few pearls; not extremely valuable, as the donor had said, but priceless in the eyes of its new owner. She threaded it on a string and hung it round her neck; there let it remain for ever as an earnest of the happy service she had done.

Then she took out her sewing and worked for an hour, and thought again and again over every look and every accent of the stranger. No fear that she had done wrong in admitting him troubled her. As she had said to him, the poor are accustomed to do service to each other, and, she might have added, they do not always stop to think of the cost. To her mind it was the most simple and rational thing in the world to harbour a fellow-creature who was in trouble. The secrecy from her father had been justified by the exigencies of the case. The stranger had thought so, and had thanked her for it.

"I am deeply grateful for your caution and your trust in me," he had said, "and both have been of the utmost service to me."

Again and again she wondered what was the danger from which she had saved him. What was it that he could not openly face with that brave and piercing glance?

Six o'clock rang, and the people began to stir in the streets, and Marcella put out her light, and put on her shabby old cloak, and went out to Mass, picking her way through the dirty gutters and seeing the day break over the squalor of the streets. This early hour of the morning, when she could walk alone through a sort of rarified atmosphere not of this earth, with her eyes on the red dawnlight that just touched the chimneys at a certain street corner as she passed, or on the silvery clouds that floated behind the ugly roofs above her, was the only happy one she knew in the twenty-four. It led her to the church where she was accustomed to carry all her sorrows and temptations, leaving them at the foot of the altar, and taking away in their place something that enabled

her to get through her day, if not with the meekness of a saint, at least with the resignation of a Christian soul.

Here, in the dim shades of one of the poorest churches of the people, she found the lamp of Faith ever burning, and the promises of the Lord written all over the walls around her. Why should she despair whom He had saved? Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted. She mourned, and she should be comforted. She would try to be meek that she might arrive at her heavenly inheritance. If life must be long and bleak, she would endeavour to travel it bravely, following all the way the Stations of the Cross on her knees—as now.

As she moved from one dark corner of the church to another, faring along that Dolorous Way, just able to see in the faint dawn the figure in the great tragic drama, her eyes discerning eagerly one form holding ever on its painful road and beckoning her to come on, her heart grew wonderfully lighter, and she felt a strong conviction that her future would not be made harder for her than she could bear.

The church was crowded at that early hour with a multitude of patient toilers and sufferers, delicate and ill-fed girls on their way to a too-long day's work, the hopeless repetition of which was gradually killing them; careworn mothers of families, with piteous faces, praying passionately for help for the souls and bodies they had in charge, withered and half-starved old men and women who had crept from the wretched dens where they hid from the poor-house to the feet of Christ in the dim dawn, unwilling to show their faces in the fuller daylight. To these Marcella's heart turned from the happier and healthier faces which helped to fill the church. The strong men and women who had come to get a blessing on the tolerably prosperous work of their day had not the same interest for her as had the wretched. And across her prayer for all who were in trouble or danger came suddenly the sound of the voice of the stranger she had succoured, and the anxious though fearless expression of his eyes. Finishing her prayer with a hearty supplication for his welfare she reluctantly left the House of Peace and went home,

As she retraced her steps through mud and dirt now painfully visible, the rainbows of the dawn had vanished from above the roofs, and the leaden sky of wintry day looked sullenly down on the city's slums.

Well, what matter did it make, so long as the lights on the

everlasting hills could be discerned beyond the roofs of this world by the eyes of Faith. As she entered the gloomy door of her home Marcella felt buoyed up with hope that she should in some future day which she could not now see live a fuller, nobler, and more useful life than she had known as yet, and that her patience in the present moment might go far to prepare her for that day.

With a brighter face than usual she prepared her father's breakfast. Presently he came in with a newspaper in his hand.

"Look here!" he cried. "The police were not wrong about that bad job they were talkin' about. There was a murder done in the city last night—not half a dozen streets away from us."

"Murder!" echoed Marcella, turning whiter than the milk she was pouring into his tea.

"There now, girl, ye needn't look so frightened. Nobody can say we harboured or hid the assassins, as they wanted to even to us. Make haste and give me my breakfast, while I read the particulars. And mind, I'll want you to take some tabinet to Merrion-square this mornin'."

#### SCRAPS FROM FATHER BURKE'S LETTERS.

A DEVOTED client of the illustrious Father Thomas Burke, O.P., has allowed us to look over the letters which she received from him from time to time, and which she preserved with jealous care. Generally, they were little more than the briefest notes, fixing the time when he could be seen in the confessional at St. Saviour's or elsewhere; for, in spite of his residence at Tallaght, his frequent absences as the one charity sermon preacher of all Ireland, and the worse interruptions of illness, many made strenuous efforts to have the great preacher as their spiritual director. For they knew how thoroughly he gave heed to St. Bernard's warning to preachers: *Concha esto, non canalis*—not a mere channel conveying the waters on to others, but a reservoir feeding the thirsty fields from its own overflow. He joined both the *lucere* and the *ardere* of that mellifluous Doctor—the brilliancy of genius, and the ardour of the simplest piety. He realised, as I think I have already remarked in former papers about Father Burke—he

realised the conception of an apostolic preacher's function put forward by his own St. Thomas—*contemplata traders*. We shall not even attempt to give these hurried and unstudied notes in order. The first is dated from Corpo Santo, Lisbon, 17th Nov., '81 (or is it 80?) We need not give the other dates:—

"Although I have not written to you (nor indeed to anyone), I have let no day pass without praying for my child. I hope you are keeping up well. Remember you will be coming with your accounts to me in a few days, for we are on the point of leaving Lisbon after a pleasant sojourn of three weeks. We go back through Spain and France, and I hope to be at home in a fortnight. With the exception of a sharp attack of four days last week, my health has been wonderfully well, thank God. Try and keep to the meditation, and keep up courage and confidence in God, whatever you do. I shall be so glad to see you all again. Good-bye, and may God bless you, my dear child."

\* \* \*

"Your letter has arrived, after taking its own time on the way. It found me in bed, where I have to spend most of my time now; and I could not write sooner. I made a tremendous effort on Sunday to get through forty minutes of a sermon for the orphans, and in consequence I spent the afternoon and all yesterday in bed, and in very great suffering. Your account of yourself did not surprise, as I made allowance for the dissipation of travelling; but, doing it leisurely as you do, you ought to be far more faithful to your resolutions and practices of devotion. Remember, my child, that habits of piety are easily lost, and most difficult to regain; and I beg of you to have a better account to give me when next you write. My health is getting worse every day. I don't fail to pray for you. I am not able to do anything else."

\* \* \*

"I am glad you settled the question of choosing a confessor without my interference, as I really could not advise you on that point only, I am always of opinion that you ought to go to Holy Communion every second day as long as you are attending to your meditation and prayers, and trying to be good. I was more than pleased, my child, to find by your last letter that you are doing this, and I have prayed, and shall continue to pray, that you may be faithful to the resolutions formed with me. Try and make the meditation always in the morning, and make a great point of getting through it so well as to satisfy your conscience. Enjoy yourself by all means, but first do this duty carefully. I hope you are enjoying yourself as well as a Catholic can enjoy Rome just now. How is 'the other Mary?' My health continues to improve, thank God, and we are having lovely

weather, like summer. Don't forget to pray for me. I preached in Dominick-street on New Year's Day. It did not hurt me a bit. Good-bye to both of you. Take care of one another, and may God bless you both."

\* \* \*

"The pains are at me full swing, thanks be to God, and the day looks so threatening that I cannot go in to-day. Let us say to-morrow, same hour."

\* \* \*

*"Tallaght, March 30th, '82.*

"I have been silent too long, but I am up to my eyes in business connected with the new church, and in constant pain, so that I have to spend more than half my time in bed. Your last letter gave me great consolation, and I hope now that the last days of Holy Week in the Eternal City will do you great good, as they assuredly will, if you try to realise the mysteries of the Passion, remembering that you are in the holiest spot of earth next to Jerusalem. What I want you and 'the other Mary' to do, is to throw yourselves thoroughly and in a meditative spirit into the devotions of the week. Don't read any worldly matter; rise promptly (lazy rising is the cause of half the tepidity of the world); and don't yield to the mere curiosity of listening to grand music; but try to keep silence, and spend the days as if you were present in Jerusalem when our Lord suffered. Think how the Marys of the Gospel spent the Holy Week.

"I hope you have tried to keep up to your daily meditation, and the frequent Holy Communion. The Passion of our Lord used to be a favourite subject with you. I beg you to try and get into it this week, and lay up for yourself a store of thoughts and aspirations that will be of use to you when you are far from Rome.

"There is nothing new here. I am going about, and trying to get money: a difficult task, especially when you are in constant and great pain. Pray for me, and tell the other Mary to do likewise. God bless you both."

\* \* \*

*"Tallaght, Jan. 4th, '83.*

"I was in bed from Christmas Eve to the following Friday, awfully sick. On Friday I had to go north beyond Belfast, to preach on Sunday; and I did not return here till Tuesday night. The sickness and the travelling put all correspondence out of my head, but I hope I am not too late to wish you a whole lot of blessings for the New Year. I came home much better than when I left, thank God.

"Now, my dear child, you will enjoy everything twice as much if you are faithful to the meditation. It is a small thing, but it will brace you up for the day if you do it in the morning—the proper

time. Keep faithful. Don't yield to the repugnance or lazy feel. A thing is only worth what it costs, and God thinks twice as much of the meditation which has cost us some sacrifice or self-denial.

"Ever thine,

"T. BURKE, O.P."

TAEDET ME VITÆ.

BY FRANCES KERSHAW.

**W**HAT is the use of blooming,  
O flowers, to pass away?  
What is the use of springing,  
Ye trees, to slow decay?  
What is the use of shining,  
O sun, from yonder sky;  
To see, in sad succession,  
Men live, and love, and die?

What is the use of flowing,  
O river, to the sea?  
Its greedy depths have never  
One word of thanks for thee!  
What is the use of dreaming  
Of peace and gentle rest,  
When all the world is weary,  
And every heart oppressed?

What is the use of loving,  
Through this life's little day?  
So soon the chord is broken;  
Its music dies away!  
Yet, grieve not, fretful spirit;  
From this rough sketch of his,  
God paints a perfect picture,  
To thy eternal bliss!

## NOTES OF A SHORT TRIP TO SPAIN

BY JOHN FALLON.

### PART III.—SEVILLE.

THE Sevilians have a little couplet which everyone quotes :

“Quien no ha visto a Sevilla  
No ha visto maravilla.”

It simply means that whosoever has not seen Seville has not seen a real marvel. With this couplet firmly embedded in my mind, I started out before seven o'clock this morning, determined in advance to find it true.

My first pleasure was to receive letters from home at the “*corréo*” (post-office), where I found my name, with the prefix of “Don,” written up amongst the list of personages for whom letters were waiting. This list is kept renewed from day to day, and a passport serves as a ready credential for delivery.

The “*calle de las sierpes*” (serpent-street), so gay last night, was still asleep, with half its shutters closed. But, early as it was, many a veiled lady all in black, just as at the papal receptions, and escorted by her duenna, was wending her way with rapid steps towards the cathedral : I followed, as a matter of course.

Passing through a narrow and tortuous lane, most scrupulously clean, like everything at Seville, I observed men at open windows working lathes of patriarchal simplicity : fancy a bow in one hand, driven forwards and backwards, with the string coiled round the ivory or wood : a chisel in the other hand, doing the work, and doing it admirably. Such is the simple contrivance, probably a legacy of the Moors.

This lane opens into the cathedral-square, and you soon find yourself in face of the giant pile, with the stately Giralda doing duty as a spire. Both are dove-coloured, and, so far, they harmonise.

The Giralda (pronounced Hiralda), is a square tower built on a narrow base of fifty feet each way. It was erected in the twelfth century by the Moors, and its height then was two hundred and fifty feet : on the top of it were four brass balls of which they were very proud, though I cannot understand why. Of course



they used it as a minaret, and where the cathedral now stands was their great Mosque.\* In the following century St. Ferdinand captured Seville, and mosque and "minár" became Christian. Then, in course of time, the minaret was raised another hundred feet, with marvellous masonry, like lace-work of stone, and surmounted by a statue of gilt bronze, which weighs twenty-five hundred-weight, and revolves with the slightest breeze. Hence the name: Giralda (weather-vane.)

While I looked and wondered, the chimes of this old tower began to ring, reminding me strangely of "the harp in the air" in Wallace's charming opera:

"It hangs on the walls  
Of the old Moorish halls,  
Though none know its minstrel,  
Or how it came there."

The Giralda has great bells also, only rung on great solemnities, and the fun is to ascend to the very top, on some such occasion, when all the bells are ringing their very loudest, and to see the acrobatic feats of the bell-ringers, perhaps unique in the world. This I was fortunate to witness on the festival of Corpus Christi, which the Sevilians claim as specially their own,† and celebrate accordingly. But I must reserve an account of it to that day, though I long sadly to tell you about it.

Coming as I came, you enter the precincts of the great cathedral, on the side of the north transept, by the "gate of pardon," an undestroyed relic of the great mosque, in the shape of a gigantic Moorish arch, horse-shoed above, and inimitably rich. You find yourself in the "court of oranges." The lofty walls that hem in this space, and shut out the sound of ordinary life as if by magic, make of this enclosure an absolutely perfect cloister, truest sanctuary for thought and recollection and forgiveness, and give a very special significance to the name of the entrance: "the gate of pardon." You have passed at a step from the glare and bustle of a most lively city, into a place of stillness and grateful shade, where your very foot-fall comes back with an echo. In the centre is a fountain, and the small silvery sound of its trickling water fills the air with music.

This fountain is classic, for it existed in the days of imperial and even republican Rome, and the water that feeds it was brought

\* And, before the days of the Moors, the Visigoths had their Cathedral here, built on the site of a heathen temple of Roman, and even Phœnician, antiquity.

† Because they say that it was at their special entreaty that the Holy See established the festival apart from the Thursday in Holy Week.

by the legionaries of Cæsar from the distant hill-sides of Guadaira. At this fountain, some centuries after, one can picture the Visigoth mothers holding out their young Rodericks and Alarics to be christened, too many of them, alas! to grow up into rankest Arianism. Then, for long and stirring ages, the vision is of grim or graceful warriors of the Crescent, performing their ablutions here, while the muezzin chanted his plaintive call to prayer from the nearest "minár." And now, in this present year of grace and joyous month of June, what do I behold? . . . Why, simply, a lot of broad-chested Andalusians, with classic features, and sunny smiles on their honest faces, filling the daintiest little kegs with the sparkling water, to deliver it *for sale* through the town, loaded in panniers on their gigantic donkeys.

And this explains a mystery that puzzled me as I entered: why a number of those magnificent silver-gray animals were patiently standing outside the lofty wall, one behind another in Indian file, each at least fourteen hands high, and caparisoned in brown velvet and fringe of twine, as if to mount a duke.

Within the court of oranges, on each side of the fountain, you might count about thirty orange-trees, growing in formal rows, with still a few oranges lingering on their branches, looking sadly shrivelled at this advanced season. The inner entrance to the cathedral is another perfectly preserved remnant of the great mosque, horse-shoed, diapered, with alternately recessed and projecting courses, and altogether Saracenic. And now imagine yourself crossing this inner threshold: you pass from pleasing shade to dim twilight, or rather from twilight to darkness. But gradually the eyes get accustomed to the deep gloom: it seems to recede bodily, like an evil spirit, or a London fog: and then the glorious whole stands revealed.

At first, be it confessed, the momentary impression is delusive, as in St. Peter's of Rome. The long aisles seem short, the lofty vaults do not appear high, the very columns seem few in number: but right soon do length and height come on you, right soon does the vivid sense of them grow, as you wander about here. Few as the columns seem, there are sixty of them, each like Nelson's pillar in height and thickness. Low as the vaults may look, they are so lofty that even in the side aisles many another cathedral of the first class might walk about beneath them, roof and all.

To put the matter in plain figures, the clear height of the nave, above the pavement, is a hundred and forty-five feet; and, as you approach the "cimborio" (lantern), where nave and transepts intersect, it is thirty feet more!

In fact, this is the church of which the designers said: "Let us build a cathedral so grand that no other shall ever compare with it," and a junior member of the chapter moved an amendment: "Let us build a cathedral so grand that posterity will say we were mad!" and that inspired amendment, like a recent important resolution of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, was carried "nem-con," by acclamation.

It was better than carried: it was executed to the letter, without cowardice, or faltering. Hence the Titanic dimensions, which astonish the world to-day.

Seville Cathedral almost reminds one of that of Vienna: because, although there is a clerestory of traceried lights near the vaulting of the nave, it is so pinched up that it almost escapes observation. In like manner the triforium merely looks like a cornice from below. This is another way of saying that the long double side-aisles are almost as lofty as the nave, and this leaves the side-chapel windows of leviathan dimensions, immense in every way. They are not traceried, but filled with stained-glass of the sixteenth century, by Flemish artists of the best period, from Italian cartoons of the best school, when Spain and Flanders, and all Germany were practically one, and could command the genius of Europe, and the wealth of the New World. Almost four centuries have rolled away since those gorgeous windows were set up: time has toned, but scarcely tarnished, their varied lustre—thanks to the marvellous climate. It is in the tinted radiance which they shed, full of richest prismatic colours, that the side altars stand, spaced from pillar to pillar, encircling the great cathedral, and filling it with soul, and warmth, and life.

I am not going to attempt a detailed description of those side-chapels or altars, though each is a treasury of sculpture, and precious metals, and of paintings by the deftest hands of the Andalusian school, too little known to us. Each time I passed, veiled ladies in black were still prostrate on the marble flags, absorbed in deepest devotion. Let not French writers say that the ladies of Seville are frivolous, fickle, light! they have not seen them here, at earliest hours, pioneering the steep way to heaven, for others to follow who dare.

One thing I could admire without disturbing them; the marvellous lace-work of wrought iron, which separates, without in the least concealing, those side-chapels from the aisles: even the smith-work here is as artistic as it is colossal.

For the same reason I cannot venture on a detailed account

of the grand altar and choir, still of imperial magnificence, notwithstanding French pillage. Each time I approached, lights were burning and prayers were being offered up unceasingly.

If I were to find one single fault with this glorious cathedral, it would be in the non-removal of the choir-screen, rising like a barricade of rare and richly sculptured marble from the pavement to the very vaults, but obstructing a perspective which would, if left clear, be like a vista of Heaven!

The clear span of the nave is a matter of international rivalry amongst countries possessing great cathedrals, and each country exaggerates its own. For this reason I took care to measure the accurate width here more than once, from column to column, behind the plinths, not with a rule or tape, but simply *with my feet*, of which I knew the linear value to a hair's breadth: and I can conscientiously fix the span at forty-three feet three-inches. This does not place Seville Cathedral amongst the widest-naved of Europe, but awards it the palm in this respect amongst the highest-vaulted, and makes it nearly two feet wider than Cologne, its mighty rival of the north.

Perhaps you will ask why did I not use a tape or rule? Because, had I done so, I should perhaps have become an object of more than suspicion. But, putting one foot before another, the probability is that I was scarcely observed; or, if observed, that I was looked upon merely as an eccentric, and thus I accomplished my object without giving offence.

And now it was my happy fate to hear one of the choir organs\* pealing out a quaint melody, in wailing tones, like an appeal to heaven for mercy; and it swelled till the long aisles and lofty vaults became resonant and, as it were, shaken into fury, with the mighty sound, and then it softened, and died away, in sweetest "*vox humana*" . . . I can truly assure you the vibrations lingered in the air, and came back, and back again, from the vast heights and deep recesses of the building, in varied cadence, with charming echo, revealing all the huge dimensions of the vast fabric far more effectually than tape, or rule, or foot of man could ever do . . . Such is the cathedral of Seville: I visited it often, and often again, but I can tell you no more: my poor words fail to describe it.

If you leave by the south transept, you pass out by another Moorish arch, horse-shoed and diapered like its twin-sister on the north side, and manifestly, like it, another surviving portion

\* I believe there are four of them.

of the old Moorish mosque. Here is no "court of oranges," no fountain fed by Roman aqueduct, no "gate of pardon." But the air is curiously alive with *hawks and pigeons intermixed*, all dove-coloured like the masonry, living in peace and concord, a happy family! They seem to never tire of flying round the giddy pinnacles of the cathedral, and its flame-shaped battlements. Probably, like the pigeons of St. Mark's, they are here from time immemorial. To me they seemed all hawks; to others they seem all pigeons. But the fact is established beyond question, they are hawks and pigeons intermixed. Truly, Seville is a town of marvels!

I suppose I had spent hours in the cathedral; for, when I sallied out, the red-sashed natives were already having their siesta on the marble flags that surround it, amidst the truncated pillars that still proclaim the former boundaries of the mosque.

After a perfectly Spanish breakfast of salmoneta, tortilla, and venison, I drove to the "muséo" (picture-gallery), which is simply a desecrated, or rather, de-consecrated church, retaining of course all its ecclesiastical form, but with its altars and religious emblems all gone, and its walls all hung with Zurbaráns, Murillos, and other masters of the Sevillian school. But not a single Velasqués is here: to find him you must go to Madrid.

I note that Murillo had three styles, as he advanced in years, the "frio," the "calido," and the "vaporoso" (cold, warm, and steaming, just like the successive stages of a kettle that is boiling for tea). And I have an impression, formed elsewhere, confirmed here, that his middle period fixes the stage of his highest perfection, though many of his most world-renowned pictures are of the "vaporoso" type, including the grand "Conception" at the Louvre.

Murillo is the true artistic glory of Seville, and in front of the "muséo" his statue justly stands. He looks for all the world like Oliver Cromwell, in face and costume: and, be it remembered, they were contemporaries, and lived at a time when England borrowed much of its fashions, and even colloquial expressions from Spain.

Strolling homewards, I could not fail being struck by the very peculiar narrowness of the streets in this part of the town: in many of them you could reach from side to side with your open arms. The houses also have a built-up windowless appearance along the basement storey, more like citadels or prisons than Christian dwellings. I suspect many of them are of great age,

all clean as they look. It was siesta hour, and the streets were almost absolutely deserted ; but, from many a grated opening above, came down sounds of piano music, well played, and mostly classical.

Reaching the broader streets, I found them canopied with awning from side to side, the canvas being suspended from the upper storeys. Most of the shop fronts were closed again, to keep out the heat : of those that were open I noticed that many are not glazed, but simply rest on metal or marble pillars : all this, I think, is Oriental. As for the heat in the full sunshine, it was simply like an oven ; to face it further would have been madness.

In the evening we drove to the " *paséo*," to see the upper class enjoying the cool air. The " *paséo*" runs by San Telmo, the palace of the Montpensiers, where the late young Queen of Spain spent her happy childhood. It also runs by the banks of the famous Guadalquivir, favourite theme of Moorish legends. I was quite struck by the smartness of the equipages : horses, vehicles, servants all perfectly turned out. The ladies, without hats or bonnets, looked to perfect advantage, with just a flower or two in the hair, and a lappet of white or black lace. A small minority wore tiny Parisian hats of straw : the contrast just served to enhance the paramount grace of the national mantilla. The young men were on horseback, and many a young gallant seemed ambitious to make his steed prance and curvet with all the airs of the *haute école*, an easy task with such mettlesome, well-trained animals. The Andalusian horse is small and plump : he has a perfect head, capital quarters, but appears rather short in front, and rather drooping towards the tail. The colour is as varied as with us : bay, brown, steel-gray, &c. The canter is particularly airy, and high in front ; the trotting pace is very fast and showy ; the walk is like a trot, and very peculiar to our Northern eyes. Altogether the Andalusian horse is just the right thing for a " *paséo*." And think not that the ladies sit back in their carriages, looking sulky or sad, or drive with the saddening regularity of a procession or funeral. Some are dashing past like fire-flies, smiling and bowing as they go ; others have pulled up and are chatting : the delicious air enlivens all, and they show it even to the tips of their fans.

As we pass San Telmo, let me tell you a story concerning the late queen. When death was coming on her, and grandees were inscribing their names at the palace of Madrid, a poor woman came through the titled throng and said : " I have no name worth

inscribing, but I want to know how Mercedes is, and I will call again and again until I hear that Mercedes is better." When the end came, that poor woman was seen no more: vainly the young king ordered all possible inquiries to find her out; her name remains unknown. Still I venture a solution: the young queen used to visit the poor and the sick; perhaps she met her death illness in this way, perhaps not; but probably the poor woman who made those mysterious inquiries had a sick child, or husband, whose pillow had been smoothed by the young fingers of royalty. Hence the sympathy, which ignored formalities and etiquette, and felt responsive only to the promptings of gratitude, for kindness unrecorded except in heaven.

All the world has read of the Guadalquivir, *as it was*, with its banks lined, and in fact canopied, with evergreens and scent-laden trees; such the enraptured Moors found it, and described it to their friends, even in far-off Damascus: such their descendants picture it still, and with imperishable faith pray to Allah for their return to it once more. But plain truth compels me to tell you that I found it brown and rushy, except where it is embanked with masonry, with sea-going ships from London and the Levant moored alongside. I believe the ebb and flow of the Atlantic tide is felt here: so that practically Seville is a seaport town, although, to look at the map, you would scarcely think so.

There is a charming tower by the river-side, dove-coloured, octagonal, with flame-shaped battlements, surmounted by turrets, one over another, of lessening diameter. This tower, evidently a Moorish structure, is now called "the tower of gold," not by reason of its colour, but because the followers of Columbus often landed here, laden with the golden spoil of America. You can easily picture the light-hearted Moors in earlier days starting from this same place on their boating excursions at sundown, "venting their exuberance of spirits in poetry and song." The habit survives still; alongside are steps from which boating parties start as of old, and, if you listen, you may hear couplet and guitar blending on the evening air. But the evergreens are gone for ever.

\* \* \* \*

Again an early start this morning for an excursion round the town; but, this time, in one of the small two-horse phaetons which stand waiting in the square. It is surprising what a round one has to take, when driving, to get from one objective point to another: much as if, to get from Sackville-street to Nassau-street, you had to drive round by the Four Courts and St. Patrick's

Cathedral : this gives you a practical idea how narrow the majority of the streets are.

I went first to see "the house of Pilate," built, in the days of Charles V., by an ancestor of the Sidonias, who had accomplished a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There is a popular delusion (amongst tourists) that it is an exact facsimile of the Roman governor's house, as the sixteenth century pilgrim found it ! but the simple fact is, that the open air stations of the cross start from here in Holy Week : hence the name. It is to all intents a small Moorish palace, with wainscotting of azuleio tiles and walls covered with elaborate stucco. Scattered through its courts and cloisters are busts of white marble, of Roman emperors and consuls, brought from Italica. By-the-way, what is, or rather was, Italica ? Simply a Roman colony, planted within half-a-dozen miles of here, more than two thousand years ago, by Scipio Africanus, to make a home for his worn-out legionaries. It gave birth to Trajan, and some say it gave birth to Hadrian and Theodosius ; and then, after a certain number of centuries, it simply ceased to exist as a city, not through any volcanic eruption or convulsion of nature, but for the simplest reason imaginable. The Guadalquivir, which had been flowing by its walls just as it flows here, changed its course one fine morning, and left it dry ; and so its inhabitants had to migrate *en masse*. Seville was their nearest refuge : they fled here ; and their temples and theatres became the legitimate quarry of this fair town, because æsthetic archæology was not then in vogue. In fact it is more than probable that the nice little marble shafts, which we admire in the shop-fronts here, came from Italica, and re-echoed to the Latin lisping of the boy emperors who were reared there.

I passed quite a number of churches, and visited a few, so antique-looking that I verily believe they were mosques in the Moorish days. On leaving (never on entering) an odd mendicant woman may ask you for alms in a placid, dignified sort of way, holding out her hand, and saying : "Por l'amor de Dios ;" to refuse her, you have only to say : "perdon' uste, hermana" (forgive me, sister), and your sister in Adam will not say another word. I mention this, because an impression prevails that Spanish beggars are importunate : the truth is quite the reverse.

Next I found myself at the tobacco factory—a government establishment, which employs five thousand people, and where cigars and cigarettes are made in millions and billions each year. Five hundred women and girls work upstairs, the women at cigars,



the girls at cigarettes ;—and what a din ! You are shown through by a matron ; the corridors, where the work proceeds, are each long enough for a rifle range, and arched with solid masonry, all scrupulously whitewashed. The tables are arranged cross-ways with mathematical regularity, and the perspective from end to end is quite a study. Seated at those tables the cigarreras work, four at each side, the fragrant weed piled in heaps before them. They are paid according to the number of cigars they produce, and therefore are at liberty to chat and laugh, and to idle if they please. Some are having their frugal repast of stewed tomatoes ; some are sleeping soundly, notwithstanding the tremendous discord of voices all chattering simultaneously. Some of the cigarreras are mothers of families, and their infants are slung in extemporised hammocks made of their shawls, or stowed away in baskets or boxes on or under the tables. Strange to say, those infants do not look unhealthy or restless, notwithstanding the pungent atmosphere and the clatter of so many babbling tongues ; but even here they sleep the sleep of angels. It is the general opinion that the cigarreras of Seville represent a class in themselves, though they vary much in type. Like students at a German university, they have certain fashions, which to them are law. One particular fashion is to arrive early in the morning, scrupulously well dressed, with hair glistening like a raven's wing, and a fresh crimson or white carnation flower tastefully adorning it ; then to hang the walking costume on the wall (which is all fitted with crooks for the purpose), and to sit in demi-toilette, working or idling, but always chattering, till the sun gets low and the hour arrives for an evening walk.

Similar corridors, similarly arched and whitewashed, and similarly endless, contain the cigarreras of the junior grade, where cigarettes are made instead of cigars. Here the hair-dressing has evidently been equally attended to, and the din is, if possible, more deafening. You may perhaps think I am exaggerating in saying so much of the hair-dressing : so let me *add* that, this morning, in a little square by the roadside, I saw two poor, elderly women, water-sellers (whose emoluments perhaps reached twopence halfpenny a day), with their earthen pitchers laid down : one was acting as hairdresser to the other, the latter sitting on the ground, obviously on the principle of fair trade and reciprocity, and yet the coiffure of the standing figure was already fit for a queen ! But to end with the cigarreras : although I fail to recognise any fixity of type, it seems to me that there is much of the Moor (and probably more of the tigress, if roused) in those richly sun-

burnt Andalusian faces, and that the softened glance of the Murillo madonnas must be sought elsewhere. Here it was that Prosper Mérimée found the real "Carmen," and the charming music of Bizet really incorporates many of the roulades that one hear at every moment in the streets of this most musical city.

And now, as the forenoon advances, the fierce glare of the sun becomes all too hot for further defiance. You seek the welcome shades of the hotel, and there, as you sit, musing perhaps, or dozing, more probably, you hear from moment to moment the tinkling of bells. You look out from beneath the sun-shades, and you see files of those superb gray donkeys, which we found yesterday outside the court of oranges. They are delivering water, or bringing charcoal from the mountain-sides, or bread from the baking village, and they are caparisoned and fringed just as I described them. But, in addition, they are carefully muzzled with basket or network! Is it that they are disposed to bite? No; but, like you or me, they are fond of the purple figs and blood-red oranges which Seville produces to such perfection, and which Sevillian fruitsellers display at every other corner. Silent but wise, their minds are ever bent on the luscious fruit, and to prevent them from making a raid on it, the muzzles are deemed indispensable. Thus they trudge along, in Indian file, just as they are accustomed to stand, and the only way the streets permit, and all the while their owners are shouting their wares, in baritone voices that would make the fortune of a theatre. Those men are peasants, and their appearance is picturesque: a wide sombrero hat; face closely shaved, without whiskers or moustache; hair closely cut; short jacket; red sash round the waist, and buff gaiters. Such are the men who drive the donkeys of Seville, delivering charcoal, or bread, or water, from door to door.

From door to door? Let us say rather from one open-work gate of wrought iron to another, each of them a study of art, and most of them gilt: such is the graceful fashion here. For, let me tell you, Sevillian houses are built in the form of a hollow square; the small quadrangle thus enclosed is planted with shrubs flowering and aromatic, and generally has a fountain in the middle. The living rooms face it, and during the warm months each family migrates to the ground floor, and transfers to it their principal furniture, musical instruments, pictures, &c. Thus each little square becomes a centre and focus of family life: this is the famous "patio" (pronounced patti-o), which forms the chief characteristic of Sevillian domestic existence—a characteristic not jealously bar-

ricaded from the public gaze, but simply fenced against the unconscious intrusion of dogs, donkeys, &c., by the lacework of iron to which I have referred. Externally, Sevillian houses are all neatness, being kept constantly limewashed in tints of palest lavender, or cream-colour, or pink: this gives them all a modern look, though many of them, I suspect, date from the middle ages. A proof of their age, to a trained eye, is that you have to *descend* three or four steps into each of them, and this proof is all the more cogent from the fact that the Sevilians have a praiseworthy habit, universal and apparently inherited, of removing all their dust rubbish every morning to allocated places outside the city walls. To finish about Sevillian houses, I should tell you that the roofs are covered with tiles of palest brown or fawn colour, set in downward lines, like corduroy, and that at the corners are gargoyles, representing heads of animals, just such as we are accustomed to associate with Gothic architecture, but which were quite familiar and usual in Roman villas of the classic days, like much of the "patio" arrangement which I have attempted to describe.

This evening, with my young Cambridge friend, I went to hear a gipsy concert in the "calle de l'amor de Dios." Here Gitanos and Gitanas sang, one after another, dreary airs in long wailing minor keys, and, while each was singing, the others kept clapping hands to the time, and one, a miserable little hunchbacked man, kept jingling accompaniments on a guitar. Infer from this that the performance did not strike me as either artistic or delightful. How different from the magnificent flow of almost impromptu stringed Tzigane music, which has astonished and delighted the most cultivated ears, from Jassy to Paris! The songs which the gipsies of Seville sing must be in Andalusian patois, because the audience seemed to follow them with keen delight. Sometimes a Gitano would stop in the middle of his song, and begin a long and animated recitative, getting more and more excited, and at last draw a sword-cane, and flourish it, and then run his imaginary foe through, and after the plaudits would subside finish his song in a wild roulade. Neither Gitanos nor Gitanas made the slightest attempt at costume, but were just arrayed as ordinary Andalusians of the middle class; but there was something in their serpent-like stare that did not enlist confidence. The audience, excepting ourselves, were all of the middle class, or lower, seated in threes and fours at little tables, smoking cigarettes and drinking Manzanella sherry! I soon came to see that we were rather gazed at,

and was glad to get myself back into the open streets, with pockets and watch untouched.

To walk the streets in the cool evening air is an endless delight and study: I note that Sevilians, men and women, the latter especially, are wisely addicted to milk drinking: this is the result of the climate. ' But it is not all cow's milk that is taken, as you might perhaps think: goat's milk and ass's milk are equally patronised. Everywhere you go, you see the sign-boards: "leche de vaca" . . . "leche de cabra" . . . "leche de burra" (cow's milk, goat's milk, ass's milk), and you see the small black cows and the gigantic brown goats led about from street to street.

Another favourite refreshment is iced cream, the ice made of compressed snow from the Sierra Morena; this is taken in the "neverias," handsomely fitted rooms, open as much as possible to the cooling air, and crowded with respectable people, sipping the frigid mixture and chatting all the while. The fun is to go from "neveria" to "neveria," and have an ice at each.

\* \* \* \*

This, my third morning at Seville, I had laid out for a drive to Italica, and round the walls of Seville, which are of every age, from modern times to the days of the Moors, Goths, and Romans, and perhaps long before them. But the fierce heat interposed a positive veto. You do not care to explore ruins, when the day begins at ninety degrees in the coolest shade, and very much higher in the sunshine. So we just sent to engage select seats for the great bull-fight next Thursday, and started for Granáda, to spend the interim in that paradise. And now let me wish you a Spanish good-bye: "Vaya uste con Dios" . . . Go with God.



## LONDONDERRY BELLS.

BY JOHN KANE.

HOW sweetly rang the bells when we chased the honey bee,  
And loudly sang the lark to you, love, and to me,  
When winds of sunny April whispered wooingly :  
Sing, merry !  
When childhood heard the bells of Londonderry.

How softly rang the bells when we clomb the misty hill,  
When we reached the pebbled cradle of the foamy mountain-rill,  
And pledged our love at noontide when every bird was still ;  
Sing, merry !  
So clearly rang the bells of Londonderry.

And sprightly was the dancing beneath the flowered thorn,  
When the little eastern moonlight, like Plenty's golden horn,  
Lit our way from stile to stile through the fields of whispering corn,  
Sing, merry !  
So gaily rang the bells of Londonderry.

But now the mountain flowers have lost their rich perfume,  
And the lark has now no rapture, the nodding rose no bloom,  
Since they took you from the ocean to lay you in the tomb.  
Never merry  
Shall sound for me sweet bells of Londonderry.

But merrily they'll sound when my heart has passed away,  
To the fisher near his nets, and the hillmen mowing hay,  
To mothers at their doorsteps, and lovers in the May,  
Making merry,  
Shall chime the silver bells of Londonderry.



## GLEANINGS FROM THOMAS À KEMPIS.

**A**S yet too few of the works of Thomas à Kempis, the holy monk of Windesheim and gifted exponent of its spiritual school, have appeared in English; therefore I propose to offer, from time to time, to the readers of the "IRISH MONTHLY," selected translations from his voluminous writings.

I shall make no comment on these rare gems—they speak for themselves. I only wish my translation could equal the original.

The first piece which I have chosen is the little essay "de vita bona et pacifica."

This meditation, so brief and yet so full, well suited for the daily use of those whose leisure is scanty, appears in the author's manuscript, dated A.D. 1441, now preserved in the Burgoyne Library at Brussels (Nos. 5855-5861). It will also be found in print, near the end of the 2nd Vol. of à Kempis's complete works, edited by Henricus Sommalius, S.J., A.D. 1615.

F. R. C.

*Of a good peaceful life.*

I. If thou dost wish to live worthily in the sight of God, thou shouldst give thyself up entirely to Him.

Set thy heart upon doing what is thy duty, and thou shalt enjoy peace in all things.

Put it before thee to bear the heavier trials, and then thou wilt more easily endure the lighter.

Learn to overcome thyself in all things, and thou shalt have interior rest.

Say to thyself—What I ought to do is what I will do; and thus I shall gain heaven.

With patience and silence comes an increase of peace. The wise man is truly patient.

If I am to conquer myself in all things, then I must begin by mortifying myself. Above all, mortification is good and necessary for me.

Although I should possess this thing, or the other thing, still I would not be satisfied.

Dismiss from thy heart all likings and dislikes, and then nothing will disturb thee

If thou dost not give thyself overmuch to exterior matters, thou shalt enjoy inward rest.

Be not solicitous for the goods of this world, lest thou forfeit the eternal blessings in heaven promised by Jesus Christ to those who are in his friendship.

All knowledge, all possessions avail nothing, unless by our prayers we win God's favour.

He who contemns all that gives delight on earth, can lift up his heart to heaven, and feel some portion of its celestial joys.

II. Alas! how comes it that we so strongly desire to be well thought of? Yet, for all that, we are nothing, howsoever differently we ourselves may think.

Why complain greatly about this, and wander hither and thither?

Wheresoever thou goest or comest thou shalt not find all smooth, because everywhere there is something to be borne with.

And if thou knowest not how to rejoice thereat, at all events it behoves thee to endure it now, and to dispose thyself for peace in the end, vanquishing all by patience.

Nought avails unless thou ceaseest to seek thyself in anything.

As long as thou livest here thou must struggle against thyself, and combat the enemy.

In this will thy merit be enhanced, if, for the sake of God, thou bearest up against all that troubles thee.

III. He who flies from suffering only courts it. This life is full of wants and worries.

Although thou wouldst willingly crave freedom from all trials, still such would not be profitable for thee: therefore endure patiently if thou desirest to please God, and to do that which is very meritorious in his sight.

Everything will turn to profit if thou dost accept all trials from God, as a gain to thy soul.

The straight road to heaven is to suffer for our Lord.

Humble endurance is the mark of a virtuous life, and of heavenly wisdom, and leads to the eternal joys of paradise; which may the loving Jesus grant us, by the merits of his most holy death, and the intercession of his most precious Mother, the Blessed Mary ever Virgin; Jesus, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth God for ever and ever. Amen.

## HOME-LIFE IN COLORADO.

BY BRENDAN MAC CARTHY.

IF the realities of Colorado life be unknown at New York, for which meridian the following article was written, how much more so here at home! Our own special interest, however, was drawn to this paper by the circumstances that it is the first that we have seen from the pen of the youngest son of our Irish poet, the late Denis Florence Mac Carthy, who since Good Friday, 1882, has only been represented in these pages by the initials S. M. S. Many of our readers will have no difficulty in supplying the remaining five letters that make up the name of the Irish barrister Mr. D—who is spoken of towards the end. This is another of the reasons why, in no dearth of matter of our own—certainly not!—we for once borrow from *The Catholic World*.

\* \* \* \*

To those whose ideas of life west of the Missouri River are chiefly derived from the performances of Mr. Buffalo Bill, or the thrilling Western drama, in which the six-shooter and the coroner take the leading parts, a short sketch of Western home-life may be useful by way of antidote.

The ranch of my friend Mr. Sutcliffe is situated some ten miles from the county-town of Castleton, in Colorado, and is a good example of all that a Western home might be. Castleton is a town of some fifty wooden houses, amongst which are a court-house, school, newspaper-office, and four or five saloons. The population is chiefly engaged in farming land in the vicinity of the town. The predominant standing of the gentlemen is that of judge, owing to the fact that they are supposed to have occupied that responsible position "back East" before they came to Castleton. There is, indeed, one admiral there, strangely placed so far inland—but this is accounted for by the fact that he came there a retired first lieutenant, and has received his promotion since at the hand of the settlers.

Leaving Castleton, the track to the ranch of Mr. Sutcliffe winds amongst the hills, gradually ascending until it suddenly emerges on the brow of the "Divide." Here a magnificent panorama is spread before the eyes of the traveller. In front is a verdant, undulating valley of great extent, intersected at intervals



by little streamlets or creeks, which take their rise in the foot-hills beyond, their course marked by the thick growth of pines and cotton-woods, and an occasional gleam of silver where the sun lights up the rapid water. At one end of the unbroken chain of foot-hills Pike's Peak rears his venerable head, silvered with frost, and far to the right of the landscape Long's Peak, shaped like a gigantic pyramid, towers in snowy magnificence.

Nestling in the valley is the house of my friend. It is a good-sized frame-house, of which the architect and builder, a local genius, known in these parts as "old man Grant," has every reason to be proud. In front of the house stands that most useful invention, the windmill, by which the breezes are constrained to pay toll in kind and keep up the supply of fresh, pure well-water; and a little to the right of the house is the wood-pile, where the hungry tramp must labour for a time before his wants are attended to.

Mr. Sutcliffe is an Englishman, and twenty-five years' residence in Colorado appears only to have brought out more strikingly the national characteristics. He is a stout, hearty man of about forty, on whose face a life of incessant work has left the stamp of honesty and keenness. He comes of a good old farming stock in Derbyshire, where his family have farmed the land time out of mind. Mrs. Sutcliffe is also English, and a glance round the house will make it clear that here comfort and cleanliness reign supreme. The parlour, on the right of the entrance, is a large room, well lighted with three windows. There is a large, open fireplace, and on winter's nights, when the red curtains are drawn close, and the pitch-pine fire roars up the chimney, you may sit in warm slippers before the cheerful blaze, and have only an increased feeling of comfort from the thought that Jack Frost is squeezing the mercury into the bulb of the thermometer outside or screaming enviously round the corners of the house. At the back is a cosy little room, devoted to the ladies of the family. Here, amongst other things, are a piano and a sewing-machine, and in the long evenings work and music go merrily together. The hall is adorned with a magnificent pair of antlers, a trophy from one of Mr. Sutcliffe's hunting expeditions. Upstairs are the bedrooms, where the spotless linen and shining furniture invite repose. Such a house as this is not a very common thing to meet with amongst the settlers in the West; and it is easy to see that it is appreciated, when in the summer-time the stream of tourists begins to pour along the Pueblo-road, from the number that seek for a night's lodging here, and the earnestness with which they pray to be admitted.

The family consists of a boy and three girls, all of whom take their share of the house duties. The girls, amongst other cares, milk some twenty head of cows twice a day, churn the milk, make the butter, assist in the cooking, and attend to the welfare of the poultry and calves. The boy helps his father with the farm work, collects the milch cows, and is always in readiness to ride anywhere at his father's commands on his fleet-footed pony. Work is never slack on such a farm. In the winter's mornings, when there are sun-dogs at dawn, and the air glitters with minute particles of frost, and the mercury stands far down below zero, Mr. Sutcliffe will draw on his warmest coat, and mounted on his favourite mare, her shoes well sharpened, will sally out on a tour of inspection. Every beast, down to the latest arrival, he knows, and his practised eye can discern at a glance exactly how each is bearing the cold weather.

Expeditions in search of beef-steers to be fed and kept fat until the price of beef in the Denver market rises are made in the winter time. A snow-storm may come on, on the evening of the expected return. Then the resources of the larder are taxed to the uttermost, and the table, covered with a snowy cloth, groans under a surprising display of good fare. The heaped-up logs roar and crackle in the wide fireplace, and a welcome change of garments hangs toasting in readiness. Suddenly the watchful eye of Mrs. Sutcliffe discovers a dark patch moving towards the house through the curtain of snow, and a distant bellow announces the approach of the wanderers. Then there is a hurrying to and fro, and the girls run out to open the corral-gate and take charge of the tired horses, so that father and brother may get the sooner to the welcome warmth of the house. Never does house look more cosy or food more enticing than to the tired ones on such occasions.

But when the snows have melted, and the silence of winter gives place to the hum of returning spring, then comes the farmer's busy season. The crops have to be put in, and stock branded up and turned out on Uncle Sam's big property, still requiring continual attention.

The change from winter to spring in Colorado is very strange in its completeness. In winter the grass is dried up and yellow after the summer's heat, the ground is hard with frost, and not a sound breaks the icy stillness except the occasional howling of a wolf or the chattering of a magpie. But when the winter breaks the soft, green grass springs up as if by magic, the air is filled

with the voices of countless birds of gay plumage, and the ground is covered with a wealth of wild flowers unequalled in any country.

Summer and harvest-time follow quickly on one another in Colorado, and not many weeks elapse from the appearance of the tiny spears of rye above the ground before the "waves of shadow" chase each other across the golden fields, and the crop is ready for harvesting.

All times are busy with the settler's wife. But during the haymaking, and when the threshing and the harvesting begin, then she must be well endowed with those qualities which Dr. Robert Collier sums up under the title of "clear grit," to bear the strain which is laid upon her. Breakfast takes place by lamplight, dinner in the fields at noon, and at sundown the men return with the neighbours who have been lending a helping hand—some ten or twelve, perhaps—hungry, tired, and dusty, to have their wants supplied. To each must be given a cheerful word of welcome, and for each a plentiful meal must be prepared.

Farmers in Colorado are to be congratulated that the seasons there are not so fickle as elsewhere; and if they be blessed with as happy a temperament as my friend Mr. Sutcliffe, and with such an untiring helpmate as he has got, I can safely predict their home-life in Colorado will be healthful and happy.

An example of a Colorado house of a different kind is the next ranch up the creek. It is a genuine old-style log cabin. The owner, Mr. D——, was an Irish barrister, but ill health would not allow him to continue his work in the old country. The ground-floor is divided into parlour and kitchen. The parlour is a square room, supplied with a couple of windows and a door, so constructed as to let the breezes wander at their own sweet will through the house. The chief ornaments on the whitewashed walls are a collection of guns and rifles. There is, in fact, nothing to suggest the barrister in this room. At the top of a steep staircase, however, is an ingeniously-contrived den, which presents a somewhat different aspect. Here a table strewed with writing materials, a well-filled bookcase, an easy-chair, and a reading-lamp hold possession. Ranch affairs do not penetrate into this *sanctum*. Calculations as to the price of beef and arrangements for the slaughter of the fattened hogs are rigidly excluded from this Colorado Parnassus, where such topics might be uncongenial to the distinguished company always present. For ranged against the walls are Homer, Horace, Shakespeare, and a number of sages

and philosophers whom it is rare to encounter on a ranch in the West. In their company Mr. D—— may sit and soon forget that he is not in some cosy nook of the temple, within easy reach of Simpson's.

"Baching" in Colorado has its disadvantages as well as its charms, and as dinner-hour approaches visions of Simpson's may rise for a moment when the old steer which has been slaughtered for home-consumption proves a trifle tough; but a day's work irrigating, putting up fence, or driving cattle sharpens a man's appetite wonderfully, and the food, if not dainty, is plentiful and the cooking good. "James," a Sligo lad who takes the place of the "neat-handed Phillis" in this bachelor's establishment, is an excellent cook and always in the best of spirits, but the busy woman's hand is missed, and shirt-buttons are at a premium. The situation of the little house is one of the most beautiful in the neighbourhood. It is close to the foot-hills, which rise behind it, clad to the summit with pine-trees. Two of the hills directly behind the house bear an odd resemblance to old Sugarloaf and Corragoona, in the county Wicklow. The main product of the ranch is hay, and when the meadow is standing, and the sunflowers and wild flowers of every hue peep out through the long, waving grass, a prettier spot could not well be imagined.

For occupation, the buying and feeding of cattle in winter and the getting-in of the hay crop in summer furnish plenty. Then Mr. D—— has opened a "law office" in Castleton—more, I suspect, as an excuse for a day or two of quiet study in the week than from any hope of a lucrative practice. The county judge is by profession a house-painter. His knowledge of law he acquires in court. Legal training is considered rather an impediment to a man obtaining the office of county judge, on the ground, presumably, that such training might bias him when deciding on law points.

Farm-life does not present very many striking novelties, but the time passes with wonderful rapidity and a store of health is quickly laid in.

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## PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

THE best passages of a poem, says Southey, are those which have been felicitously produced in the first glow of composition ; but I have found in my own experience that those which have been inserted in place of something faulty have been next to them in merit.

\* \* \*

It has been calculated, it seems—we know not by whom or on what data—that every pound of honey represents two millions and a half of clover tubes sucked by bees. Every page of good poetry, or even of good prose represents the essence of many an hour of thought and feeling.

\* \* \*

The description in the next pigeonhole is so picturesque that it deserves to be rescued from the ephemeral columns of the *Weekly Register* and enshrined in our own immortal pages. The incident occurred about the end of last September.

“Two curious consequences of the long-continued dry and sunny weather have been noticed by sojourners among Erin’s greenest nooks, viz., the abundance of mushrooms, tons of which have left the country every week (even after all the country housekeepers have made their ketchup), and the many fires that have broken out over the furze-covered mountains and hills, adding another picturesque effect to twilight or moonlight scenes. On Monday afternoon the dwellers on exquisite Killiney Hill, above the curving shores of Dublin Bay, were startled to see the great granite crags crowning the wooded hill wrapped in a sheet of scarlet flame. The fire began on the side of a private road, as if the spark from a pipe had caught the dry grass scorched white by the sun, and in a few minutes the flames had leaped to the top branches of a young tree, and darted up the face of the crags, devouring furze, brambles, dry leaves and grass, and hiding the green foliage of the trees under a fountain of fire. Soon various streams of flame ran round the hill, destroying all before it, and blackening the stripped rocks, and later in the evening the fire had curled its way through the beautiful young pine-wood sloping towards Dalkey, making a weird effect as it hissed and crackled among the resinous trees, sending up a lurid glare and clouds of silver smoke into the sky. For some time two or three gentlemen’s houses, separated only by the narrow road and their own plantations from the burning wood, seemed to be in imminent danger ; and it was a curious sight to see the assemblage of people on the road—policemen in their helmets, maid-servants in their white caps, labourers with spades and axes,

carts with water-barrels, for the only water-engine attainable had to be hastily constructed out of a barrel and a garden hose. All were doing their best to accomplish the impossible, to check the course of the beautiful mischief-maker, that flew sparkling and circling away into the distance as if laughing at their puny efforts. As night came on, and the red glare in the sky deepened, the moon came out low down on the silvering sea, and looked over at the fiery crown of the hill, completing the picture. On Tuesday the fire was still burning fiercely, but when the wind fell towards evening it gradually became extinct."

\* \* \*

One of the funniest words that ever came to us from that land of funny words, Yankeedom, is "salutatorian." Its meaning will be guessed from this American account of some school exhibition. "Little Miss Mitchell was salutatorian and in a neat and appropriate address bade all a very hearty welcome."

\* \* \*

We have only once enshrined verse in these pigeonholes. Let us make a second exception in favour of this—"The Two Streams"—by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Behold the rocky wall  
That down its sloping sides  
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending as they fall  
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run  
Turned by a pebble's edge,  
Is Athabasca, rolling towards the sun  
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed.  
But for the slanting stone,  
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid  
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will  
Life's parting stream descends,  
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,  
Each widening torrent bends—

From the same cradle's side,  
From the same mother's knee—  
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,  
One to the Peaceful Sea!

\* \* \*

Swinburne, in his latest volume, levels against such biographical scavengers as Froude this notable couplet:—

“Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may peer—  
Spy, smirk, sniff, snort, snap, snivel, snarl, and sneer.”

\* \* \*

The following hexameter fixes the dates of the *Quatuor Tempora* which we oddly translate by “Quarter Tense”:—

“Post Luciam, cineres, post sanctum pneuma, cruce[m]que.

As the ecclesiastical year begins with Advent, precedence is given to the Quarter Tense which follows the feast of St. Lucy, December 13th; the next is after Ash Wednesday; the next after Pentecost, represented here by the Greek word for “Spirit” which gives Pneumatics to the English language; and finally the Quarter Tense which succeeds the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, September 14th. May this mnemonic be diluted into this couplet?—

“St. Lucy’s day, Ash Wednesday, then Whitsuntide, and last  
The Exaltation of the Cross, precede the three-day fast.”

\* \* \*

In a letter to the Author of the “Monks of Kilcrea”—one of the most delightful poems in the English language, which we must soon find an opportunity of bringing under the notice of our readers—Mr. Brinley Richards, the eminent composer and pianist, gives the following estimate of the Irish music in “The Poets and Poetry of Munster,” of which Messrs. Duffy of Wellington-quay are issuing a new edition. Praise from such a *Maestro* of the “divine art” is indeed most valuable:

“25 ST. MARY ABBOTT’S TERRACE, KENSINGTON, W.,

October 14th, 1884.

“DEAR MR. GEOGHEGAN,

“With this I return you the little volume you kindly lent me, and it has very greatly interested me. I have copied some of the melodies as specimens of ‘National Music,’ remarkable for *individuality* and tenderness. According to modern ideas they seem ‘wild,’ and refuse all attempts at accompaniment: indeed the music does not appear to require any, and though at first they appear strange to English ears, they seem to grow into a beauty peculiarly ‘winning,’ and possess an eloquence that requires nothing more than the simple notes of the melodies. We have no Welsh airs so characteristic, with the exception of *one* or *two* old songs that seem to have been ‘built’ on a scale entirely different from the modern diatonic. I am very much obliged to you for adding ‘something more’ to my collection of *National* music.

“With kind regards, very truly yours,

“BRINLEY RICHARDS.”

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

IN honour of Christmastide and the Divine Child we put aside for a moment larger and graver tomes and give precedence to some books that the young folk will like to get for Christmas presents. Of this class the most attractive put forward by Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son were named hurriedly to our readers last month.

There is no fear that the other book mentioned at the end of our last number will be lost in the ordinary crowd of juvenile literature. A clever person remarked to us lately, that the best writing of the day is done for children; witness Mrs. Molesworth and Lewis Carroll, and, just this Christmas, Mrs. Augusta Webster, the greatest, probably of women-poets, at least living, has given "Daffodil" to the fanciful literature of childhood. Fully worthy of being named with these efforts of real genius is "The Walking Trees," which is a wonderful exploit of artistic imagination, and will rank higher than "The Little Flower Seekers" or any other of Miss Mulholland's contributions to this department of literature. We must return to the study of this exquisite tale, overflowing with poetic thought; but, as we have to mention many other books, we shall now add only that Mr. W. C. Mills, a Dublin artist, has illustrated the story very gracefully. Though the opening story has absorbed all our attention, younger readers will relish even more the other tales which make up this very pretty and very cheap volume. "Little Queen Pet and her Kingdom" is a very bright and useful little story, and so is "Floreen's Golden Hair." The remaining tale, "The Girl from under the Lake," is longer than these two, indeed exactly as long as "The Walking Trees;" but somehow it has won our heart less than the others, perhaps because we have studied it less carefully. The human parts seem to have been made too human and too natural to mingle successfully with the superhuman or the *subterhuman* parts. Will the circumstance of this book's being published in Dublin interfere with its receiving such full and favourable notices from the *Westminster Review*, the *Spectator*, the *Times*, the *Athenæum*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, &c., as we see appended to the advertisement of its sister-volumes, "The Little Flower Seekers," "Puck and Blossom," &c. "The Walking Trees" is a finer work of art than any of its predecessors.

We wish to be very truthful in these brief notices of new books.



We have often wondered at the eulogies bestowed in excellent periodicals on books for which these pages had only a scanty word of praise or none at all. This remark is meant to emphasise the very earnest welcome that we consider due to "Lina's Tales" by Mrs. Frank Pentrill (M. H. Gill & Son). It is as prettily got up a book as ever made a good little girl's eyes dance in her head with delight; and the two stories, one of ten chapters and the other of eight—well, all we can say is that we have read them through without skipping a line, and we consider them exceedingly good, wholesome, and pleasant. The writer, though her English style is pure and graceful, is evidently quite at home among French ways and places; and this delicate foreign flavour adds zest to her lively story-telling. May we relieve the misgivings of anxious mammas on one very prosaic point? The price is only a shilling and a-half. "Lina's Tales" is the first book, on the title page of which we have seen the name of Mrs. Frank Pentrill as authoress; and we are quite sure it will not be the last. The possessor of such a lively style, and such a lively fancy, will not be able to resist the requisitions certain to be laid upon her again and again for work like this. The stories are interesting and very prettily told; and altogether "Lina's Tales" must not be confounded with the common herd of children's books which are only pretty and harmless.

The confraternity so widely diffused over the Catholic world, the members of which are called in France *Congréganistes*, in Jesuit Colleges, sodalists, and in convents "Children of Mary," celebrated on the 5th of December, the third hundredth anniversary, not of its establishment, but of its regular canonical erection and papal confirmation and approbation by a brief of Pope Gregory XIII. The beautiful name *Enfant de Marie* is now associated more with the *devotus fœmineus sexus*; but the female branches of the organisation had hardly a recognised existence till the time of Pope Benedict XIV., when the Sodality had been at work for some two hundred years. It can reckon on its rolls Popes, emperors, statesmen, generals; and indeed, we think that Father Delplace, S.J., might have given more interesting statistics of this kind, the names of the most distinguished members, &c., than we can find in the 230 pages in which he has told the *Histoire des Congrégations de la Sainte Vierge*, just published at Lille and Bruges. May Our Blessed Lady reward the pious diligence which has produced so admirable a souvenir of the Tercentenary of her Sodality!

An excellent present for Christmas, appealing, however, to a

different constituency from Mrs. Pentrill's, is the new edition of "The Lectures of a Certain Professor," by the Rev. Joseph Farrell. To descend again to the prosaic detail of price, it costs exactly the same as the "Walking Trees and Other Tales"—namely, three shillings and sixpence. Every time that we turn to these not unfamiliar pages, our admiration increases for the thoughtful and genial wisdom and rare beauty of style that make Father Farrell's book of Essays one of the most brilliant literary achievements of any Irishman of our time.

In the same category with the preceding, as another great Irish success, which, in its second edition, is much cheaper and yet quite beautiful enough for Christmas purposes, we may name Mr. Justice O'Hagan's "Song of Roland." The more we ponder on it, the more we marvel and rejoice that so eminent a literary feat was reserved to be accomplished so successfully by the busy lawyer, who is now chief of the Irish Land Commission.

The accomplished daughter of the late Colonel Chesney conveys, in a very agreeable manner, a vast amount of information about Egypt, under the title of "The Land of the Pyramids." The publishers, Cassell & Company, have been wonderfully liberal in illustrating the lively narrative with pictures and portraits, very well engraved and nearly as numerous as the pages.

We reserve for next month extended notices of an important work by the Most Rev. Dr. Ricards of South Africa, and two learned treatises which have been sent by New York publishers. We must mention "The Catholic Hymnal," by the Paulist, Father Alfred Young, a large volume containing the finest collection of hymns and canticles, words and music, that we have ever seen. Many of the hymns are original.

A very much smaller collection, but excellent in its kind, is "St. George's Hymn Tune Book," compiled by the Rev. Joseph Reeks (Burns & Oates), which has reached a second edition.

The Rev. D. Chisholm of Aberdeen has brought out already nine monthly penny parts of "The Catholic Child's Treasury," for which Messrs. James Duffy & Sons are the Irish agents. Admirably selected stories and anecdotes from the Lives of the Saints and other sources.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey, who has written so many successful novels of her own, has given M. Charles D'Hericault the benefit of her great literary skill in turning into English his excellent tale, "*Les Aventures de Deux Parisiennes pendant la Terror*," which Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son have brought out most readably under the title

of, "1794: A Tale of the Terror." This firm rivals on its own premises the best London book-binders, representing ingeniously on the cover the bonnet rouge and the guillotine. This is very superficial criticism; but we have said already that it is an excellent tale translated excellently.

"The Foundation of Death: a Study of the Drink Question," by Axel Gustafson (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is a fine volume of six hundred pages, full of the most solid and interesting matter concerning the use of intoxicating drinks. Its learning and literary skill are unquestionable. Cardinal Manning has commended it earnestly. Fifteen hundred copies were sold in five weeks. It is sure to run through many editions, and to be always a standard work on the subject. Though some of its conclusions would not pass the censorship of the Catholic moralist, its immense array of well-authenticated facts cannot fail to produce wholesome impressions on all who study them for their own profit, or for the good of others whom they more practically concern.

From Mr. Washbourne of London, we have received at the last moment two new story-books, one of which pleased us greatly—"Snowflakes, and other Tales," by M. Sinclair Allison. Shall we say Mr. or Mrs. or Miss? Miss Allison has a bright fancy and a graceful style. We recommend this pretty book cordially to the notice of our juvenile readers and their aunts; and when we next see Miss Allison's name on a title page, we shall open the book with interest. The other tale from Paternoster-row is not for children, and has a good deal of cleverness and variety—"The Brides of Kensington"—but Miss Bridges ought to have submitted her book to some judicious censor who would have cut out sundry phrases about the doctrine of a Trinity and about a religious vocation, &c. Have not those conversion stories been a little overdone? The conversation is a good deal in the old Amanda Fitzalan style, from whom indeed one of the characters takes his name.

"Art M'Morrough O'Cavanagh, Prince of Leinster, an Historical Romance of the Fourteenth Century" (M. H. Gill & Son), is the fourth of a series of novels founded on Irish history, each of them filling an ample tome of some seven hundred solid pages. The literary and patriotic ardour which makes Miss M. L. O'Byrne persevere in such labours is worthy of earnest praise. But the author of "The Collegians" failed, we fear, to secure readers of his Irish historical novels; and Miss O'Byrne's style is not so attractive as Gerald Griffin's. Her previous efforts

have been commended by such journals as *The Month*, *The Tablet*, and *The Nation* ; and the present tale is equally meritorious in its aims, its spirit, and its execution. But its perusal requires a good deal of the author's knowledge and enthusiasm.

"The Catholic Family Annual for 1885" is one of the best things ever published by the New York Catholic Publication Society, which has done excellent service to Catholic literature. At home, Messrs. James Duffy & Sons have just brought out a large and handsome prayer-book, compiled by Father Jarlath Prendergast, O.S.F. It is called *The Franciscan Manual*, and is specially adapted to the use of Members of the Third Order of St. Francis, so earnestly recommended in a recent encyclical of Leo XIII.

Some other books must wait till next year. May it be a happy year for our Magazine and its readers !

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

A GREAT deal of good, honest literary work is done, week by week and month by month, all the world over, along with plenty that is neither good nor honest. Useful and interesting subjects are served up in convenient doses in the periodical press. Some think that this makes the writing and reading of complete and solid treatises impossible ; but many subjects and many readers do not admit of complete and solid treatises. Most people can crush into a short paper all that they know on a subject and more than most people care to learn about it. Meanwhile, books also go on getting written and printed in sufficient numbers.

We must confine ourselves to the Catholic periodical press, and in the Catholic periodical press we naturally single out those that single us out, and we limit our notice to those that take the trouble of inviting our notice.

Which is farthest away, Boston or Philadelphia ? Notre Dame in Indiana, is farther away than either ; but the *Ave Maria* is already familiar to all our readers, and we believe it has secured a wider circulation than any similar publication. The *American Catholic Quarterly*, whose home is the aforesaid City of Brotherly Love is a worthy successor of *Brownson's Review*, and a worthy rival of the *Dublin* ; and it has fully maintained its high standard of excellence. From Boston

comes to us regularly month by month *Donahoe's Magazine*, which aims at a large popular circulation and hits the mark. It furnishes a very full bill of fare suited to a great variety of palates. We have noticed no more original papers in any of its numbers than the one to which the place of honour is assigned in November. It is contributed by Miss Hannah Lynch, and is full of minute condition which is evidently the fruit of a careful, loving study of the subject. Fortunately the condition is set forth to the best advantage with the aid of a lively imagination and a picturesque style which will not surprise anyone who recognises in the contribution to the transatlantic magazine, the author of that exceedingly vivid piece of word-painting about the middle of our last year's volume under the title of "Nature's constancy in Variety."

The *Catholic World* is another visitor from the States, its headquarters being New York. It is a dignified organ of Catholic thought, and is certainly one of our most creditable representatives in literature, a strong rival of anything on this side of the Atlantic. It does not seem to be stronger but weaker in fiction.

The *Messenger of St. Joseph* is published nearer home—at Thurles. The paper does not do the printing justice, and neither of them is quite worthy of the excellent matter set forth. Excellent matter, and we can discern a steady improvement month by month. We take such an interest in anything bearing St. Joseph's name that we may stoop to such minute matters as the colour of the cover: it is patriotic but unworkable. A lighter colour letting the table of contents be seen to advantage on the outside cover (like—like—*erubescere*—like our own!) would be a decided improvement. And must the advertisements be so monotonous? The poems are very often spoiled for want of a white-line between the stanzas. If Thurles cannot attend to these technical points, it is not worthy of the honour of printing St. Joseph's Messenger; but we think it can, and that is why we chide it for almost spoiling a very beautiful and pathetic story by the way page 158 is printed. Very prettily told that "Novice-Master's Story" is, and there are other papers as good in the last two numbers of *The Messenger of St. Joseph*, which has improved steadily in the two years of its young and vigorous life.

Another *Messenger* has lived through a greater number of years. The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* began its work in English in the year 1869, and has appeared punctually every month since then. As the shilling magazines have very generally become sixpenny, so the *Messenger* also "stoops to conquer" and hopes to attain a wider circulation among the pious Catholic public by a large diminution of price. Separate numbers will cost twopence; but if you send a postal order for one shilling and sixpence to Rev. A. Dignam, S.J., St. Helen's Lancashire, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* will bring its messages to

you every month for the year 1885 ; and I think you will not dissolve partnership next Christmas twelvemonth.

The *Leagus of the Cross Magazine* pursues its modest and useful career with much spirit and good taste. Miss Kershaw has prose and verse in the November part, both short and both good.

A paragraph from *The Weekly Register* of London is going the rounds of the American newspapers to the effect that, short as has been the existence of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, it has already made bishops of four of its Editors—Dr. Moran the new Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Carr the Bishop of Galway, the late Dr. Conroy of Ardagh, and the recently appointed Coadjutor of Clonfert, Dr. Healy, who has frequently enriched our own pages also with learned contributions connected chiefly with the ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland. The present editor of the *Record*, the Very Rev. Robert Browne, Vice-President of Maynooth College, is fully maintaining its high standard of excellence.

*Gill's Illustrated Magazine for Young People* is improving each week.

We had almost overlooked in this notice of "Our Contemporaries" one that comes to us by mistake—*The Season, Lady's Illustrated Magazine*. It is an English issue of the well-known journal of dress and fashion, *La Saison*. In its fashion-plates, and its practical discussion of all of those mysterious subjects which employ the thoughts of one class of the daughters of Eve, and the hands of another class, *The Season* seems to have good value for a shilling ; but further the present critic is not competent to pronounce.

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## MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL," "ELDERGOWAN,"  
"THE WALKING TREES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER III.

AT HOME IN MERRION-SQUARE.

Mrs. Timothy O'Flaherty O'Kelly was sitting in her own particular snugger in her handsome house in Merrion-square, and opposite to her on the hearth sat Father Daly, of Ballydownvalley, Distresna, Back-o'-the-mountains, in Connaught. All of the above three names had to be put on an envelope expected to find its way into the good priest's hand when he was at home. Backothemountains was the post town, the name of which had been Englified for convenience sake. Ballydownvalley was the parish administered by Father Daly, and Distresna was the townland on which his thatched cabin and cabbage-garden stood.

"No, Father Daly," the lady was saying, "with all due respect to you and your views I must assure you I have made up my mind that I will never be induced to return to Crane's Castle. Since the people have become so ungrateful as to refuse to be satisfied to live under the rule of an O'Kelly without grumbling, I will no longer sacrifice my own little pleasures in life to spend my time among them, and to show them my countenance. They object to their rents—the rents that their forefathers paid without complaint——"

"Or promised to pay and could not," put in the priest.

"True, the rents were often remitted, for which grace they did not scorn to be deeply and everlastingly grateful. The present race will never be thankful for anything."

"Try them," said Father Daly, drily.

"Try them? Really, Father Daly, I am astonished at you. Have I not built them a schoolhouse, put them up new houses, in which they refused to live——"

"Not being able to meet the demand for increased rent which the mere possession of better dwellings did not enable them to pay," said Father Daly, quietly.

"Did I not give the women flannel-petticoats and shawls

when they were so miserably clad that I was ashamed of them as my tenantry?" persisted the old lady, with an angry flash of the eyes.

"And paid for them out of the surplus rent which was in your pocket and ought to have been in theirs," returned the priest, with mild bluntness.

Mrs. O'Kelly breathed hard, and sat still for a few moments, trying bravely to restrain her wrath, for she was a good Catholic and a kind-hearted woman according to her lights, and to quarrel with old Father Daly who had been parish priest of Ballydown-valley for thirty years, whom she knew to be honest, unselfish, and devoted to his duty, besides being her sincere friend, with all his plain speaking, would have been to her a catastrophe much to be deplored. She looked upon him as one so blinded by the heavenly lights of his vocation as to be an impossible guide to a sensible woman of the world like herself; and though, from a religious point of view, she held that there could be no more worthy soul alive than this priest, yet from her vantage ground as practical woman and landlord, her own common sense (as she called it) appeared to her a far more respectable thing than the weaker enthusiasm of any one whose only concern in the universe was avowedly with charity and prayer.

"No, I will not be angry with you, Father Daly," she said, "though I find it very hard to keep my temper. The O'Kellys were always friends with their priests, no matter——"

"How misguided the priests might be in venturing to give them a warning," said Father Daly, slyly, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Exactly. Priests are mortals, after all, you know, old friend and they are liable to make mistakes like the rest of us sinners."

"Too true."

"And so, you must allow me to remain where I am, and do my duty in my own way. I have been driven out of the country where my ancestors, who spent their money freely there——"

"Hunting, drinking, roistering, keeping open house for their equals in station and in folly," said Father Daly, "not in any way that was of use to the poor. If you were one of these, my dear lady, I would not be asking you to return to Distresna. Better for the people to be deserted by their natural protectors than to be subject to the bad example of such as the O'Kellys of bye-gone days."

"I agree with you there, though the people need not have been deserted if they would have learned to be content. But their



grumbles and their menaces I will not endure. And I wonder greatly, Father Daly, that you would choose such a time to come here and make such a proposal to me. The murder that occurred last night, of a landlord whose property lies not fifty miles from mine, ought to be a sufficient answer, and a very terrible one to all your suggestions as to my conduct. *There was a man who, I doubt not, did his duty.*"

Father Daly shuddered and sighed heavily.

"I cannot enter into that question," he said. "All I can say is, if you were to follow my advice you would run no risk. I pray God," he went on with deep emotion in his face and voice, "that whatever may happen, none of my flock may ever be stained by ever so small a participation in the crime of Cain. If I sympathise with their cares and miseries, and strive with them to obtain redress, it is only on the express condition that they obey my teachings on higher matters and keep themselves sinless before God."

"I am sure you do your best," said Mrs. O'Kelly, in an unconsciously patronising tone. "But I am not going to take the odds as to whether the secret Fenians of your parish may receive orders to finish me or not. I have other duties in life besides trying to humour an unreasonable tenantry. I go to daily Mass, even when the weather is cold and my rheumatism troublesome. I have many charities on my hands here. I do my share in upholding the respectability of the Irish gentry in Dublin. I pay my respects periodically to the viceroy of my queen. Neither do I forget to patronise the home manufactures of my country; only this day I expect a parcel of rich tabinet, woven in Dublin, to make me a castle train. My *modiste* wished me to have it of Lyons velvet, but I said 'no, not unless it can be made for me in Ireland.' But, oh, Father Daly, there is something else I want to say to you. What am I to do about these dreadful O'Flahertys?"

"Who are they, ma'am?" said the priest, his mind still running on his miserable parishioners.

"Why, don't you know? The people who expect to be my heirs; hardly kindred, so very distantly related, and have always been as disagreeable to me as they could be. I simply can't bear them, Father Daly, and yet I have no nearer of kin. Am I obliged to leave them my property, or can I bequeath it all to the church, or the poor?"

Father Daly reflected a few moments while an expression something like bitterness flitted over his benevolent countenance.

He knew the O'Flahertys to be rack-renting, overbearing people, whose tenants were in even a more wretched plight than the people of Distresna. It seemed, then, that his flock were doomed to fall from bad to worse. As for the alternative so wildly proposed by the lady as a last means of defeating the impertinent hopes of the objects of her dislike—that is, the idea of her leaving her property *to the poor*—well it suggested to the priest one of those fine ironical touches which life is always putting to our plans and projects. On the one hand, a half-starved population drained of a rent a fair deduction from which would help to feed them, and on the other a fortune setting out to look for the poor!

"I cannot undertake to advise you about that," he said. "Are you sure you have no nearer kindred in the world than the O'Flahertys?"

"I am afraid—I am quite sure. For a long time I had some hope that a younger branch of our family might turn up. There was one who sank in the world and was forgotten. He might have left heirs, but I hardly hope now to discover them, if they exist. At one time I even thought of adopting somebody. There is Bryan Kilmartin, a fine fellow and always a pet of mine till lately. Since he has shown such very erratic tendencies, quite mixed himself up with Nationalists in politics, I, of course, have changed my views. And seeing that he has disappointed me I shall look for no one else. Now, stay, you are not going away, Father Daly. Would it really be right to leave all I have to the poor?"

Father Daly had taken his hat, and only for this question would have gone out of the room with his present thoughts unspoken. But Mrs. O'Kelly's eagerly repeated query about the poor was the last straw that broke the back of his patience.

"When you are about making that will" he said, "consult some one who knows less of your hardness to those poor whom God placed in your power in this life, than I do. Better, I tell you, to do good while you live than try to snatch back at it with your dead hand. Better be just with your worldly goods from a pure intention than assume generosity in your last hour for the purpose of gratifying your dislike to your neighbour."

He raised his hand in warning, and the old lady got up from her chair and confronted him, with angry eyes and a convulsive movement of the head.

"That will do, Father Daly," she said with an hysterical quaver in her voice. "I will trouble you no further at present. Do

not let me detain you any longer, and please don't return here till I send for you."

"I will not, ma'am. Trust me, I will not," said the priest, faintly, and turned away to the door, feeling with a pang that he had lost an old friend and injured the cause of his people as well. He fumbled for his stick in the hall, and took an umbrella instead, then had to turn back and rectify his mistake.

"Now, what does be ailin' Father Daly to-day anyway?" said the butler to himself, as he stood on the threshold of the big hall-door and watched the old man trudging down the square, absently holding his stick upright like an umbrella, for it was raining. "I suppose the mistress is after rakin' him about thim rents down at Disthresna. Throth an' she might lave Father Daly alone. But sure, though she's the good mistress to live with, still she does be the devil when she takes a thing in her head."

It was Mrs. O'Flaherty O'Kelly's day at home, and visitors were already waiting for her in the drawingroom, whither she repaired as soon as she could remove the traces of excitement from her countenance. As she sailed in with her rich black silk dress trailing behind her, her black lace shawl floating from her shoulders, and her white lace cap crowning her whiter locks, she looked as stately an old lady as could be found in the three kingdoms.

"Dear Mrs. O'Kelly, how very well you're looking!" cried a tongue with a Galwegian brogue, and a tall florid young woman came with a bouncing movement across the floor to meet her.

"Thank you, Miss O'Flaherty, I don't know that a flush arising from vexation makes one look particularly well, especially when it gets into the nose. Now, my flush always gets into my nose, and so I would rather you didn't notice it."

"Dear Mrs. O'Kelly, you are always so original. And no wonder you are vexed. Everybody is so wretched about this dreadful murder. Nobody knows whose turn will come next. And to think of them following him to Dublin! It is very comforting at any rate to those who take the risk of staying on the spot all the year round as poor papa does at Mount Ramshackle. People who run away don't fare any better, it seems."

"Humph!" said Mrs. O'Kelly, twitching the end of her lace shawl with nervous fingers. She was well aware of several of Mr. O'Flaherty's reasons for living permanently at Mount Ramshackle. In the first place he was what is called a Sunday-man,

who, on week-days, was safe from his creditors only within his own walls, and could not stroll abroad with security except on the Sabbath; in the second place, he was enamoured of the "mountain dew" of his native wilds, and, being so, preferred to blush unseen in his privacy, rather than show his rubicund countenance on the highways of the world. So, when Miss O'Flaherty boasted that her papa had never deserted his post at home, while other people lived as absentees wherever they pleased, Mrs. O'Kelly always said "Humph!"

"But I am sure I do not wonder," Miss O'Flaherty went on, sipping her tea, "at anyone running away from such ungrateful savages. If I did not escape sometimes myself, I should die of disgust."

Now, Mrs. O'Kelly knew well that whatever right she had to the gratitude of her tenantry the O'Flahertys had none. They had built no houses and bestowed no petticoats. The tradition of their family, still admirably cherished, had, always been to spend twopence for every penny they could wring out of the wretched tillers of the rocky and boggy wilderness which was crowned by the glory of Mount Ramshackle,—owing the balance to anyone who would credit them. Miss O'Flaherty looked on the poor of her father's estate much as she regarded the lean horses that dragged her up and down the hilly roads, and the sheep that were killed to furnish the frequent leg of mutton for the family table. They were there for her support and convenience, and any sign of unwillingness on their part was to be infinitely derided. Mrs. O'Kelly knew that in very truth there was much more sympathy between her own views of the people and those of Father Daly, than between her own views and those of Miss O'Flaherty. And therefore though to many and various ears the lady of Distresna would formally abuse her tenants and complain of their treatment of her, yet never would she be betrayed into such weakness in presence of an O'Flaherty. Between them and herself she drew such a broad line that by no chance or artifice could she be brought to mingle her grievances with theirs. And it must be said, in justice to her, that her objection to think of the O'Flahertys as her heirs, was not entirely caused by personal dislike of them. In spite of her present anger at the peasantry of Distresna, she felt a genuine distaste to the idea of their falling into O'Flaherty hands. And this distaste was strengthened when it happened, as it sometimes would, that after listening to Miss O'Flaherty's views as now, she heard her in conversation with some one else, alluding

to the estate of Distresna, as if it was already in the possession of her family.

Miss O'Flaherty was not in the dark as to this peculiarity of the old lady, but thought herself quite safe in teasing her. She had no nearer of kin to whom to leave her lands. But when Mrs. O'Kelly refused to reply to her remarks, as now, and began to twitch the corner of her shawl, Miss O'Flaherty thought it prudent to change the conversation.

"I'm just after meeting Bryan Kilmartin in Nassau-street," said Miss O'Flaherty, who was not above sprinkling her conversation with Hibernicisms, "and I asked him what he thought of this murder, and how he intended to go on defending the people and talking about their virtues."

"And pray, what did he answer you?" asked Mrs. O'Kelly, erecting her head as if to declare that here was another of her pet hobbies going to be taken from under her and ridden to death before her eyes, and that she would not have it, would seize it by the reins and bring it to a dead stop rather than trust it to another. "I should think Mr. Bryan Kilmartin would have a keener appreciation of the iniquity of murder than you could have, in proportion to the superior size of his heart and brains."

Miss O'Flaherty giggled. "Dear Mrs. O'Kelly, you do use such eloquent language. Can you think men's hearts and brains are really larger than ours, now? I am nearly as tall as he is, you know. I confess he remarked that he had *no* sympathy with murderers; but rather spoiled the statement, however, by saying that his opinion of the virtues of the people remained the same."

"A rash fool is sometimes more admirable than a prudent rogue," said Mrs. O'Kelly, oracularly.

"Well, I wouldn't quite call him a fool," said Miss O'Flaherty.

"I should think not," retorted the old lady; and she was just sharpening her tongue to say something which would make it clear to her visitor that she did not forget the court that had at one time been paid, and in vain, to her favourite-in-disgrace by the ladies of Mount Ramshackle, when more visitors poured in, and the conversation became general—fluctuating as to subject between the terrible murder in the city-streets last night, and the approaching drawingroom at the castle.

"So lucky it was not an official!" said a sprightly girl who was looking forward to the season of amusement which is so short in Dublin. "How dreadful if anything had stopped the Castle balls!"

"Now, Katty," said her sister, "don't pretend to be so heartless!"

"Well, I did not even know him, and I hear he was an ogre," said Miss Katty, pouting. "I wouldn't kill even an ogre myself. But I never did him any harm, and I don't see why he should interfere with my dancing."

"He won't," said another lady. "What are you going to wear at the drawingroom?"

"Now, ladies," said Mrs. O'Kelly. "I am going to petition you in favour of tabinet. I have been directed to a first-rate weaver, who will give you a splendid quality cheaper than the shops. I have ordered a train myself, and I am expecting the material home this afternoon. If it comes in time, I will show it to you."

"The colours are so ugly," said a graceful woman, the wife of a leading queen's counsel who was on the eve of being made solicitor-general, a lady who had accepted all the recent improvements in colour as to dress and furnishing. "Poplin will never revive until the new delicate shades are introduced."

"I forgot your æsthetic tendencies," said Mrs. O'Kelly, with a compassionate smile. "Indeed, I must say, for my part, I hope the weavers will keep to their genuine greens, blues, and ambers, and leave us *something* with a bit of colour in it. I confess I am not of the die-away school, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy."

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy slightly shrugged her graceful shoulders, and glanced round the fiercely ugly room which boldly claimed for its mistress a place in the first rank of the Philistines. The builder had long ago made the room handsome, with ceiling exquisitely carved in wreaths and figures, and with noble old chimney-pieces of inlaid and sculptured marble. But the gilded consol-tables, the carpet of brilliant varieties, the crude colours swearing at one another from ottoman to couch, and from easy-chair to lounge, so distracted the eye that the only beautiful things of the interior passed unnoticed.

"But, Mrs. O'Kelly," said another young woman, the daughter of a prominent Castle official, who had of late bravely improved her apartments at home, "I assure you the new colours are admitted to be the best. Why even in the wilds of Donegal the peasants are knitting them into stockings and jerseys for sale. New dyes have been sent over from England."

"It may be, it may be," said Mrs. O'Kelly. "I do not worship everything English as you do, my dear Miss Nugent. I

hold that just as many mistakes are made in England as in Ireland, which God know is saying enough."

And then, feeling that her temper, which had never recovered Father Daly's home-thrust, was getting the better of her again, the old lady got up and rang the bell.

"See if that parcel of tabinet has come home yet, Murphy," she said, "and, if so, bring it to me."

"There's a young woman down below wid it, ma'am," said Murphy, briskly.

"Bring me the parcel then, and tell the young woman to wait," said Mrs. O'Kelly.

The poplin but a few hours ago taken from Grace's loom was carried to the drawingroom, opened out, looped about the chairs, hung over the back of a couch, displayed in every light for the admiration of the assembled ladies.

"You see this is only a sober purple," said Mrs. O'Kelly, "as I would not of course go out in anything gay. And for even duller people than me there is a lovely grey, and they have a very good brown also and a handsome myrtle green. But I confess, if I were young, it would be the emerald green, and the torquoise blue, and the carnation pink, that I would be thinking of."

After the tabinet had been admired, criticised, and pulled about for half an hour, and two fresh tea-pots had been emptied, fortunately not over it, but only over the debate upon it, the visitors disappeared at last, and left Mrs. O'Flaherty O'Kelly rather tired after her "day."

"Roll it up again, Murphy," she said, wearily, looking at the poplin, "and put it in the paper, and then poke the fire. And stay, I will go down myself and speak to that young woman. Where is she, Murphy?"

"I put her in the library, ma'am," said Murphy.

Mrs. O'Kelly drew her shawl around her and moved slowly down the stairs, sighing as she went. What with her feud with her people, Father Daly's denunciation of her rightminded conduct, Miss O'Flaherty's general unpleasantness and particular fling at Bryan Kilmartin, and finally, the new-fangled ways of fashionable women who would not wear sensibly-dyed poplin for the good of their country, her heart felt very sore. What a world of contradictions and misunderstanding this was! It were good to flee away from it and be at rest!

The library-door was not quite shut and she did not make sufficient noise in opening it further to disturb the young woman

from the weaver's, who was standing at the table looking up at a portrait that hung over the chimney-piece. In the long strip of looking-glass that divided the mantle-shelf from the picture frame, the face of the gazing girl, whose back was to the door, was reflected, and Mrs. O'Kelly had not taken two steps into the room before she stopped and stood quite still in astonishment. The upraised face framed in its shabby little black bonnet which she saw in the glass of course belonged to the young woman who had brought her tabinet from the weaver's, and yet to Mrs. O'Kelly's eyes at that moment it appeared to be exactly the same face as that of the lady in the picture on which its eyes were so earnestly fixed.

Recovering from her surprise Mrs. O'Kelly spoke, and Marcella Grace, startled to find that she had so far forgotten herself, in her study of the picture as to fail to hear the lady enter the room, turned quickly round, colouring deeply.

"It was you who brought the poplin? Yes; well, please to tell Mr. Grace that I like it very much, and will do my best to get him some orders," said Mrs. O'Kelly, having got quite to the other side of the table where she could see the weaver's messenger in a better light. Then she dropped into a chair, and looked long at the girl, turned away and poked the fire, and then faced the girl again and stared at her.

"Thank you," said Marcella; "shall you require the piece of grey poplin you spoke about? My father would like to know."

"No—that is, yes. Wait a moment, young woman. I am a little tired, and I forget this moment what I wanted to say to you."

She put her hand up to her head, and holding it there, looked covertly at the face of the portrait.

"Yes, it is a remarkable likeness" she was thinking, "a very unaccountable likeness. How in the world can there be such a resemblance between my poor dead sister and this weaver's girl?"

"Are you Mr. Grace's daughter?" she asked, as Marcella stood patiently waiting her pleasure. Now, that her passing blush had disappeared, the girl was very pale, and the clear dark beauty of her eyes, with their proud yet tender gravity of expression, struck the old lady forcibly.

"Yes," said Marcella, "you may safely trust me with any message to him."

"I don't doubt it," said Mrs. O'Kelly, absently, not knowing what she was saying. She felt so strangely attracted to this



weaver's girl that she could not bear to let her go out of her presence without further parley ; and yet she could think of no pretence upon which to detain her. Feeling that some effort was necessary, she struggled to make one.

"Well, my dear, your father is a very clever weaver and I want to talk about him and his work. You see it is raining, and I hope you are not in a hurry."

"Not at all," said Marcella, "though I do not mind the rain."

"Now, I wonder if Murphy would think it very extraordinary if I asked him to bring the girl a cup of tea? Well, I don't care if he does. I am mistress in my own house. And I *will* know something more about this handsome creature," thought Mrs. O'Kelly ; and she rang the bell.

"Murphy, make some fresh tea, and bring it here."

"Is it here, ma'am?"

"Yes, Murphy."

"I will, ma'am ;" and Murphy stared and withdrew.

"Now, my dear, take off your wet cloak and sit down. You must know I have taken it into my head to patronise poplin, and I am doing my very best to stir up a feeling for it among my acquaintances."

"You are very good, madam," said Marcella, as the old lady helped her to take off her cloak and made her sit near the fire. The tea was brought, and while the girl drank it Mrs. O'Kelly proceeded to explain to her all about the objections which the fashionable ladies were making to the old-fashioned dyes, and to impress upon her that there was a necessity for introducing new ones in the manufacture of poplin. An hour ago she could not have believed that she should ever be induced to advocate so absurd a movement, but in her eagerness to see more of this interesting young woman, she had grasped at the subject as affording the only excuse she could think of for a conversation.

Marcella listened with interest, but when the lady had ceased speaking said, sighing :

"I fear, madam, my father is not young enough to make efforts to improve his trade. I understand your meaning perfectly, and I hope the younger weavers may profit by your advice. But my poor father's day for such things is over, I am greatly afraid."

Mrs. O'Kelly listened, wondering to hear how well she expressed herself.

"Well, we shall see," she said ; "I do not mean to lose sight of your father, however." And then she prolonged the conversation,

by various little artifices inducing the girl to speak her mind, till at last she could make no further excuse for detaining her, and allowed her to depart.

As it was now quite dusk, Mrs. O'Kelly rang for her reading lamp, and when again left alone stood before the fire-place holding the light above her head and gazing at her sister's portrait. Truly the face was wonderfully like the young face under the little black bonnet that had confronted her for the last half hour. There was the same broad brow expressive of mingled sentiment and strength, the same tender mouth, the same grave and steadfast eyes. The girl in the picture had more colour in her face and was richly dressed, and her dark hair was arranged in a bye-gone fashion; but yet the likeness remained. What a curious accidental resemblance!

That night Mrs. O'Kelly wakened with a start out of her first sleep, thinking her young sister long years dead, laid in her grave at the age of twenty-one, was standing by her bed and had spoken to her. "These likenesses do spring up among branches of the same family, skipping a generation or two," was the thought standing clearly in her mind, as if some one had said the words to her; and she lay awake all night after that, revolving the curious suggestion in her brain. How could the daughter of a weaver have any connexion with her family? And then an echo of her own words, spoken to Father Daly, came floating across her memory—"there was one who sank in the world and was forgotten. He might have left heirs, but one could hardly hope now to discover them, if they exist." Long before the tardy daylight came, Mrs. O'Kelly had worked herself into a feverish state over these fancies, and was down stairs half an hour earlier than usual, studying again the features of the long-dead sister, who had been the darling of her early youth.

"I must see the girl again," she decided, "or I shall have a fever. I will send for patterns of all the colours of poplins at present made. That will be a good excuse. Probably by another light the young woman will look quite different. I was disturbed yesterday, and in a condition to become the prey of distressing fancies."

In the meantime, Marcella had taken her way home, well pleased at hearing her father's work commended, yet fearing that he would resent the lady's suggestions for improvement. She knew he believed his work to be, as it stood, the most perfect fabric in the world. Now, if he would only teach her his art, she would

strive to profit by the hints offered, and if a good market were to open up she might employ others to help in the work. A bright idea occurred to her, that if she could learn, unknown to him, from some other weaver in the neighbourhood, she might ensure a certain development for her plans before telling him of their existence. Then she could happily provide for his old age, and at the same time find full play for her own industrial activity. Having arrived so far in her bright speculations she suddenly remembered that money might be necessary in order to start her fairly. How hard that she seemed to be driven back from every opening which hope and energy pointed out to her! Where in all the wide world could she find even one pound to start her upon a profitable career?

Wrapped in these thoughts, she had threaded the gayest thoroughfares of Dublin, without even seeing the people or the shops, but now, having arrived at the foot of Dame-street, and before proceeding up Cork Hill towards the Castle, she shook herself out of her dreams and noticed the crowd standing right in her way, staring at the placards hung out before the office of an evening newspaper. With a painful start she suddenly remembered some things that had for the moment passed from her mind—the curious events of the night before, and the terrible fact of the murder committed in the streets not far from her home. For the placards on the newspaper-office were declaring the news of the murder in huge letters to the world, and announcing a great reward for the apprehension of the murderer, or for information which might lead to the same.

She stood for a few moments, gazing at the placard, with a sharp line drawn between her smooth brows, while her imagination realised the thing that had occurred and her heart grew chill with the horror of it. Then with a shudder she drew her thin mantle more closely round her and turned her face away from the staring letters on the wall, and began to make her way as skilfully as she was able through the crowd.

Doing so, she started and drew back a little, then slightly turned so as to get another glimpse of a face and figure standing on the pavement, with eyes fixed on the newspaper placards. "One thousand pounds reward!" proclaimed the great letters on which this gazer's eyes were fixed. It was the hero of last night's adventure who stood there in the daylight before her, the man whom she had hidden in the closet and whom the police had searched for in vain. Had it all been a dream, or had this tall elegant looking

man, this gentleman every inch, really lain concealed at her mercy, actually placed his liberty and safety in her hands? Mechanically she put her hand to her breast to feel the ring that hung round her neck, and the small hard circlet, found by her touch, even through the folds of her dress, assured her of the reality of much besides its own existence.

Another glance at the gentleman standing in the crowd reading the newspaper placards convinced her as thoroughly that this was the man. There were the tall figure and brave carriage, also the pale, clean-cut features, piercing grey eyes, and forehead, indicative of high resolve. His level brows were knit in thought as he stood gazing at the sinister proclamations. Having observed him eagerly for a few moments, Marcella became suddenly fearful that he might wheel round and see her so watching him, and she turned and hurried forward on her way.

And all through the streets as she went, with the darkness descending upon her she heard the little newspaper-boys shrieking their direful tidings along the pavements: "*Terrible murder in Dublin streets last night. One thousand pounds reward for any information of the murderers!*" And she began to run, to escape out of reach of the piercing and ill-omened cries.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### STRANGE TIDINGS.

DURING the next few days Marcella traversed many times that part of the city, lying between the Liberties and Merrion-square; for Mrs. O'Kelly's interest in the girl had no way decreased, and she made many excuses for bringing the weaver's daughter to her side. Her father's objection to the idea of new dyes "which the rale ould quality in the days when Dublin *had* quality" never thought of wanting, his increasing inability to work, and her own desires to take up his art herself, and improve upon it, and devote her energies to its development, made fruitful subjects of conversation between her patroness and herself, after the old lady had once for all won the younger woman's confidence. And meanwhile Mrs. O'Kelly had contrived to draw the girl's personal history from her lips. Before a week had elapsed, she had learned all about the lady-mother whose bitter reverses of fortune had driven her to sit meekly at the weaver's fireside.

There was a month of intense excitement for Mrs. O'Kelly, during which she had almost daily consultations with her solicitor, and frequently wept as she sat alone in the evenings under the portrait in her library. So lonely had she grown to feel in her great drawing-room upstairs, that she had caused her workbasket, novel, and favourite foot-stool to be carried down to the room where her sister's portrait hung, and where she was accustomed to receive Marcella in the mornings. And here she ransacked old desks and sorted old family letters and papers, and eagerly read the communications forwarded to her every evening by her solicitor.

At the end of a month her excitement rose to a climax when the result of investigations into the fate of a cousin of hers, who had ruined himself after the fashion of certain Connaught gentry of those times, and disappeared from society, was announced to her, and when the supposition started in her mind by Marcella's likeness to a family portrait, finally gave place to certainty. On the formal page, and in the stiff terms of a lawyer's letter, such positive assurance was conveyed to her one night as led her to drop upon her rheumatic knees, and lift up her trembling hands to heaven, and thank God that a daughter had been given to her old age, and, we fear we must add, that the intolerable O'Flahertys were defeated!

The next morning found her driving through Dublin mud into the objectionable region of the Liberties, with the intention of seeing old Grace, and breaking her extraordinary news to him. When the neat brougham stopped before the weaver's door, the neighbours said to each other that Michael Grace was beginning to go up in the world again.

Marcella was out upon some message for her father, and the weaver was smoking his mid-day pipe alone when the lady, having climbed his stair with difficulty, ushered herself into his presence:

"I have come to see you, Mr. Grace. I am Mrs. O'Kelly."

After a little preliminary skirmishing about poplins, she would proceed to open her battle with this coarse and common old man, who, unfortunately, stood between her and her desires.

"Bedad, ma'am, and it's welcome ye are to see the whole of my management. An' I hope it's another grand gown ye're goin' to order—something beautiful and bright, none o' them pale spiritless things they do be havin' in the silks and satins in the shop-windows now-a-days."

"I hope to give you an excellent order, Mr. Grace. I like the old colours myself and will always wear them, but some of my

friends cry out for more sickly tints. Fashion is a ridiculous thing; is it not, Mr. Grace?"

"'Deed, an' it is, ma'am. Niver a word of lie in that. But niver will Michael Grace sit before a loom to weave such rubbitch as *thin* pinks and greens," he said, pitching a little bundle of patterns of silk contemptuously on the table. "Why, ma'am, I've wove poplin that 'ud stand alone for 'her Excellencyess the Lady Liffenant—not this one, but her that was in the Castle whin I was a younger man, ma'am, an' was a master-weaver;—an' ye wouldn't have found holes in my stairs then, ma'am. Niver to spake," he added, with a change of tone, "of all that I wove for my own wife, ma'am—her that was a lady born and bred, ma'am, body an' soul, an' betther blood niver came out o' the province of ould Connaught!"

It was only his way of dragging his wife's name, half through boastfulness, half through genuine sentiment, into every conversation he held, no matter with whom. The neighbours knew this, and would say, "Aye, Misther Grace, thrue for you, indeed," and pass on, but Mrs. O'Kelly thought the confidence special to herself, and very remarkable. Had anyone prepared him for her coming? At all events this out-spokenness of his smoothed the way for her own difficult communication.

"I know, Mr. Grace, I know all about that," she said, trying hard to keep a patronising air and not to betray her nervousness. "And it is about your wife I have come here to talk to you."

Grace stared, and then quietly laid aside the piece of grass-green tabinet he had been flourishing about in the light while he spoke:—

"I don't see what you can know about her," he said, "seein' that none o' her own sort ever looked the way she went, not for years before she fell so low as to become an honest weaver's wife. No ladies came visitin' to see Mrs. Michael Grace, ma'am. Them that had been her own left her to break her bit o' a heart here at a fireside that was no fit shelter for her. And now, ma'am, what have ye got to say about her?"

"Only this, that I have just discovered that your wife was the daughter of a first cousin of mine. And you must not scold me, Mr. Grace, for I never saw her, and her father was the person to blame."

Grace stood looking at his visitor and patroness with a dazed expression, linked his loose hands together, and drew himself up with an air of incredible dignity.

"It makes no odds about blame now, ma'am," he said. "I did my best for her, and she's gone where all the fine cousins in the world can do nothin' for her. The angels are her cousins now, ma'am, many thanks to you."

"But, Mr. Grace, though it cannot touch her, this may make a difference to her daughter!"

At these words the weaver's entire aspect underwent a sudden change. All the dignity and sentiment vanished from his face, mingled cunning and triumph twinkled in his eyes, and his very attitude was expressive of the acuteness of his perception that something had turned up for his advantage.

"That's as may be, ma'am. But ye must remember she's my daughter, too. What was it you were thinkin' of doin' for her, ma'am?"

"Your extreme frankness makes my task easier than I expected it to be," said Mrs. O'Kelly. "Mr. Grace, I will be as candid as yourself. I am a childless old woman, and I have thought of adopting your daughter as my own. I will place her in the position of life for which nature has fitted her, and to which her mother belonged; and I will provide for her handsomely at my death."

"See that, now," said Grace, fumbling among his patterns, and pretending to give only half his attention to what the lady was saying. "Sure, an' it would be an illigant settlin' for her. An what would you be thinkin' of doin' for myself, ma'am?"

"But, Mr. Grace, you are not my blood-relation."

"No, ma'am; and nothin' at all of coorse to the girl that you're takin' from me—the child that I looked to for the comfort of my last days—not many of them indeed will I see."

After this a long conversation followed, and the end of it all was that Mrs. O'Kelly offered the weaver fifty pounds a year to give up his daughter, on condition that he was to see her no more, except on rare occasions, when she might find it convenient to pay him a visit. But this offer Grace indignantly refused.

"She'll be here again to-morrow," he reflected, "doublin' her pension to me, and in the manetime I will talk to the girl about it. Sure it is we'll make a handsome thing out of it. Only we mustn't be in too great a hurry settlin' our bargain. Och, an' faix it's a fine sight betther than marryin' the girl agin her will, and dependin' for the rest o' my time on a son-in-law! An', bedad, when the girl gets her own way wid the lady she'll be takin' her ould father out to drive wid her in her carriage every day. An' it's dinin' wid the

Lord Liffenant you'll be, Michael Grace, before you die. Divil a doubt of it!"

Finding the old fellow grew more impracticable the longer she stayed, Mrs. O'Kelly desisted from further bargaining on this occasion and departed, looking forward with keen pleasure to the unfolding of her intentions to Marcella, who as yet had heard no hint of the changes in store for her.

When Marcella returned home with her scanty marketing she found her father wrapped in clouds of tobacco-smoke, and beaming with mysterious delight. He broke his news to her cautiously, with a half fear that she would fly out of the house before he had finished, and bestow herself unconditionally on her prosperous kinswoman.

"It's a little story I was makin' up to amuse myself," he said; "an', if it comes thrue, we'll have no more need for work; so you needn't be takin' looks at the loom. An' ye needn't be gettin' in a fright nayther, about marryin'; for, if it comes to pass, it's a duke you'll be condescendin' to for your husband. An' maybe it's the Queen herself 'll be recavin' us at her table—the pair of us!"

"Father!" said Marcella, reproachfully, thinking he was jeering at her.

"Now, what title will I be after takin', if they offer me one? My Lord Grace would sound well, I'm thinkin'. An' isn't that what they call the dukes, machree?"

"Dear father, I'm sure you would not care for a title, if you had one."

"Wouldn't I, Miss?" said Grace, chuckling with pleasure at her utter unconsciousness of the great fortune that was awaiting her. "But let me tell you my story, alanna."

"Yes, father dear, you can tell it while I'm making your tea," said Marcella, glad to find him in so pleasant a humour, and beginning to arrange the delft tea-cups.

"My good little girl," said the old man, patting her cheek, "you and I will never part, mavourneen, while the sod is growin' undher my feet and not over them. Afther that you can do as you plase, Marcella."

Marcella put an arm round his neck and returned his caress.

"Mind you have promised that," she said, playfully; "and you are going to teach me to work, and to dye the silks to please the fine ladies ——"

"Oh, you foolish child, sure it's you that'll be wearin' the silks. Aisy, now, an' I'll tell you the whole story."



It was a long time before Marcella could take it in. She thought her father was amusing himself with idle dreams of what might happen, as he had always been rather fond of doing. It was clear the lady had been to see him in her absence, and had been particularly kind, and her friendliness had suggested the extravagant fancies in which the old man had since been indulging over his pipe.

"And supposin'," he said, "that Mrs. O'Kelly was to declare that she was your mother's cousin. 'An' bein' very rich, an' without a child,' says she, 'what can I do but take your daughter for my own? An' I'll put her in her mother's shoes,' says she, 'an' well becomes her to stand in them. For she's a handsome girl,' says Mrs. O'Kelly, 'an' a credit to the gentry of Connaught.'"

Marcella had got her sewing, and was listening half-amused and half-impatient to her father's romancing. Such things as this did often happen in stories or in dreams. When she was younger, she had sometimes indulged in wild imaginings about her mother's people, wondering would they ever think of her, find her out, and encourage her. But she was too old in experience to expect any such miracle now. And it pained her to have such bright impossibilities flung into her thoughts.

Seeing that none of his hints conveyed anything of the truth to her mind, Grace at last got provoked at her.

"Marcella," he said, "will you put down that sewin' and listen to me? All that I have been sayin' to you is gospel truth. An' you're to put on your bonnet and go over an' have a talk about it all with your cousin, Mrs. O'Flaherty O'Kelly of Merrion-square, this evenin'. Only, mind, you and me are to keep together, Marcella, no matter what she says. I'm not goin' to give up my child, an' be lonely in my latter days, not to plase no fine madam of a Connaught gentrywoman, you can tell her."

But Marcella could not be induced to set out for Merrion-square that evening on such an errand. She begged to be allowed to put off the visit till morning, and Grace, confident in the safety of his cause, consented to humour her: "Let it be, then," he said; "maybe it's as well. You'll want a few hours to think over what you'd better say to her. These fine people have the whip-hand of such as you an' me, for their edication's in their favour, an' they know what words to put into their speeches, and what words to leave out o' them. There's a dale o' differ' between dixonary words, though plain talkin' people would hardly believe it. An' everything will depend on the bargain we can make wid her."

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Still Marcella could not bring herself quite to believe in his story. His persistence forced her to conclude that there was some foundation for his romance, that Mrs. O'Kelly had spoken of some relationship she had discovered between herself and the weaver's wife and meant to be helpful to them on account of it, but further than this her common sense would not allow her to go in crediting the promise of a change of fortune, although her imagination struggled wildly to seize on all that was suggested and fly away with it. She lay awake all night pondering the likelihoods of the case, and the utmost she could admit was that Mrs. O'Kelly, who had already been so wonderfully friendly, was going to assist her towards honourably earning her bread in such a way that she could support her father in his fast declining years and no longer need to dwell among the lowest population of the city. In all this lay so much cause for joy, that, accustomed to disappointment and privation as she had all her life been, she did not know how to give herself up to the expectation of it. The warning contained in her father's words, "mind we are to keep together— I'm not goin' to give up my child," seemed to hint at some difficulty in the way of the fulfilment of the rich lady's intentions, a difficulty, perhaps, not to be overcome. Certainly she would never abandon her father—that was beyond question. Was it not chiefly for his sake that a change of fortune would be so acceptable to his daughter? It was hardly conceivable to her that anyone could contemplate the idea of separating her from him, now when he needed her so much, and she would have dismissed the doubt as foolish only that a long experience of living by the patronage of the better classes had taught her the rarity of their sympathy with the natural affections of the poor. The problem of what was meant and intended by the lady's strange communication and promises (exaggerated as they might be by her father's sanguine imagination) became at last too much for her patience and her incredulity and she counted the hours till the moment might arrive when she could hear from Mrs. O'Kelly's own lips what wonders she proposed to work within the future of two humble lives.

Her father was up early and fussing about, pressing her to eat a good breakfast, and showing her many extraordinary little attentions; and the thought struck upon her heart with a pang, that she was perhaps more precious to him now when good fortune seemed about to drop upon her, than she had been when she had suffered hunger and hardship that he might be as comfortable as it was within her power to make him. Starting from the thought how-

ever, as if it had been a crime, she found a thousand excuses for him, even if such were the case.

As much to relieve her own suspense as his impatience, she hurried early across the city upon her errand of fate.

Mrs. O'Kelly was waiting for her with a feverish anxiety that was more than equal in intensity to the eagerness of old Grace himself. As soon as the girl appeared, and they were alone in the library together she took her by both hands and looked, with feeling that was almost passion, in her eyes.

"Is this my child, my adopted daughter?" she said, with a quaver of emotion and age in her voice. "Marcella, I have a great deal to say to you. I have been watching for you all the morning, my dear."

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## AFTER AUGHRIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MONKS OF KILCREA."

**D**O you remember long ago,  
                     Kathaleen,  
 When your lover whispered low,  
 "Shall I stay or shall I go,  
                     Kathaleen?"  
 And you answered proudly, "Go  
 And join King James and strike a blow  
                     For the Green."

*Mavrone!* your hair is white as snow  
                     Kathaleen!  
 Your heart is sad and full of woe—  
 Do you repent you bade him go,  
                     Kathaleen?  
 And through your tears you answer "No!  
 Better die with Sarsfield so  
 Than live a slave, without a blow  
                     For the Green."

## NOTES OF A SHORT TRIP TO SPAIN

BY JOHN FALLON.

### PART IV.—VISIT TO GRANADA.

FROM Seville eastwards the railway runs through a paradise of cultivation, justly called the "huerta" (garden). Everywhere the golden harvest is reaped and gathered; and here, for the first time, I witness the delightfully primitive sight of horses treading out the corn! They are driven, four abreast, and sometimes five, round and round, by one solitary man, who stands in the centre of the rustic circus, holding them all by a single rope.\*

In a few exceptional cases the driver is seated on a small vehicle, probably his own manufacture, attached to one of the horses: it looks like a sleigh, but it is easy to see that it rolls on small discs of iron. Scenes like this, as old as the Bible, fixed the educated eyes of Layard in the wilds of Armenia; but fancy viewing them from the windows of a railway carriage, here in Andalusia!

Already ploughing for a second crop (perhaps a third) is fast progressing: this, remember, in the middle of June! Four adjoining furrows are turned almost abreast, not by a steam-plough, but by four wooden ones, drawn by four teams of oxen. The furrows are not cut straight home to the head-ridge, but they curve and actually turn round as they approach it, in a manner that probably was fashionable when Virgil wrote his eclogues. Still, let us not scoff at those simple methods of the olden time, since, with the magic aid of sunshine and moisture, the yield, twice or even thrice a year, would put even Midlothian to the blush!

Nor let this talk of harvest-work and tillage lead you to imagine that the landscape is all one monochrome of buff and yellow stubbles, at this season of the year. Olive groves, at frequent intervals, spread their leaden, yet grateful freshness for miles, inwards to the foot of the hills, and up their slopes. And tall trees strange to me, blacker in foliage than ever I had seen before, cluster in clumps, each tree like a captive balloon on a straight stem. I can assure you the wealth of cooling contrast which they form is a thing which, once seen, will scarcely be forgotten.

At a mid-way station, called Bobadilla, we stop to dine; this

\* This charming scene, I have no doubt, is familiar to you in pictures; and I can truly assure you that not one of them, so far as I know, has exceeded or approached the Arcadian beauty of the reality.

place is twenty leagues from Seville, and about the same from Granáda. The name sounds Moorish, and the dinner, to me, was almost Oriental in the novelty of its ways. Anyone, for instance, who has ever dined at a French railway station, will retain a rather lively remembrance of the clatter of knives, and plates, and the ceaseless cry of "garçon . . . garçon." Here people devour like true hidalgos, in stately silence; and a mere clap of the hands (two fingers of the right on the palm of the left) brings a stately attendant immediately to your side.

Back to the carriages, we change trains, entering one just arrived from Malaga, furnished in saloon fashion, with movable sofas and arm-chairs. You can scarcely conceive the luxury of movable equipments, where sunshine and air currents are equally to be avoided. At home an air-current means gentle coolness; here it may mean exactly the reverse as it often did to-day, rushing in like a furnace-blast from the roasting fields. As for the sun, I do not like to speak disrespectfully of his majesty: but I can record that a thermometer, which I carry with me, steadily marked 94° in the shade, in a cool corner, on a disengaged seat! Still the heat is really not oppressive, so dry is the air; and, incredible as it may seem, there is no dust as yet!

At each station, as we pass along, a chorus of watersellers, young and old, men and women, fills the air with the cry of "agua-a-a . . . agua-a-a . . ." For a "cuarto," or less, if you have the coin, you can purchase a full tumbler of the heaven-sent liquid: for a "real," you become the absolute proprietor of a small jar of it, and at leisure, as you proceed, you can exercise your ingenuity in trying to drink out of one of its strange double vents. The jar is but a frail tiny thing of unglazed pottery, specially made as porous as possible; still its mould is antique, like an Etruscan vase.

I am delighted with my friends, the Andalusians, as fellow-travellers. Courtesy, combined with perfect ease, seems to be their prevailing characteristic. An Andalusian will take off his hat to you, as he enters your railway carriage—in fact he will make a stately bow to all the company, as if they were peers. The next thing he will do, probably, is to *take off his coat*, and make himself comfortable and happy with his cigarette case. But here, again, his "politesse de cœur" intervenes, for he will never light till he has first offered his joy-inspiring package to every mortal within reach of his arms, and nobody must refuse: to do so is an affront. Five minutes after you may produce your own cigarette-case and offer it to him in return; rest assured he will accept as a matter of

course, without hesitation, and with a genial smile. To refuse a cigarette in Andalusia is a downright rudeness, which a Spaniard never is guilty of. If you are really a non-smoker (which presupposes also that you are a foreigner) a polite speech will extricate you from the dilemma, thus: "*Muchas gratias, señor, no fumo, lo siento mucho.*" (Many thanks, signor, I do not smoke, *I regret it exceedingly*). Say this with an air of smiling regret, mispronounce the words as well as you can, and you will soon feel that you are forgiven.

I cannot help noticing here, as in the puszta of Hungary, the melancholy absence of detached cottages.\* When people come to reap the wide-spreading harvest, they apparently travel prepared to camp out in their waggons, till the work is done. Several times to-day, I observed them in happy groups, having their afternoon meals, or siestas, under the tent-like shade of their four-wheeled vehicles, with shaggy dogs mounting guard; for here, as in every clime, the dog is the true and ever faithful friend of man.

As evening falls, we get into a country of hills and ravines, where the husbandmen have their homes. Here the pomegranates flower round the clustered cottages, in a blaze of scarlet; and oleanders are growing wild along the dried up water-courses and the sides of the deep glens, in gorgeous burst of violet blossoms, like our rhododendrons at home.

Soon a further change comes in the landscape: the hills close in, volcanic-looking and steep. We run along their rugged slopes, we get into their very heart, and the whistle of the steam-engine echoes from their heights. And now tall, handsome "*guardias civiles*," two-and-two, perfectly uniformed and equipped, pry into our carriages at each station, and scan us to see if we are brigands—proof that such personages are not an unknown quantity in these parts. What an army ten thousand of such "*guardias*" would make!

Shortly after seven the sun goes down, disappearing behind the encircling hills in a glow of crimson. Scarcely has this glory faded away when, as if by magic, the whole scene of firmament and mountain turns to blue and silver. The steep hill-sides literally sparkle in the marvellously clear moonlight, and the shadows are dark as jet. Soon we pass through the famous "*Vega*," but of it I can tell you nothing as yet, for it looked like a sea in the delusive glare.

And now, at length, Granáda is reached, a place associated in

\* Detached cottages, to me, are almost an essential item of a true Arcadia.

every mind with poetic recollections of earliest reading. Right eagerly I jump into the diligence of the "*siete suelos*," securing a front seat delightfully open to the night air on every side. Four mules form the team, gorgeous with tassels, and tinkling with bells. These the coachman sends along through the narrow and uneven streets, without mercy for the dumb animals, or for our tired limbs. An English charioteer would moderate his pace over the sharp channels, and do his work in silence; our friend here never slackens, and keeps up a constant converse with his beasts as he goes jolting along, addressing each of them in turn. He praises one, whom he calls "*Alonzo*;" he reasons with another, whom he calls "*Carlos*;" he argues with a third, reminding him of his ancestors; and he degenerates into downright abuse of the fourth, whom he begins by calling "*Napoleon*," and ends by calling a dog! (*perro*). Thus he drives, lauding, expostulating, and scolding, till he has brought us up the steep heights of the Alhambra, and deposited us safe, but fearfully shaken, at the hospitable door of the "*siete suelos*."

Here, once fairly liberated from his romance-dispelling vehicle, what a change! We stand beneath the tall elms, their foliage interlaced above, the silver moonbeams gleaming through a murmuring stream at our feet, and the nightingales singing themselves hoarse in the shrubberies all round.

A friend suggests the words of Victor Hugo:—

"*L'Alhambra, l'Alhambra, palais que les genies*

"*Ont doré de leurs rêves, et rempli d'harmonies !*"

And here, at the very first moment of arrival, I have already got the harmonies: right soon I trust to realise the rest.

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First day at Granáda. Of course most of this day must be devoted to the old fortress-palace of the Alhambra: and of course, also, you will not expect from me a description of the place, such as you can read, and no doubt, have read in books; I will merely note details and thoughts which, notwithstanding such reading, come on myself by surprise, or, in some manner, as a novelty.

As you "*sally out in the morning air*," the soul-refreshing sight and sound of running water meets you at every turn, for the main walks leading down the hill are bordered with streamlets derived from the Rio Darro; and those streamlets look like sparkling crystal as they rush murmuring along their straight and narrow beds.

High in the air the tall elms meet, their soft-leaved branches forming a level canopy above, at a height of eighty or ninety feet from the ground. It is only seventy years ago, or so, since they were planted, a gift from the soldier-duke of Wellington; and, already, their slender stems have shot up to this height, straight and branchless, till they interlace above in this strange way. And the curious thing is, that, intermixed amongst them are cherry-trees, not quite as straight-stemmed, *but fully as tall*.

Knowing that the Alhambra was, in Moorish days, the citadel of Granáda, you will easily believe that the hill is dotted with fragments of the old fortifications; and thus you meet them, detached and lonely, a gate here, a tower there, a piece of wall further on. The masonry, to me, is strange and new: huge rectangular blocks of brown concrete, resting on horizontal layers of ordinary field stones, and jointed vertically by careful brick-work: such is the system which, so far as I can see, pervades all the remains. The concrete blocks themselves are obviously suggested by, and probably derived from, the underlying rock, which is a natural conglomerate of quite the same appearance.\*

Formerly, this masonry was coated with stucco; much of it still remains on the gates, &c. Probably also this stucco was painted in horizontal stripes of dove-colour and pale vermilion, for pictures show that such is still the fashion in North Africa, where the tastes of the banished Moors survive; but not a trace of the colouring remains here, so far as I could see.

Some of the towers are now turned to profane use, as stables for mules and goats. One, more romantically placed than the rest, in fact overlooking a precipice, is occupied by an English family, (perhaps the identical one referred to in Lady Herbert's charming book) which comes here every season, to enjoy the pure air, and listen to the nightingales!

Of all the towers, outside the palace, by far the most interesting is the "torre de la vela," emphatically and pre-eminently "the watch-tower" of Granáda. Washington Irving tells us how, on its summit, the great silver cross, standard of the crusade, was held up by Cardinal Mendoza and Bishop Talavéra, on the memorable morning of the 2nd of January, 1492, and how the Christian army, which had halted, resumed its processional advance, when the sunbeams were seen glistening on this token of final triumph.

This tower is furthermore interesting in another way: every night, for ages past, a bell from its heights has been sounding the

\* Of course they are hand-made, nevertheless.



small divisions of time, to regulate the distribution of the irrigation waters in the Vega, even thirty miles away! Irrigation, with us, poor northerns, may mean an improvement of ten, or twenty, or perhaps fifty per cent.; but here twelve hundred per cent. is the minimum! Such is the divine influence of sunshine and water combined! And be it remembered that the irrigation works of the present day were planned and carried out a thousand years ago by the ingenious Moors, and still remain as they left them, giving to the husbandman a golden value to each minute of the night and day.

Strangely intruding, in the midst of such antique surroundings, is the unfinished palace of the Emperor Charles V., built of richly-veined red marble, in the classic renaissance style of his day, with deeply chamfered blocks, and battle scenes sculptured in bold relief. Within the quadrangle which it covers is a large circular "patio," surrounded by a two-storied colonnade, Doric below, Ionic above, supporting a richly sculptured cornice, and ending in nothing! I found mules and goats stabled in its cool recesses; and charcoal-burners—an humble race—settled with their stores within the halls built for royalty!

And now for what we strangers call "the Alhambra," the palace of the Moorish kings!

To see what remains of it, you pass under no giant portal, or resplendent colonnade. Such may have ushered the sultans of Granada in former days. But now you merely ring at a small wicket-door, hidden away in a corner; and a polite custodian in uniform takes your largesse, enshrines your autograph in his book, and carefully shows you through.

In the well-balanced mind of this official, the object is plainly twofold: first, of course, to show you all that is to be seen; secondly (and mainly to him), to make certain that you are not one of those Philistines who love to carve or scratch their names in the holiest places, and if possible to bring away chips from the most precious blocks for their admiring friends at home. To me he proved a most courteous janitor: after doing the honours a first time with watchful eye, he jumped at the conclusion that I was not an absolute Vandal, and thus let me wander as I wished, which was all that my soul desired.

And now let me tell you the nett results in briefest language.

The first court that you enter is the "court of myrtles," a name evidently derived from the myrtle-trees that are trained along the walls. An older name is the "court of the fish-pond" (*patio de l'alberca*), and the whole interior of the court is really a pond,

lined with white marble, and filled with limpid water, which reflects its surroundings like a mirror.

This name is as old as the Moors, but they attached a deeper meaning to it, for with them "*alberca*" was "*al berkah*" (the blessing). So that the true old name of the entrance court was "the court of the blessing." Thus did the Moors welcome the coming guest!

As this is the largest court within the palace, it is well to put on record that it is only fifty yards by twenty-six. Perhaps you will say: "*une illusion de moins*" . . . but if you saw its colonnade sides, so graceful and so light, and the elongated round-arched portico that borders its northern end, you would say that, within those narrow limits, the workmanship is fit for heaven!

From under this portico you enter "the tower of Comaréz," and find yourself immediately in "the hall of the ambassadors." This hall seems to fill the tower from pavement to roof: and so well it may, for it is seventy feet high. Its pannelled dome is of cedar and cypress, deeply carved into ribs that converge at the apex, in a way that forms at once the marvel and the despair of modern carpentry. Such ribbed vaulting is called "*artesonado*;" and here the pannelled surface is enriched with inlaid mother-of-pearl and tortoise shell; I could even detect the places where formerly there was gold, but the too-tempting metal went, I suppose, with the French, in the rough days of Sebastiani!

In this very spot, four centuries ago, the proud envoy of the Catholic monarchs demanded the arrears of tribute from the fierce Muley Hassan, and got from him the proud reply: "Tell your masters, the coins we now forge are scimitars and spears!" This answer opened the war of ten years, which ended the crusade of nearly eight centuries.

Beneath your feet, as you stand here, are the old Moorish dungeons, whence young Boabdil was let down in a basket, to save him from the cruel fate of his brothers in the Court of Lions. Later in the day, from a balcony, I surveyed the steep face of these dungeons on their external side. Hundreds of feet beneath is the old Moorish quarter, still called the *Albaicin*, nestling at the base of the cliff. So sheer is the rock on this northern face, that it seemed as if a marble might be jerked, by any ordinary finger and thumb, to the tiled roofs below: so steep is it, that the giant poplars, whose roots struggle for earth-room midway down the beetling precipice, fanned my face as I stood, and I felt as if, with outstretched arms, I could touch their very tops.

If from those heights the child Boabdil was lowered (as I

doubt not), tightly knotted indeed, and bravely held must have been the maidens' scarfs that gently let him down, and trembling must have been his Moorish mother's heart, till the welcome signal came from below, that he was safe, and away !

Immediately adjoining is the almost too renowned "court of lions." I suppose at least as many superlatives have been used about this enclosure as about any other equal area on the face of the globe, and most richly does it deserve them all ; but the effect of superlatives on most people's minds is irresistibly to raise ideas of magnitude. I would therefore wish to note that the total dimensions of this famous court are only forty yards by twenty-two. To picture it, you should discard all thoughts of stone-work, and of ponderous masonry of any sort ; and if your eyes have rested on Owen Jones's laborious attempt at imitation in Sydenham Palace, you should remember that he was attempting to imitate the inimitable. Here the stucco is a real lace-work, as finely traceried and as boldly undercut as if the material were ivory, carved in China ; so much is this the case that there are places where it is not exactly transparent, but really translucent, even where three-fold. This wonderful work rests on slender shafts of alabaster : from these it seems to spring and grow, truly like a palm-grove ; and, view it as you will, it is a work such as human eyes never saw before, and will never see again.

Opening from this court, on the north and south sides, are two superb halls, which act as pendants to one another. The hall on the north side is the "hall of the two sisters," so named, says the guide, after two immense flags of equal size, which form part of the white marble pavement. There is a legend which refers the name to two captive sisters who, according to it, died within its walls, of grief, interlaced in one another's arms. But to me the two exquisite twin windows, which flood the dome with softened light, are quite explanation enough of the name, and far more fitting representatives than flags of what "the two sisters" ought to be.

The hall on the south side is the "hall of the Abencerrages," the legendary scene of the massacre of the noble clan whose name it retains. They were entrapped into this hall and slaughtered one by one, till a little page gave warning and saved the last : at least so says the story, and stains like blood are shown on the white marble pavement, for believers to become confirmed in their belief, and for sceptics to scoff at.

Everyone knows that both those halls are wainscotted with "azulejos" (tiles) to a height of about six feet, and that those

"azuleños" form a perfect mosaic. Also that they are vaulted in the form of a "media naranja" (half orange). This vaulting is said to be "honeycombed;" but you would observe here that it is not honeycombed at all, but rather made up of egg-shaped and egg-sized recesses, tinted, as is well known, in all the primary colours. As for the "azuleños," if you look closely at the genuine old ones, you will soon learn to distinguish them from their modern imitations, for each of the old ones is a perfect mosaic in itself.

The east end of the court of lions is all taken up by the "hall of justice," which is not a hall, but rather a suite of small-sized rooms, opening one into another by arches, those arches fringed with pendentives like stalactites (as if really to remind you of the cave of Thor, where Mahomet lay concealed during the first days of the Hegira). The faintest conception cannot be formed of the fairy-like fretwork here, and the perspective from end to end is absolutely magic. Well may the Arabic inscriptions, interwoven everywhere, challenge the world for "a mansion like unto this mansion, and for beauty like unto this!"

The characters used in these inscriptions are of two kinds: Cufic and African. The Cufic (from Koofeh, an ancient town, south of Bagdad) are square, and ornamental: they are used in the conspicuous places, and catch the eye immediately. The African characters, on the contrary, are specially designed to intermingle and blend with the rest of the work: and this is done so cunningly that, unless your attention is specially drawn to them, they escape observation, though you may be looking at them all the time. Although they are called African, the Moors of Africa used to admit that whatever elegance they possessed was derived from Andalusia: so that here is their true birthplace. The Cufic characters may be looked upon as corresponding with our Roman capitals; the African with our Italics, without, of course, resembling them in the least degree. Both sets of inscriptions are invariably read from right to left; but some of the Cufic may also, at the same time, be read from left to right—at least so say the experts!

To me far more interesting than inscriptions, either Cufic or African, is the playful device of the Catholic monarchs, introduced into the ceilings of this "court of justice," touching memento of their combined triumphs and loves—crossed arrows with characters which mean "tanto monta," or, to speak more explicitly, "tanto monta Isabella que Hernando, Hernando que Isabella." (Of equal worth are Isabella and Ferdinand.)

If it would not be treason to demur, I should venture to impeach the truth of the motto, and to affirm that the whole worth of Ferdinand, very many times multiplied, could never balance the worth of Isabella. His calculating soul never could have attracted to his banners the chivalry of the two Castilles and of all Spain. When ten thousand knights, with their followers, deserted their castles and their homes, to stake their all on one last grand crusade, it was not at his bidding, but to obey the summons of Isabella, their own true queen: for her they came to fight and conquer, or to die . . . So much for "*tāto mōta*."

I should have told you that on the ceilings of the principal chambers of this "court of justice" are paintings on leather, which are a regular puzzle to the experts. Contréras, the great authority here, is quite positive that they belong to the genuine Moorish era. And yet they represent scenes, of human and animal life, tournaments, boar-hunts, dogs, lions, magpies, &c., all perfectly contrary to the Mahometan code. I leave this problem for the learned to unravel, but wish to tell you that the scene in the central chamber represents a lot of elderly gentlemen, bearded and solemn-looking, like cadis in a divan, or magistrates at petty sessions, and hence the name of the whole suite of rooms: "the court of justice!"

Another fact, and one not too generally known: *this "court of justice" was during a short time after the conquest, the pro-cathedral of Granada*, while the great cathedral in the town was still unbuilt. Here stood the grand altar, alongside was the archiepiscopal throne. The courtly congregation must have gathered and knelt beneath the magic colonnades that border the sides; the chapter and choir must have chanted their hymns in the central "patio," round the fountain of lions, and made their mute meditations to the sound of its living waters.

Alas! that sound is not for me; those waters are silent as death except for very great personages, or on very great occasions; on ordinary days, and for ordinary mortals, the fountain of lions is merely a superb basin of alabaster, resting on the backs of twelve stone animals; over this basin is another, of lesser diameter, and over that other is a vertical finial, meant for a jet, and resembling a mushroom. But no jet is there; the finial is as dry as a stick; the water in the basins is as motionless as ice. The poor lions, denuded of their crystal screen of falling water, look almost vulgar, and scarcely larger than Roscommon sheep. Their manes are like fish-scales, their tails are meanly gathered round their legs; their legs are square stumps, squarely set, like bed-posts, and, to

my profane eyes, the idle jets which they hold between their teeth look like the butts of half-finished Havannahs! Still imagination can picture the limpid water flying high into the parched air, and cascading from basin to basin, down to the marble pavement, and sparkling from the mouths of those poor dumb monsters, filling the air with melody: and, thus picturing, one can forgive the dry inaction of the present, and pass on.

Other halls there are, beyond enumerating, over ground, and under; one, supremely beautiful, called the "Hall of the Lindaraia," some say after a young Moorish princess who became a Christian and a nun, shortly after Boabdil's surrender of the city. But enough of halls and courts, the work of man: one glance from the balconies reveals the country, of which God alone could make and fill the magic frame-work. Granáda spreads out before us, undulating down and up, like a great Biscayan wave. The painted tiles, on the flat roofs, form almost a mosaic; each ambitious private dwelling has its "mirador," each house-front is tinted in pearl-colour or pink. Each minute detail of latticed window, each dark shrub of interior "patio," all is distinctly and microscopically visible to the naked eye, through the length and breadth of the wide-spreading city. And, if you listen, you will hear quite plainly the tinkling of bells, of donkeys and goats driven through the streets; and every now and again the ear can discern those quaint Moorish cries, so musical and yet so sad, which finish ever in a minor key, and sound like the lament for departed greatness.

Spreading away to the west is the famous "vega," its green crops and corn looking, at this distance, like a chess-board of emerald and gold. Hills encircle the city like a ring, each hill-top crowned with its church and spire. Beyond those hills a chain of bold mountains bounds the horizon, many of them with names familiar to readers of the siege, because the scenes of its leading episodes. Bordering the Vega, far away to the north-west, is the Sierra Elvira, so called from the old Phœnician city of Illiberis. The derivation is simple: Illiberis became Albeiris, then Albeira, then Elveira, then Elvira: and then it gave its name to the mountain, and simply ceased to exist as a city. Granáda, as a matter of fact, is its direct offspring, and representative.

Towards the east, and only separated from where we stand by a deep ravine, is the "monte sacro," also called the "monte de los martires." The legend is that the remains of St. Cecilius, bishop and martyr, were found in its catacombs, together with those of his companions in glory. In Moorish days it was part of the city,

all covered with houses ; the old city walls enclose it still, and are perfectly visible from this, running down its steep incline. But the houses have disappeared, and given way to a growth of prickly pear, which has spread just as heather or gorse spreads with us. Still, even now, the hill is not untenanted, for, strange as you may think it, it is the "*barrio de los Gitanos*," (the gipsy quarter), and I can see the dark people quite plainly from here, standing at their cave entrances, or going in and out like wild bees. They have scooped those caves out of the soft face of the rock, where it forms a bluff, bordering a road. At each entrance is hung a striped curtain, which does duty as a door ; and the blue smoke of their underground cooking issues by mysterious flues bored through the solid block of the mountain, and curls upwards from amidst the green of the prickly cactus, many yards away from where the dwellings are. All this I can see with perfect ease, and I vow to pay those mysterious gentry a visit to-morrow, and tell you more about them then.

Looking further south, one can see the country of the *Alpuarras* (pronounced *Alpooh-harras*), with its alpine heights ; and, towering high amidst them, the *Sierra Nevada*, distinct to its topmost summit (*Mulhacen*) and wonderfully near-looking, although I believe that summit is thirty miles distant, and ten thousand feet high. *Théophile Gautier* was quite right to describe the sierra as "*zebré de neige*," for its steep ravines look vertical from this, and are streaked with perennial snow. On the whole, the gorgeous view is such, that no writer's account that I know of has ever approached the exquisite grandeur of the reality.

Back to the hotel, I beguiled the siesta hours reading old legends about the *Abencerrages* and the *Zégris* in the quaint Spanish of *Gin Pérez*, guessing at the words as I went along. I should like to tell you one of them : perhaps it is an oft-told tale, but to me it was new :

It was in the days of *Muley Hassan*. The *Zégris* had compassed the massacre of their rivals, and were gloating over their success. But they had inculpated, in their calumnies, the Spanish and Christian-born *Sultana*, *Isabella de Solis*. She, with true Spanish spirit, claimed the ordeal of battle, and challenged the whole *Zégri* clan to prove their charge in open fight. Such ordeals were still a not altogether obsolete mode of judicial trial, and so proclamation was made of the time and place, with all due form ; but the question ran from lip to lip, where could the *Sultana* find champions, now that the *Abencerrages* were gone ? She, nothing daunted, sent a trusty messenger to the camp of the besiegers, to

let them know the sore strait in which a Spanish-born lady was, in the midst of their foes, with not a man to raise an arm or utter a word in her behalf. The day came, and the hour; the Zégris, already triumphant, had the strongest and boldest of their clan in the lists, armed at all points, repeating their charges and demanding judgment. The trumpets had sounded again and again; but no champion appeared for the miserable queen, and Muley Hassan was just the man to award sentence without qualm or mercy. At the very final moment, a murmur arose, and spread through the mighty throng of spectators, and swelled into a noble cheer, for the champions had come at last, dust-stained and way-worn, but with quarterings on their shields such as not the proudest of the Zégris could gainsay. So now the clarions sound again, a shrill blast, and the battle begins. Need I tell you the result? It was long and fiercely fought, and deadly close: but, one by one, the Zégris bit the dust, and the heralds proclaimed them beaten, and felons. With a haughty salute to the Sultan, and his now triumphant queen, the Spanish champions rode away, not only unmolested, but crowned with applause, and the Zégris, from that day, were doomed to extinction. Such is the brief substance of the old legend, as told by Gin Pérez!\*

Every now and again, as I read, a voice outside was singing the most charming snatches of song, as if impromptu. I looked out, and found it was only a peasant woman over her tub, singing to herself as she washed. I transcribe the notes<sup>as</sup> I took them down from her lips while still in the air:—



It may be from the nightingales that the people learn such warblings; they are very like what our thrushes sing at home, but are probably a legacy of the Moors. If you have read Lady Herbert's charming book, you will remember how she gives the air of the

\* As Gin Pérez made many blunders, I should observe that my text was a revised one, rewritten in the light of more authentic chroniclers, such as *Hernando de Baëza*, &c., but with the old nerve of the original.



“Ay de mi, Alhama,” which she says “still echoes in the hearts and on the lips of the people.” Thus you will realise the simple and unconscious warbling which I heard to-day.

In the cool of the evening we had a stroll down to the town. The *alaméda* was deserted, but we heard a charming duet on the guitar and mandoline : and witnessed a theatrical performance in the open air, getting a private box in the dress circle for the munificent sum of four reals (ten pence). Even with this moderate tariff, the audience were perfectly well dressed, and perfectly orderly.

The mandoline is like a guitar, but smaller, and I think the number of strings is different. It is played with a little bodkin of ivory or hard wood, and you keep renewing the touch on the vibrating chord as rapidly as possible : this sustains the tone, and the note thus produced is like the sweet song of a starling : with the guitar accompaniment, the effect is magic. It is more than a thousand years since “Zaryab the singer” came from Bagdad, and taught the Andalusians to enrich this little instrument with an extra string. He also taught them to soften the tone by using an eagle’s talon to sustain it. So potent was the spell of his music, that it became a fixed belief that he had nightly interviews with the Ginn, and thus got his inspirations direct from above ! “But God only knows,” as the Moorish chroniclers prudently observe.

Reascending the steep hill of the Alhambra, we heard at least two more serenades, voice and guitar ; but each time we approached, the music ceased, and the coy minstrels vanished . . . Adieu — !

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## INTEGER VITÆ.

*(Horace, Book I, Ode 22.)*

TRANSLATED BY SIR STEPHEN E. DE VERE, BART.

UNSULLIED honour, pure from sin,  
 Roams the wide world, serene, secure :  
 The just man needs nor javelin,  
 Nor poisoned arrows o the Moor,

Fearless 'mid Syrtes' whirling sands ;  
 'Mid rude Caucasian summits hoar ;  
 Or where thro' legend-haunted lands  
 Hydaspes laps the sultry shore.

Once in a lonely Sabine grove  
 Forgetting bounds I careless strayed ;  
 I sang of Lalage, my love,  
 Of Lalage, my peerless maid :

A tawny wolf, all dashed with gore,  
 Fierce from a neighb'ring thicket sprung :  
 He gazed ; he fled ; no arms I bore—  
 No arms but love, and trust, and song ;

Such monster Daunia never bred  
 In her deep forest solitude ;  
 Nor such the realm of Juba fed,  
 Stern mother of the lion brood.

Place me where never summer's breath  
 Wakes into life the branches bare ;  
 A cheerless clime where clouds and death  
 Brood ever on the baleful air :

Place me where 'neath the fiery wheels  
 Of nearer suns a desert lies,  
 A homeless waste that pants and reels  
 Blighted and burnt by pitiless skies :

I care not where my lot may be :  
 On scorching plain, in frozen isle,  
 I'll love and sing my Lalage,  
 Her low sweet voice, her sweeter smile.

## ORIGINAL OF THE FOREGOING.

ODR XXII.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus  
 Non eget Mauris iaculis, neque arcu,  
 Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,  
 Fusce, pharetra;

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,  
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus  
 Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,  
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra  
 Terminum curis vagor expeditis,  
 Fugit inermem:

Quale portentum neque militaris  
 Daunias latis alit aesculetis,  
 Nec Iubæ tellus generat, leonum  
 Arida nutrix.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis  
 Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,  
 Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque  
 Iupiter urget;

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui  
 Solis, in terra domibus negata:  
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
 Dulce loquentem.

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN DISGUISE.\*

BY A. F. NORTH.

## PART I.

**M**R. Froude has said, and with more truth than usually characterises his utterances on Irish subjects, that the absenteeism of her men of genius was a wrong to Ireland, greater even than the absenteeism of her landlords. The attribute of genius can scarcely be claimed for the subject of this sketch, whose gifts were critical and appreciative rather than creative; nevertheless we cannot but regret that not only were all except the first few years of her long life spent away from her native country, but the change from her thoroughly Irish patronymic to that of her Saxon husband was made so early in her career that few of her numerous readers were aware of her nationality; and England, who by compelling us to coin our hearts and our brains into the currency stamped with her image, has been enabled to appropriate so much of our treasure, can unchallenged add the name of Anna Jameson to that long roll of authors and artists whom she is justly so proud of being able to count among her children.

Our knowledge of Mrs. Jameson is chiefly derived from the memoir written nearly twenty years after her death, by her niece, Geraldine Maepheron, who had been as a daughter to her; but in addition to this, her books are in so many instances records of her own experiences; of her travels, her friendships, her opinions on literary and artistic subjects; that it is not difficult to construct from the material thus supplied a mental picture of the brave, busy, energetic woman, always ready to make the best of a life marred in its outward conditions, and to extract pleasure and interest for herself and others from its most trivial details.

Anna Murphy was the daughter of an Irish artist, who was living and working in Dublin in the latter years of the eighteenth century. No man of spirit or feeling could remain neutral in those troubled times, and Mr. Murphy was involved in the proceedings of the United Irishmen, and, had not circumstances connected with his professional career led to his settling in England in 1798, he

\* A delightful paper was devoted to Mrs. Jameson by Mr. Henry Bedford in our fourth volume, page 425; but it did not touch on the biographical particulars contained in the following sketch.—ED. I. M.

would in all probability have shared the fate which overtook so many of the best and bravest of his countrymen in that fatal year. He seems to have quickly forgotten his youthful patriotism, and to have settled down into a contented, fairly prosperous subject of England, since we find him, some years later, holding the appointment of miniature painter to the Princess Charlotte. Although a young man when he left Ireland, he was already the father of three little girls, the two younger of whom were left at nurse in the neighbourhood of Dublin. Anna, a spirited child of four years old, accompanied her parents to Whitehaven in Cumberland, where the family resided for the next few years. They afterwards removed to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and thence, in 1803, to London, which continued to be, during the lifetime of the parents, the headquarters of the family.

Anna's education seems to have been rather desultory, but her father's professional standing secured for her the advantage of constant association with cultivated persons, and at sixteen years of age she obtained a situation as governess in the family of the Marquis of Winchester. The frontispiece to the memoir, engraved from a miniature painted by her father at this time, represents her as an exceedingly pretty girl, with regular features, bright expression, and wavy hair cut short on the temples. Fanny Kemble, some years later, describes her as "an attractive-looking young woman, with skin of that dazzling whiteness which generally accompanies reddish hair, such as hers was."

Anna Murphy remained for four years with the Winchester family, and we are not told if she then continued her career as a teacher. Indeed it seems as though it were rather her own desire for independence than any pressing need which had caused her to leave home. Certain it is, that it was in her father's house that, in 1820, she first met Robert Jameson, a young man of good ability who was endeavouring to make name and position for himself at the Bar. The acquaintance led to an attachment and engagement, the latter being, however, of short duration, since it was broken off in the course of the same year. Anna appears to have felt this disappointment very keenly, and it was probably with a view to affording her the requisite change of air and scene that a situation was found for her as governess to the only daughter of a rich English family who were going abroad. Travel must have been pleasant in those days—for the few who could afford to indulge in it—and Anna Murphy's broken heart probably added just the touch of romantic self-consciousness which was all that was wanted

to make the journey delightful to her. She kept a diary of course, and in this little, morocco-bound, bramah-locked volume was to be found the record of her impressions of Florence, Milan, Rome, and Naples; of pictures and statues, pine-crested Apennines, ecclesiastical functions, fellow-travellers, and hotel accommodation; interspersed with melancholy reflections on the unsatisfactoriness of life in general, and Anna Murphy's in particular. She must often afterwards have regretted "*les beaux jours quand elle était si malheureuse.*" This diary, written without any object beyond her own amusement, was nevertheless her first published work. The whole party returned to England the following year, and Anna accepted another situation as governess, this time in the family of Mr. Littleton, afterwards Lord Hatherton, where she remained for some years, becoming much attached to her pupils.

During this time, she again met Mr. Jameson, and unfortunately for both parties, the broken engagement was renewed. Robert Jameson and Anna Murphy were married in 1825, and took up their abode in a lodging in Chenies-street, Tottenham Court-road.

Mr. Jameson's unamiable qualities seem to have been displayed from the first, and the high-spirited Anna must soon have keenly realised the contrast between his cold egotism, and the admiring affection of her own family. It was in these early days of her married life that Mrs. Jameson first came before the public as a writer. The diary, confidante of her griefs during the time of separation, was brought out for the amusement of her husband, and portions of it were read to a certain humble friend and protégé of Mr. Jameson's, a cobbler named Thomas, who added to his other avocations that of a dealer in secondhand books, and even of a publisher in a small way. This man, who must have possessed some literary insight, discovered the merits of the diary, and offered to undertake the risk of publishing certain selected portions. This offer was accepted, Mrs. Jameson jestingly stipulating for a guitar as her share of the profits, and "*The Diary of an Ennuyée*" was thus given to the world. In order to obliterate all traces of its authorship, and perhaps also with the intention of giving greater roundness and completeness to the book, it was interpolated with certain fictitious passages, bearing out the theory that the writer was an invalid, conscious of her approaching doom, and ready to welcome death as a release from her sorrows. The book even concludes with a note as if from another hand, stating that the writer had died at Autun, and was buried in the garden

of the Capuchin Convent in that place. Mrs. Jameson was at that time too inexperienced in literary matters to know how unjustifiable was such blending of truth and fiction. It subjected her to some unpleasantness when it was subsequently discovered that the *Ennuyée*, for whose sad fate much sympathy had been felt, was well and happy; while so far from giving unity or completeness to the book, it introduces therein a discordant note. A certain attitude of isolation, natural enough in a high-spirited, active, young woman travelling with comparative strangers, appears incomprehensible when it is represented as that of a hopeless, heart-broken invalid; while some of the actions attributed to this latter, little excursions at early morning or late at night, the run up the long flight of steps on the Pincian Hill, or the nocturnal ascent of Vesuvius during an eruption, show an amount of energy and activity strangely out of keeping with the assumed character, and the harrowing descriptions of days and nights of pain. The literary merit of the book, however, the beauty of its descriptions, and the justness of its criticism, secured its success. Mrs. Jameson obtained her guitar, and a certain amount of *prestige*, which was not without its effect on the next book put forward by the author of "The Diary of an *Ennuyée*."

Mr. and Mrs. Jameson spent four years together in England—years of which no record remains, but which could scarcely have been prosperous ones, since at their close Mr. Jameson determined to relinquish his hopes of success at the English bar, and accept a colonial appointment. In 1829, he sailed for the Island of Dominica, where he had obtained the post of puisne judge, leaving his wife to the companionship and protection of her own family. Probably neither much regretted the temporary parting brought about by obvious and natural means, although the final separation which ultimately took place does not then appear to have been contemplated.

The period of her husband's absence was spent by Mrs. Jameson both pleasantly and profitably. The first use which she made of her liberty was to accompany her father, and their old friends Sir Gerrard Noel and his daughter, on a continental trip, reminiscences of which are to be found in her subsequent volumes of "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad." On her return, she took up her abode with her sister Louisa, now married to an artist named Bate, and continued her literary labours with increasing success. She supplied the letterpress to a series of copper-plate engravings which her father was publishing, in the hope of thus

utilising some work which had been most unfairly returned upon his hands some ten years previously. The Princess Charlotte, to whom, as we have said, he held the office of painter in enamel, had given him a commission for copies in miniature of the celebrated Windsor Beauties of Sir Peter Lely. The set of miniatures was nearly completed at the time of the princess's death, and Mr. Murphy some months afterwards addressed a memorial to Prince Leopold, setting forth the circumstances of the case, and asking him to carry out his wife's intentions by purchasing the paintings. This the prince churlishly refused to do, and Mr. Murphy had been left altogether without compensation for the loss he had incurred both of time and money. Now, however, he made an effort to recoup himself, and the portraits were published in a quarto volume, with memoirs of the originals from the pen of the artist's daughter.

Mrs. Jameson also wrote at this time, an introduction to Hayter's Sketches of Fanny Kemble's Juliet. These had been originally intended for publication, but were ultimately purchased by Lord Francis Egerton, the introduction appearing among the collected papers in "Visits and Sketches." Mrs. Jameson and Miss Kemble had met at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montagu, and although the younger lady naively records a certain feeling of disappointment at finding the *Ennuyée* on whom she had wasted much sympathy, alive and apparently happy, the acquaintance so begun soon ripened, in spite of disparity of years, into a lively and lasting friendship. Many of the charming letters in Fanny Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood" are addressed to Mrs. Jameson, and the two friends seem to have continually sought each other's help and criticism in their respective walks of art. Mrs. Jameson took part in the family council held on the important subject of Miss Kemble's dress in her first appearance; but the art student's inclination for the mediæval dress of the Veronese Juliet was overruled by the practical mother of the *débutante*, who held realism of costume of small account in comparison with the ease and freedom given to the young actress by a more modern costume.

Mrs. Jameson's first work of any importance, the "Characteristics of Shakespear's Women," published at this time, seems to have in a great measure grown out of her intercourse with the Kemble family, and the discussions on dramatic subjects held with Fanny, to whom the book is dedicated. It was written, as the author states in the introductory dialogue, for the purpose of expressing, by means of examples, her views on the education and



position of women—views which she was unwilling “to fling in the face of the world in the form of essays on morality, or treatises on education,” but for which she was nevertheless anxious to secure a hearing. She feared that sketches from the life would degenerate into satires, while historical characters were unfitted for her purpose in being usually seen only under certain isolated aspects. The sentiments and style of the “Characteristics” are perhaps a shade too highly-strung and sentimental for modern taste, but her womanly insight and sympathy invest these wondrous creations with a new interest, and Juliet, Portia, and Desdemona, appear more real and lifelike when read in the light of her imaginative analyses of their thoughts, feelings, and previous history.

Early in 1833, Mr. Jameson returned from Dominica, remaining with his wife in London for some months, and quitting her with the understanding that she was to join him in Canada—the scene of his new appointment, as soon as he could offer her a suitable home. It seems as though she were anxious to make the most of the short spell of liberty yet remaining to her; for immediately on her husband's departure, she set out on a continental tour, travelling alone and in a more independent fashion than in either of her previous journeys. She went first to Germany where the fame of her Shakespearean studies had already preceded her and ensured her welcome. She had also the advantage of letters of introduction from Major Noel, Lady Byron's cousin, at that time a mere acquaintance, but who was soon to become one of her most intimate friends. Major Noel had lived for some time in Germany, and his information and introductions proved of the greatest service to Mrs. Jameson. To him she was indebted for an introduction to Goethe's daughter-in-law Ottilie, whom she describes as “one who was in reality all that other women try to appear,” and with whom she formed a close friendship, terminating only with her own life. She also made the acquaintance of Dannecker, Ludwig, Tieck, and Schlegel, together with many others eminent in art and letters.

This pleasant intercourse with her new friends and *confrères*, as well as her plans for future wanderings, were, however, suddenly brought to an end by the news that her father had had a severe paralytic stroke, and was not expected to live. She immediately set out for England, the tedious journey of those days being rendered almost insupportable by the fear lest she should be too late. The dreaded misfortune was however spared her; on her

arrival she found her father out of immediate danger. Although he never thoroughly recovered, he lived for some years in a semi-paralysed condition, owing much of his comfort and happiness to the exertions of his eldest daughter, who took up thenceforth the rôle of Providence to her own family—a rôle which she was destined to carry out for the benefit of three successive generations.

She had again established herself in the house of her sister, Mrs. Bate, and declining most of the invitations and engagements that poured in upon her, she devoted herself to her literary work. Her first occupation was that of arranging some of the various sketches and essays she had already published, and which now reappeared, under the title of "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad." Many of these essays were on German subjects, social and artistic, and were read with avidity in those days, when Germany was a *terra incognita* to the average Englishman. Mrs. Jameson may be said to have shared with Carlyle the honour of acting as pioneer through the yet untrodden ways of German literature and art. The sketches are brightly and pleasantly written; Mrs. Jameson is, as she says herself, one than whom "no one is more easily pleased, and no one less easily satisfied," and her generous appreciation is often tempered with sound criticism. She appears to dwell with greater pleasure on artistic than on natural beauty; we hear more of pictures and statues than of rivers and mountains. She also thinks and writes much on the education and position of women, both in England and Germany; but the truths of half a century ago, are the truisms of to-day; and our feelings on reading her remarks on cultured *v.* simply domestic women, the education of girls, &c., are somewhat akin to those of the man who disapproved of Shakspeare's habit of using hackneyed quotations. The three dialogues with which the book opens, have, in a lesser degree, the same defect as the Diary of an Ennuyée; the author's own experiences are described in the character of a fictitious personage; the same Alda who is the imaginary writer of the "Characteristics," and who, in the introduction thereto, sets forth her views on things in general, and women in particular to her masculine companion, who is, by the way, too polite to be husband or brother, too critical for a lover, too familiar for a friend. This artifice imparts an air of unreality to the book, the reader does not know how much he is to believe of the fluent and poetical Alda's experiences, and is at times half tempted to consider Dannecker, Retzsch, and Ottilie von Goethe as myths likewise.

Her own book finished, Mrs. Jameson undertook the management of the arrangements for the publication in England of Retzsch's outline illustrations of Shakespear, Goethe, and Schiller, translating the text and writing an introduction, her notice of the artist in her own book having already secured a favourable reception for his work. It was at this time also that Mrs. Jameson first met Lady Byron. Her first impression of that enigmatical woman seems to have been a disagreeable one, but this wore off with better knowledge, and the friendship between the two was soon of an intimate and confidential nature. It led to other friendships; notably, to one between Mrs. Jameson and Joanna Baillie and her sister; and to an acquaintance, if not a friendship, between Lady Byron and Harriet Martineau.

But Mrs. Jameson's life of work and friendship was soon broken in upon by letters from Canada. Mr. Jameson, who does not seem to have particularly appreciated his wife while with her, now became impatient for the fulfilment of her promise of joining him, and wrote her letters which, always courteous, often affectionate, and sometimes even loving, would almost induce the reader to believe that he was an injured and long-suffering husband, the victim of his wife's coldness and neglect. Read in the light afforded by some of her replies, however, they assume a different aspect. Mrs. Jameson points out to her husband, that notwithstanding the expression of vague hopes and wishes for her company, he has given her no definite directions as to the steps she was to take towards joining him; no indications of what her life in Canada was likely to be; no advice concerning outfit, or preparations for the journey. She even declares that she has received but two letters from him in the course of a year and a half, and disproves a somewhat similar accusation brought by him against herself. Altogether it would seem as though Mr. Jameson, while anxious to retain his hold upon his wife, and control over her movements, had no real wish for her presence or companionship. He seems to have been a vain, egotistical man, who could have lived in harmony only with a woman simple enough to believe in him implicitly, or artful enough to pretend to do so. Mrs. Jameson was neither; she possessed opinions and individuality of her own, and was far too honest and straightforward to disguise them. Possessed of too much self-command to quarrel, her good sense still showed her that each would be happier apart. She was willing, however, to make any effort in her power to establish things on a more satisfactory footing, and she assures her husband in every letter, that

she only waits some decided expression of his wishes to make immediate arrangements for leaving England. Pending the negotiations with her husband, Mrs. Jameson returned to Germany, remaining some months at Weimar, with her friend Madame von Gœthe, who nursed her through an illness partly brought on by anxiety concerning her future life. The correspondence with her husband having at length come to a satisfactory termination, Mrs. Jameson sailed for America in September, 1836.

### DR. KAVANAGH ON CATHOLIC STUDENTS OF PHILOSOPHY.\*

IN the pamphlet before us Dr. Kavanagh has raised to the dignity of philosophic discussion a question which before his intervention had been discussed from a less elevated standpoint. A paper on metaphysics, set for the recent Degree Examination of the Royal University, had called forth the complaint that in this matter the students of Catholic colleges had been placed at a disadvantage. It was contended that the questions set, in subject matter, as in terminology, were unfamiliar to the Catholic students, who, it was assumed, had been prepared for examination by a study of one or other of the Latin *Institutiones* or *Elementa*, of the kind in use in many Catholic colleges. The questions, at first sight, seemed to range beyond the subjects treated in their class-books, to require a knowledge of theories not discussed among the *objections* there refuted, and furthermore employed the language current in the philosophic literature of these countries and these times, rather than the formulæ of another age and another tongue. All this, it was argued, placed the Catholic student in an unfavourable position for securing marks: and as securing marks is a prime object of philosophic training, there had in all this been at once an injustice and a mistake.

Dr. Kavanagh is not much concerned at the loss of the marks.

\* The Study of Mental Philosophy by Catholic Students in the Royal University of Ireland, by the Very Rev. James B. Kavanagh, D.D., P.P., Kildare, Senator of the Royal University of Ireland. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, 1885.

What he is concerned to make clear is that the standard of knowledge which this examination supposed is one which the Catholic student may be required to reach with profit to his education in philosophy, and without danger to his Faith.

"The advantage or disadvantage to classes of students is a very minor question. Whether a particular paper may give an advantage to Catholic or non-Catholic students is so insignificant that it scarcely merits reference in this important controversy. The real question and the question which I am discussing is, what shall be the standard and the character of philosophic teaching in the schools and colleges of Ireland?"—p. 31.

In answering the question which he has thus set himself, Dr. Kavanagh is guided at once by the plain dictates of practical common sense, and by the authoritative teaching of the Holy See. The teaching and study of philosophy may be viewed as a means and a method of mental development or as a preparation for the practical duties and the prospective dangers of the life the student is to live. In either case, it would seem, the right study of philosophy requires a knowledge of the theories that have exercised the minds of highest philosophic repute in recent times. It is a familiar fact to students of philosophic science that the study of systems rival to their own is indispensable if they would understand the full bearings, and even the distinct character, of their own theories. The great masters of philosophy have always insisted upon this. Their method of exposition has always been to make their own views distinctly intelligible by setting them in contrast with the doctrines to which they were opposed. Error is no doubt an evil in itself. But in this at least it can be turned to useful purpose: set in contrast with the truth, it serves to bring out in a higher definiteness and distinctness the truth it is adverse to. No philosopher can afford to neglect the thoughts of other minds on the subjects which engage his own. If he can learn much from them where they have thought aright, he can learn much from them where they have thought awry. The great thoughts of great minds will always be to the earnest thinker either a guide or a warning. In either event they indicate the path he is seeking to follow. He is a competent philosopher in proportion as these landmarks are available to him; in proportion as he has mastered opposing views which have been held on the problems occupying his mind, and has learned to discriminate the true from the false.

The study of philosophy, in this broad sense, becomes more a matter of necessity if we consider this study as a preparation for the after-life of the student. If his philosophy is to help him in

the intellectual difficulties he must encounter in his intercourse with the world, he must so study it as to become familiar with these difficulties betimes, and familiar too with a competent solution of them. It is not enough that he should possess the principles which, when skilfully applied, will furnish such a solution. Few men have the time and the patience, even if they had the ability, to apply approved general principles to the solution of entangled concrete problems. The work must be done for them. They can understand it without effort when it is adequately done by others, but it is useless to expect that they will do it for themselves. If we do not wish them to become a prey to the sophistries of error, we must show them that the teachings of error which they are sure to encounter are merely sophistries. When they have understood this, they are safe. They may be trusted to pass unharmed through the danger: without this instruction, no mere possession of sound general principles will guarantee them against the specious theories which will be forced upon them by minds more acute and more highly cultured than their own. To make the study of philosophy of practical use to the ordinary student it must deal largely with the questions discussed by thinkers of influence in the student's own day, it must make him familiar with the views propounded by those thinkers, with the language in which those views are expressed and lastly with the true and the false in those teachings, which he will be forced to discuss and of which he must become either the partisan or the opponent.

"If the Catholic student," writes Dr. Kavanagh, "does not hear modern philosophic errors discussed by his Professor in the class-room, he is sure to hear them subsequently in the world, and the ignorant Catholic, who hears them for the first time in society, is exposed to much greater peril than the educated Catholic who is familiar with them, and has heard them explained and refuted by his Professor during his academic career."—p. 12.

Dr. Kavanagh is of opinion that the principles of true philosophy should, in the instruction given in our University classes be adapted to meet the needs of our own time. He holds strongly to the necessity of an adequate exposition of the genuine principles of the old scholastic philosophy, but he would have these principles applied to the solution of the questions which occupy the attention of contemporary thinkers. He would have the teachers of this philosophy set the theories they are expounding in distinct and explicit contrast with the errors prevalent in this age and in these countries. In this, we are of opinion, he is requiring no more than he has a right to demand. If education in philosophy is to be of practical use at all it must aim at effecting this. To do less than

this, to confine our students to the expositions of scholastic philosophy which deal only with extinct schools of error, would be to train them for a world that has passed, to send them armed with a battle-axe or a sling into a warfare where Krupp guns and long-range rifles are the weapons in use.

"Shall Catholic teaching be confined exclusively to Scholastic Philosophy in its ancient forms, or shall professors of Philosophy in Catholic colleges be required to expand and develop the principles of St. Thomas, and apply them to the wants of modern philosophic discussion? Shall we ignore the living present and direct Catholic teaching in philosophy exclusively to the dead past? Shall we teach our students to refute errors which are unheard-of for centuries except in scholastic disputations, and ignore errors which are in active operation around us, and are eating into the very vitals of Christian faith and of Christian moral teaching?"—p. 9.

Dr. Kavanagh's purpose throughout his pamphlet is to answer these questions in the negative, and to give sufficient reasons for this answer. He finds that in the course he recommends he is not only in accord with the dictates of practical sound sense, but he is furthermore in accord with the traditional methods of Christian and Catholic teaching. He points out that the great leaders of what we may term Christian speculation have dealt, in detailed criticism, on the rival doctrines propounded in their own day. He recalls the fact that the great writings of the great doctors of the Church are mainly controversial, that is, are taken up with the exposition and criticism of the doctrines opposed to their own.

"It was not thus St. Thomas and the Great Masters of Christian Philosophy acted. They did not ignore the errors of their own day, and direct their attention and their teaching exclusively to errors that were antiquated and forgotten. What they did in their own day we may fairly assume they would do if they lived at the present time; but in their own day they grappled with and refuted every error then prevalent, they wrestled from the unbelievers the principles of science, and used them in the interests of truth. They did not leave the field of higher culture in philosophy and science to the enemies of the Church, but made both philosophy and science the handmaids of religion."—p. 2.

What has thus been the practice of the master-minds of the Christian schools Dr. Kavanagh finds urged upon the teachers and students of philosophy by the authority of the Holy See. The present Pope has done much to encourage the study of sound philosophy, and he has been at the pains to indicate clearly the lines on which he would have it studied. Dr. Kavanagh finds himself strongly supported in the position he has taken up by the pronouncement of his Holiness. The philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas is the philosophy which Leo XIII. recommends to the earnest study of the Catholic student. But he requires that this

philosophy shall be studied with a view to the needs of the student's own time and circumstances, that it shall be studied so as to draw out of the vast resources it offers the solution of present difficulties and the antidote to present errors. This is his summary of the teaching of the Encyclical, *Æterni Patris* :—

"The study of philosophy, as enjoined by the Pope, and formulated by those who have most ably seconded his views, is not a mere rehearsal of the formulæ of the schools, not an empty combating of errors which have been dead for centuries and which nobody thinks of reviving. What the Holy Father demands from the teachers and the students who look to him for guidance is, that they shall make scholastic philosophy a living reality, the antagonist of existing errors, and potent for present good. He requires that its principles shall be maintained in their integrity, but that they will receive an exposition which shall refute error in its modern forms, and give the Catholic student fixed views on the great problems raised by recent philosophical speculation."—p. 13.

Dr. Kavanagh sees but one difficulty in the way. Is it not a dangerous thing to make our Catholic students familiar with false teaching? May it not happen that they may be ensnared by the fallacies they are invited to refute? How shall they be guarded against this effect on themselves of the writings in which error is seductively expounded?

To these questions he replies, that the difficulty exists only when we suppose the student's knowledge of these dangerous errors to be attained through a personal study of the works in which they are set forth. But this method he would not admit: it is wholly against the traditions of the Christian schools, and it is wholly unnecessary if philosophy is competently taught.

"It was not the method of Suarez, Bellarmine, and other great exponents of Christian Philosophy and Theology to put the writings of the false teachers of their time into the hands of their pupils, and to invite them to discover for themselves the points of divergence from truth. And yet, what error of their time did these masters of Christian science fail to make their students acquainted with? What novelty in thought or language affecting Christian teaching did they fail to bring under the notice of those whom they instructed? To what compass would the writings of Suarez, or Bellarmine, or even of the great master St. Thomas be reduced, if the exposition of the teaching of contemporary errors were eliminated? Did anyone, I wonder, ever object to these great masters of Catholic Theology, that when they propounded to their disciples for refutation the pernicious teachings of contemporary heretics, they exposed those disciples to the temptation of seeking fuller knowledge in the writings of the heretics themselves?"—p. 25.

It is not to books that Dr. Kavanagh recommends students to look for the philosophic knowledge which will avail at the present day. It is out of the question that in the two years allotted by the University for the study of mental and moral science, the



student could secure anything like a useful knowledge of the subjects assigned, by a study of the literature in which they are treated. An ill-assorted mass of facts, and a confusing medley of conflicting opinions would probably be the net outcome of his labours. It is only under skilful teaching that he can hope to realize what is expected from him. It is only under the guidance of a master to whom the theories of conflicting schools are familiar, and who knows how to set them in orderly arrangement, with brief but adequate criticism, that he can hope to make practically profitable his two years' study of the points indicated in the University Calendar.

When he has time for reading, he will find, as Dr. Kavanagh tells him, that there is an abundant Catholic literature in German, French, Italian, and Latin, treating the questions of philosophy on the lines required by the pamphlet we are noticing. Moigno, Bonniot, Carbonelle, Vigoureux, Blanc, Pesch Stöckl, Gutberlet, San Severino, Salis, Liberatore, the periodicals of the Catholic men of literature and science in Belgium, France, Germany, and Italy, will supply men with ample knowledge on the points it most concerns him to be acquainted with. But these will be useful for personal study chiefly when his student's career is finished. Preparing for examination he had better make acquaintance with them through his professor. He will thus be saved much fruitless labour and spared much bewilderment of mind.

Such, in brief, is the substance of Dr. Kavanagh's pamphlet. We cannot look upon it otherwise than as an important contribution to a very momentous controversy. We take it to be an honest demand for a high standard of philosophic teaching in the Catholic colleges of this country. And we are warranted in believing that for the effort to raise Catholic teaching in Ireland to the highest efficiency possible, the country and the religion he is serving so well, will eventually rest his debtors.

## NEW BOOKS.

"REASONS why we should believe in God, love God, and obey God," by Mr. Peter H. Burnett (The Catholic Publication Society Company, New York) is a book which proves its author to be a man of wide reading, earnest views, and large intellectual powers. Mr. Burnett is an American lawyer and a convert to the Catholic Faith from one of the innumerable sects into which American Protestantism has broken up. A recent number of the *Catholic World* speaks of him as a type of western energy and perseverance—self-made in social position, literary education and religion. This, of course, enhances greatly our interest in any book Mr. Burnett writes; but when he writes on matters which are usually associated in our minds with special scientific training, the source of interest becomes a ground of suspicion. From a gentleman, whose busy life has been devoted to pursuits like Mr. Burnett's, we should scarcely expect a valuable treatise on philosophy, anatomy, or mental philosophy; and we should be equally unreasonable to look for one on the Evidences of Christianity. Now the "Reasons why we should believe," &c., is a formal treatise on the Evidences of Christianity; and it would be worse than flattery to say that it will prove a valuable addition to those we already possess. It gathers together a certain amount of useful knowledge upon points of present controversy for readers who may not have means or leisure to go through many books, but it is wanting in the unity of design, and logical exactness, which are absolutely necessary for a proper treatment of the subject. What Cano did for the schools of the sixteenth century must be done by some master-mind of our own day, before the struggle between faith and unbelief can be carried on satisfactorily. We are wasting our time and energies upon useless points of detail—"Natural Selection," "Sexual Selection," "striped horses," and the rest; forgetful that while Darwinism may or may not be true, may or may not be opposed to the Christian revelation, it is still only one difficulty and not a principal one; and that the cause of orthodoxy must be fought out on questions of greater consequence.

Even, however, in the execution of the plan adopted, we think Mr. Burnett has not been altogether fortunate. He proves the existence of God from design alone. We do not, of course, deny that the proof may be made convincing; many able thinkers have

held that it is so. But many also hold it to be invalid ; it is open to more difficulties than any other which could be selected ; and by putting it forward alone, the cause of truth is made to rest apparently upon an argument, which the very defenders of truth are not agreed amongst themselves upon accepting.

Reference might also be made to other points, notably the passages where Mr. Burnett deals with the genesis of faith, in which misconception may arise ; but it is wholly impossible that an untrained theologian should avoid obscurity and danger of misconception in such matters. They are often stumbling blocks even to men whose best labours have been given to gain clear ideas of them, and accurate expressions for them.

Another work which comes to us from the Catholic Publication Society of New York is "The History of the Church of God from the Creation to the Present Day" by the Rev. B. J. Spalding, a member of a family which has already given two distinguished prelates to the American hierarchy. The most gifted of these, Dr. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, has prefixed a very short preface to his brother's work. As this book tells the story of religion from Adam to Leo XIII. in seven hundred pages, which large type and numerous excellent illustrations further curtail, it does not pretend to be more than a popular primer of ecclesiastical history. It fulfils its purpose well. The headings of the well-arranged paragraphs, the questions which run along the foot of every page, and several other mechanical details, increase greatly the practical usefulness of Dr. Spalding's work.

Prosaic as the world is becoming, or as prosy old folk, judging from themselves, imagine it is becoming, there is still plenty of poetry in the human heart. The amount of verse that is printed every day may not be a proof of the truth of this remark which has, however, been suggested by three poetical volumes sent to us this month for review. We put first the one in which our readers will feel themselves less personally interested. Lady Catharine Petre's "Hymns and Verses" are contained in a handsome volume, to which the publishers, Messrs Burns & Oates, have affixed no date, but which can only have been completed immediately before her recent sudden death. We claim her as an Irishwoman, as she was the daughter of the late Earl of Wicklow. She was born in the year 1830 ; and yet several of the earlier pieces are dated "1845." The first division of the book contains the poems "written before conversion," the second those "written after conversion." Even those in the former division show the piety

of this holy and gifted soul ; but the whole collection is an ascending climax, ending in the finest of all, "The Son of a King for Me!"

The second new volume of poetry is "Gathered Leaflets," by Helena Callanan, townswoman, but, we believe, not a relative of the author of "Gougane Barra." It is published by Purcell & Company of Cork, and bears the municipal arms of Cork on the cover. We hope it was printed also at Cork, for it is very well printed. Miss Callanan is the Frances Brown of the South. This title will probably convey no meaning to most of our readers, for whatever reputation the Blind Poetess of Donegal once possessed seems to have faded out. We intend to tell her story soon ; but then there are so many of those intentions. In the few words of prose with which the Cork poetess begins her volume, she makes no allusion to the pathetic circumstance to which we have ventured to refer, except by dating the dedication from the Cork Asylum for the Blind ; and there is nothing but brightness and cheerfulness and sweet music in the thirty-three poems which she has gathered into this dainty little volume. The personal feeling that runs through many of them will make them more pleasing even to strangers. One of the most graceful of these is "Her First Rose;" and our other favourites are "Summer," "Life and Death," "May in the City," "An American Letter," "The Shamrock in Florence" (very original metre), and "The Gift of Kindness," though there is a hitch in the second line.

The office of *The Nation* newspaper has issued, under the title of "Emerald Gems," the first of a series of annual anthologies gathered from the poems contributed recently to the pages of that journal. Such a collection with "T.D.S." omitted renders an allusion to the Prince of Denmark inevitable. Where is that song which chorused so sweetly about "no land like Ireland anywhere at all?" And where is the requiem for the Loyal Minority who had the greatest possible respect for authority "when they had everything all their own way?" We trust, however, that this omission portends pretty soon a new series of "Green Leaves." There are forty-three contributors to this excellent sixpenceworth (why don't all books bear their prices plainly stated in front?) Except "Fanny Forrester" and "E. Owens Blackburne" the real names of all are given. This we think desirable. If a piece pleases us, we like to thank something more definite than initials or pseudonyms ; but in "Emerald Gems" the addresses of the writers are generally added. Miss Una Taylor—whom we have before intro-

duced to our readers as the daughter of the veteran English poet Sir Henry Taylor—is represented here by a very fine poem “*In Exile*,” and Miss Katharine Tynan’s “*Dream*” is an exquisite sample of her rich poetic diction. We prefer Miss Penelope Harnett’s “*By the Sea*” to the poems which have been selected for her. Among names unknown to us till now, we think there is a good deal of sweetness and truthfulness of tone in the poems of Miss Mary Kilgallen and Francis Fahy. The two innocent love-songs of Eugene Daly and James Monaghan should, we think, take a good place if the contents of this volume were classified according to merit—woe betide the critic who would dare so perilous an enterprise. Mr. Richard Robinson’s “*Questionings*” and Mr. William Boyle’s “*Zig and Zag*” seem the cleverest of the political pieces, except perhaps Mr. Daniel Crilly’s “*No ;*” but we prefer to link this name of more than promise with “*A Resolve*” which we counsel him to keep.

A harsh transition brings us next to the twelfth yearly issue of “*Eason’s Almanac for Ireland*” full of interesting and accurate information on an immense number of practical subjects. The *Almanac* proper occupies over thirty out of two hundred pages ; yet it embodies the best collection of Irish dates we know of, and one could make an interesting article out of this item. This book is capital value for a shilling. It may add some emphasis to our good opinion of Mr. S. A. Frost’s book “*How to Write a Composition*” (Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son) if we confess that we have let it lie on our table unopened through the prejudice we felt against it. But a slight study of the book has given us a high idea of its merit, for it certainly justifies its title page where it is said to contain “*Original Skeleton compositions on a great variety of subjects, with directions for dividing each into its appropriate heads, and for arranging the divisions in their natural order.*” Mr. Frost has shown great judgment in his selection of so many interesting and suggestive subjects of so many different kinds ; and with regard to each of them he maps out a thorough method of treatment with full and substantial matter on each division of the subject. Even with the book under his eye the schoolboy would be very usefully exercised in clothing the skeletons with flesh, in working up these hints into a regular essay. Indeed, one or two out of many divisions given here under each head, will generally afford abundant matter for a good composition.

We announced before, the publication of the forty-seventh volume of the *Quarterly Series*, edited by Father Coleridge—namely, the *Life of Mgr. De Ségur* the “*Blind Apostle*” of

Paris, whom Father Coleridge calls "one of the noblest souls of our time." He showed in a different sphere the same heroic energy in spite of the same grievous affliction which excited so much admiration for the late Mr. Henry Fawcett, and which has inspired unusually good elegiac sonnets since his death.

Our readers, on referring back to page 340 of our eighth yearly volume, will find a brief sketch of a very gifted, holy, and interesting Italian lady, Rosa Ferrucci, who was in some degree the Eugenie de Guérin of Italy. They will be glad to have a fuller account of her, translated from the French of Father Perreyve, and published at the busy press of the *Ave Maria* of Notre Dame, Indiana. More readable printing could not be desired.

We have already, we think, called attention to the very serviceable collection of hymns, with music compiled by the Rev. Joseph Reeks, under the title of "St. George's Hymn-tune Book" (Burns & Oates).

TO NORA IN HEAVEN.

(Died, December 3rd, 1884.)

GOD'S glory shining on thy sweet child-face,  
Heaven's radiance beaming on thy golden hair,  
Should ev'ry thought of this poor earth efface—  
Happy, supremely blest, as thou art there,  
Where never enters pain, nor grief, nor care.

But still thy glorious and angelic soul  
Must look from heaven on those who loved thee so,  
And thy fond prayers will lead unto the goal  
Which thou so soon hast reached—by earthly woe  
And grief untouched—those thou hast left below.

Nora, sweet Nora! bright and pure whilst here,  
Ten thousand times more bright and pure above—  
Pray to thy Saviour for thy parents dear,  
Who tried their best by fondest care and love  
To smooth the earthly path of their meek, tender dove.

Pray unto Him that they may see again,—  
In that blest land where dear ones ne'er shall part,  
Where joy supreme and purest love shall reign—  
Their sweet saint-child, and press her to their heart,  
Resting for aye with thee, where thou now art.

## MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTON'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERREEVIL," "ELDERGOWAN,"  
"THE WALKING TREES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER V.

## AN IRISH CINDERELLA.

ALL Marcella's expectations were broken and scattered by such a greeting. The blood rushed to her face and fled away again instantly as she stammered :

"I do not understand. My father told me something, but I have not been able to believe it."

"But you must believe it, my dear. You are the only relative I have left in the world, and I had not a suspicion of your existence till I saw you standing here the first day you came, and my breath was taken from me by your likeness to that portrait. You were looking up at it——"

"I remember; it made me think of my mother," said the girl, "though I wondered why, for I do not recollect ever seeing her."

"I knew it could not be a chance resemblance, and it set me thinking and inquiring. The thing was easy enough to trace once the question was started; and now you are going to be my own child; and I have been so lonely. I am ceasing to care for the world, and I want a daughter, Marcella—it was my sister's name, her name whose face you have got. And now take off your bonnet and come with me, my child."

Marcella had listened in glad amazement. All the wild dreams of a future lifted above the sordid level upon which she had lived—dreams which she had kept aloof as enemies that could only rob her of what little contentment she possessed—rushed upon her now as friends claiming to be recognised. The moderate expectations she had dwelt upon during the last few hours were forgotten; a brilliant reality shone into her eyes and blinded her. She suddenly burst into tears.

"I do not wonder," exclaimed the old lady, wiping her own eyes. "It has been too great a surprise. But I could not keep the secret any longer. I never could break the news of anything

to anyone in my life. And, besides, I was so impatient to take possession of you. Do not cry, my darling. You shall never return to that nasty hole any more."

Marcella stilled her sobs and tried to speak.

"My father ——" she began.

"Oh, my dear, I will arrange with him. I have told him my intentions, and no doubt he will be glad to agree with them, once you are out of his hands. You have only to assert yourself a little—you are twenty-one, you have told me—and you will see that everything will come right."

Marcella had by this time overcome her agitation and regained her presence of mind.

"You are very good," she said, gratefully; "I cannot find words to thank you for your goodness. But I can never consent to abandon my father in his old age."

"My dear, you need not use such terrible words. You shall not be asked to abandon him. We will make him as comfortable as he can be, and you shall go to see him as often as it is practicable. Of course you must feel, Marcella ——"

"I do feel," said Marcella, gently, "I feel it all, and that is why I will not desert him. He is old and failing in health, and he has loved me and cherished me all my life. I must be his nurse, his child, his hands, eyes, and staff as long as God leaves him to me. And so, dear friend, if instead of giving me all these brilliant things you offer, if you would merely help me to get work, put me in a way of being able to support him, I will bless you, and he will bless you every day we have to live."

"I don't know that," said Mrs. O'Kelly, beginning to get angry. "I don't at all know that. I am sure the old gentleman will not be so easily satisfied."

"You mistake him, madam. He would never consent to part with me."

"Then he is a fool," said Mrs. O'Kelly, "and I am sorely disappointed in you both! In that case I suppose you must be allowed to return to him."

And though the interview was prolonged considerably after this difficult point in the conversation had been reached, no better understanding was arrived at, and Marcella returned to the Liberties with a much heavier heart than that with which she had left it, Mrs. O'Kelly having parted with her in an ecstasy of displeasure.

On arriving home, however, strong in her consciousness that she had been true to her father and obeyed his warning to suffer



no arrangement to be made that would part him from his daughter, she met with a very different reception from that which she had fairly earned, and had a right to expect. Old Grace's anger at hearing that she had allowed their friend to quarrel with her was harder to bear than Mrs. O'Kelly's feverish disappointment.

He scolded her well for not exerting herself to make an advantageous bargain with the old lady. He had trusted her to do the business, believed in her willingness to be of use to him, placed all his affairs in her hands. He was only checked by the sight of Marcella's fast-flowing tears.

"Oh, father!" she said, bitterly, "do not say that you would have sold me to her if she had only paid you well enough!"

She stretched out her two young hands imploringly as she cried to him, and the soft corner in his heart was reached.

"I did not mean rightly that, my girl," he said, "only that we oughtn't to have quarrelled with her. But let's say no more about it. I don't know but that I might die if I couldn't see your darlin' face no more!"

And Marcella was comforted; and having prayed to God to send her work from some quarter that she might nourish this loving father in his declining days, she slept soundly upon her sorrows.

But Mrs. O'Kelly was not so easily comforted. For many weeks she had so lived on the certainty of having Marcella for her own that she could not reconcile herself to disappointment. She blamed herself for her hasty temper, acknowledged that she had been unreasonable, and admitted that the girl's determination not to give her father up only proved the sterling qualities of her heart. Before another day had passed, she was more in love with Marcella than ever, and busy with schemes for ensnaring the girl into her keeping. She must manage to do it without alarming her filial devotion. She must gradually wean her from that dreadful old man, who at all cost must be kept down, concealed in the shadows of his original obscurity. At last she hit upon a plan which she thought must be successful: and it proved to be so.

She made another pilgrimage to the Liberties, the result of which was that the weaver permitted his daughter to go on a visit to Mrs. O'Kelly at Merriion-square. Grace was well pleased at the arrangement, considering that once his daughter had gained a footing in the old lady's home and heart he might ultimately hope to make his own terms. Mrs. O'Kelly was satisfied, thinking that Marcella, having tasted the sweets of young ladyhood, having been

dressed, admired, accustomed to drawing-room life, would be found very amenable to reason, through her fear of being thrown back into poverty and squalor. As for Marcella herself, seeing that both father and friend were content, she felt free to give herself up to her young enjoyment of the hour, and to live like the heroine of a fairy romance.

Not to shock the proprieties of any who might chance to look on in her home at the transformation of the weaver's girl into Mrs. O'Kelly's niece, as she called her (fondly imagining that the girl might have been the daughter of that sister of hers whose portrait she resembled, and whose name she bore), the lady was prudent in her arrangement of the affair. She left home for a few days, only, however, to stay at a hotel not far away, where Marcella met her and was transformed. No one could have imagined that the girl in sordid clothing who passed up the staircase of the hotel, and whom nobody could have sworn to have seen pass down again, had anyone thought about so insignificant a matter, was one and the same with the elegant and beautiful young lady who was found seated with Mrs. O'Kelly when the waiter served her lunch. After a few days' shopping, walking about the fashionable thoroughfares, and living at the hotel which seemed to the girl from the Liberties a palace of splendours, the two ladies were met one day at Westland-row railway station by Mrs. O'Kelly's carriage, and were conducted home in state to Merrion-square.

It was immediately known, and much talked of in her circle, that Mrs. O'Kelly had received on a visit a young relative who had been living abroad, and, having lost her parents and finished her education, was just in such an interesting position as to excite the old lady's sympathies. She had gone to London to meet the girl on her way from Paris, and was making as much fuss about her as if she had been her actual child.

On Mrs. O'Kelly's next reception day her drawing-rooms were crowded with friends and acquaintances curious to behold Marcella, who sat making tea in a pretty close-fitting dress of dull crimson cloth which set off her dark beauty to advantage. Miss O'Flaherty was the first to arrive and the last to take her leave, and made many bold attempts to cross-question the suddenly discovered niece as to her antecedents, all of which attacks, however, Mrs. O'Kelly adroitly foiled, enjoying intensely the discomfiture of her enemy.

As for Marcella herself, she felt too timid in her new position to enter into prolonged conversation with anyone, and took refuge

in her task of tea-making, answering in few words when she was spoken to, and referring everything to her patroness. Yet her natural self-possession gave her so well-bred an air that nobody could call her shy. After the last visitor had departed, Mrs. O'Kelly congratulated her on the success of her first appearance in society.

"You must gain more confidence in yourself, Marcella. You have less brogue than Julia O'Flaherty, and there was not a woman here to-day who can cross a floor as well as you do it. Just go out of the room, my dear, and come in again and up to my chair. You may laugh if you please, but it is a pretty art to move about a room with grace. It comes to you naturally, of course, with your nicely-turned O'Kelly ancles and your graceful O'Kelly arms. Now, Julia O'Flaherty's feet are like the feet of a clothes-horse."

The old lady lay back complacently in her chair and stroked Marcella's hands, which she had of late been bathing with perfumes and unguents to remove the traces of toil from the shapely fingers. And she went on, unfolding her ideas and intentions.

"I have been asked several times to-day whether I did not intend presenting you at the drawing-room, but I have made up my mind that it would not do, as you have not yet consented to be altogether my daughter, Marcella. It would not be proper to present a girl to His Excellency at the Castle who would afterwards return to live in the Liberties, my darling. And yet you must see a little life while you are with me. I said to the inquisitive people that, though you were rather young to be presented, I did not know but that I might take you to the St. Patrick's Ball—just to look on. You shall have a pretty dress, and you will see the dancing, which will be new to you. And after that we shall perhaps have a little dance ourselves."

Marcella expressed her delight at the prospect of so much pleasure, and thought of the long-past Patrick's Ball at which her mother had gaily danced, little dreaming of the dreary fate in store for her. How strange was life! Certainly but one month ago, if anyone had told her that she, Marcella, should be going to a Patrick's Ball she would have taken the prophet for a lunatic.

And yet she was certainly going to the ball. A pretty dress was ordered, and Mrs. O'Kelly displayed to her the pearl ornaments which she herself had not worn for long, and which she believed Julia O'Flaherty already counted as her own. "But I am not sure that she shall have them," said the old lady; "not if some people behave themselves nicely. They exactly suit a *débutante*

and it is a long time since poor Julia went to her first ball. They will go charmingly with this fleecy white dress of yours, which makes you look as if clothed in snow."

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PATRICK'S BALL.

THE eventful night arrived and Mrs. O'Kelly, wearing her tabinet train, and followed by Marcella, white and fresh as a dewdrop in her glistening silk and pearls, set out in the O'Kelly brougham for Dublin Castle. The old Castle-yard, witness of many a strange scene in Ireland's history, was alive with carriages, cabs, and all manner of vehicles down to the jaunting-car which brought young men in their dancing-pumps, who had fallen back on the friendly jarvey, finding cabs were scarce—a scarcity not to be wondered at, seeing that in Dublin carriages are less plentiful than hack conveyances.

While they awaited their turn to be set down, Mrs. O'Kelly related anecdotes of the ancient splendours of Dublin Castle, not derived from books, for she was no great reader, so much as from memory of what had been related to her by her mother. About a hundred years ago or so it might have been truly said that there were gay doings at Dublin Castle, when a legion of the nobility inhabited the magnificent old houses in and about the city, now either mouldering to decay, rifled of as much of their carvings and decorations as can be carried off, or turned into noble museums public libraries, and asylums for the sick and unfortunate, where exquisitely adorned ceilings spread rich canopies over the hospital-bed of pain, while students ascend daily the royal staircases at the top of which dukes in former days received their guests.

Mrs. O'Kelly and her charge were long in making their way up the noble staircase that leads to St. Patrick's Hall; for the Patrick's Ball (held once a year on St. Patrick's Day) is sure to be a crowded one, being the only entertainment given within the Castle walls to which those persons can obtain invitations who have not already been formally presented to Vice-Royalty.

"There is Julia O'Flaherty standing at the top of the stairs talking to Bryan Kilmartin!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Kelly, in a low tone, more to herself than to Marcella, as they stood wedged in a corner of the lower landing and looking upwards. "Why does

the girl wear pink with that beet-root colour in her cheeks? How much she has got to say to Bryan, though she does sneer so at his politics! Dear me, if people would only think it their duty to keep moving on! Why does she not get into the ball-room? She will dance all night, if she can get anyone to dance with her, and she knows he never dances——”

Here a movement in the ascending clouds of silk, and tulle, and velvet, a stir which set jewels flashing and drew forth sighs of relief from the impatient and little notes of low laughter from the joyous and sweet-tempered, swept Marcella and her chaperon some steps nearer to the landing which was the goal of their desires, and Marcella was able to see Julia O'Flaherty and the gentleman to whom she was talking. He had his back to the staircase now; but something in the turn of the head was strangely familiar to Marcella. She held her breath for a moment, till the man, happening to turn, glanced down the stair and looked her right in the face. Then she saw that the gentleman whom Mrs. O'Kelly called Bryan Kilmartin was the hero of her midnight adventure, the man whom she had sheltered from pursuit of the police, who had given her the ring, and whom she had last seen reading the proclamation of reward offered for the apprehension of the perpetrator of the murder which had been committed on that eventful night.

He looked her straight in the face as she ascended, and his glance lingered on her with such an expression of interest that she thought herself recognised, in spite of the change in her condition and apparel. Would he speak to her she asked herself rapidly. What would he say to her? Would he allude to the secret he and she shared between them? Another movement of the crowd now carried them up to the landing, and she stood by his side.

“Mrs. O'Kelly, will you not speak to me?” said the voice Marcella remembered well. “What have I done that I should be cut dead?”

“Oh, is that you, Bryan? Who would expect to meet a person of your politics within the castle walls, or such a non-frequenter of dances at a Patrick's Ball. It is so long since I have seen you in evening dress that I scarcely recognised you.”

Bryan Kilmartin smiled an amused smile that became him well. The grave, stern face that had confronted Marcella in the mouldering room of the old house in Weaver's-square vanished, and for a moment she felt that she did not know this man.

“You see even a vagabond like me sometimes wants to get a

peep at respectable people," he said. "Miss O'Flaherty has been kindly telling me who the people are who have outgrown me." Then he added in a lower tone, "I hope you will overlook my sins and shortcomings so far as to introduce me to your niece."

"She is not my niece, and I don't know about introducing you at present. She is coming with me now to walk round the rooms. Later in the evening I will think about it, unless I hear some bad stories of you in the meantime."

And passing him by with her chin elevated, the old lady swept on into the ballroom, followed by Marcella.

"She is undeniably handsome," said Miss O'Flaherty, looking after the girl; "but there is nothing in her. She is the most silent person I ever met. Has lived abroad, and has not a word to tell about any of the places she has seen."

Shortly afterwards Bryan Kilmartin, having left Miss O'Flaherty happy in the company of a wealthy unmarried colonel, moved into the ball-room and looked about eagerly for another glimpse of Marcella. She was already in the centre of a little cluster of admirers. Her plea that she could not dance did not deprive her of their attentions. The appearance of a new face, and such a new face, had already made a sensation in a society where everyone knows everyone else, sometimes a little too well, and the freshest beauties are tired of all too soon.

Kilmartin could not account for the peculiar effect which the sight of that particular countenance had wrought on him. The beautiful serious intelligence of the wide gray eyes struck him as something familiar. Where could he have seen her before? They said she had lived abroad, and he had not been on the Continent for two or three years. He fancied, too, that her eyes had met his with a friendly expression, that she looked as if she wished to speak to him. No; it must be only that that interested, "asking" expression of the eyes was natural to her. He never could have seen her before to-night.

Nothing in her! Certainly her appearance must be a cheat if that were a just judgment. Silent she might be through unaccustomedness to the subjects of conversation which occupied the chatters around her: but he felt a singular desire to speak to her. There was a particular quality of voice, a soft rich note recurring, and giving to simple words a sort of pathetic sweetness which somehow, he felt sure, went with the expression of those brows and lips. Where he had heard such a voice he did not know, but the tones of it came to his imagination as he looked at her face. Could

he have dreamed of this woman long ago, and only remembered the dream on beholding her? Nonsense! Or were these the symptoms of love at first sight? Equally absurd! For he was not a man who was much interested by women as a rule, and marrying was far from his thoughts.

Later he succeeded in getting introduced to her and in obtaining leave to take her to the refreshment-room for an ice.

"Trust me, I will not talk politics to her," he said, smiling; "and, pariah as I am, I will be careful not to let my shadow fall on her plate."

And Marcella found herself moving through the crowd, with her hand on his arm. So keenly mindful was she of their former meeting, so full of consciousness of all that had passed between them before, that she expected him to say, as soon as they were alone in the crowd, "What is the meaning of this? How do I find you here? I thought you were a poor girl whom I should never see again and with whom my secret would on that account be safe. Can I be sure you will guard it from all these people among whom it seems you live, as I do? And on which occasion have I met you masquerading, as the poverty-stricken girl in the Liberties, or as the relative of a wealthy gentlewoman?"

But he said nothing of the kind. He only made some remarks about the antiquity of St. Patrick's Hall, and concerning the brilliant and tragic scenes that had succeeded each other within the walls of the Castle. He talked to her for some little time, hearing only enough of her voice to satisfy him that his expectation had made no mistake as to its quality, and then having found her an ice and a chair, he made an effort to relieve his mind of the perplexity which had been increasing on him with every glance of her eyes and every murmur from her lips.

"You have lived abroad, Miss O'Kelly. How do you find our damp island after more brilliant climes?"

In an instant Marcella perceived that she had been mistaken and that he did not recognise her, and she put herself on her guard. She would not disconcert him by revealing herself, although she could not make any effort to keep up Mrs. O'Kelly's little fiction about her foreign rearing. With people like Miss O'Flaherty, she had suffered that matter to pass, allowing her ignorance of life abroad to be taken for stupidity, but here she must make bold to tell the honest truth.

"I have never been out of Dublin, Mr. Kilmartin. I am only a poor relation," she added, smiling, "but you must not tell that

I have confessed it. Mrs. O'Kelly has been very kind, and I believe she wants to make the best of me. So I am supposed to have seen a great deal of the world—places on which I have never laid my eyes. Please don't tell, for it would vex her."

"I will never tell," he said; "the rack shall not extort it from me. But I am surprised at Mrs. O'Kelly for imagining you needed any such fictitious advantage. And it gives you a difficult part to play. How do you manage it?"

"I hold my tongue," said Marcella, simply; "I am very ignorant, but that is one thing I know how to do."

She emphasised the last words, thinking that in case he should a little later discover her identity, they might recur to his mind and give him confidence.

"It is an excellent talent," he said, "but one that can be too much cultivated. I am glad you have made an exception in my case. It strikes me that if you have never been out of Dublin, Miss O'Kelly, it is possible I may have seen you before. Your face and even your voice are strangely familiar to me—familiar although perfectly new. It seems rather as if I had known some one who bore a wonderful resemblance to you."

He stopped abruptly, seeing her cheek redden a little and then turn white. She felt a thrill of alarm lest he should be on the point of discovering her, for his sake rather than hers, not knowing how unpleasantly such discovery might affect him. At the same moment the paleness of her cheek and the anxious glance of her eyes made her resemblance more striking to the face that was haunting him; and suddenly his riddle was read.

"She is like the girl who sheltered me," he thought; "singularly like her both in face and voice. Strange I have noticed before that where a likeness exists between two faces the same resemblance is found in the voices. She was a noble-looking girl in the midst of her poor surroundings. Good heavens! it is the very same face."

Marcella had risen, and now lifted her eyes to his face. The same scene—that strange midnight scene, the open closet-door, the moonlight shining into the crazy old room, the shadow of a crime, on the threshold, the echo of pursuit at the door, all were present in both their minds at the moment as she rose and stood before him, and their eyes met.

"The very girl! Oh, no, I must be losing my senses. I have startled her with my stare. The sordid gown, the pathetic face, are safe in the Liberties. This delicate maiden in her white frock



never perhaps heard of such a quarter. But the likeness accounts for the curious impression she has made on me."

Marcella saw the change in his face and knew that so far she had escaped detection. The power of circumstance was strong to conceal her identity. She breathed more freely, and a smile came back to her face.

"I have lived so quietly in Dublin," she said, "that I am perfectly new to everybody here. This is my very first appearance in society."

But here Mrs. O'Kelly's voice was heard at her side.

"I want my young lady. She is not accustomed to late hours and I am going to take her home. A young woman who is not out yet, and has still to learn to dance, has no excuse for staying late at a ball. Good-night, Bryan; I am not going to ask you to come to see me till you have given up your evil ways, you Fenian! By the way, I hope you are very proud of the last piece of work of your party? Poor Gerald Ffont! it was within these very walls I met him last, and he then said a great deal to me about the wickedness of the people which I think has been well proved by his murder."

A deep shade crossed Kilmartin's face, but he made no attempt to reply to the old lady's reproaches.

"May I see you down stairs and get you your cloak?" he said, gravely.

"No, thank you, I don't think you need. A gentleman is waiting outside to look after us. Come, Marcella!"

Marcella gave her hand frankly to Kilmartin with a friendly look, and followed her patroness, who lectured her all the way home about Bryan Kilmartin, rather for the satisfaction of saying some things that were in her mind against the man than because she thought it necessary for the girl to hear them.

"I don't wish you, my dear, to take too much notice of this Mr. Kilmartin. In fact he is rather a thorn in my side, seeing that I have known his people always and was once very fond of himself. He was as nice and promising a lad as ever I knew till he began to take an interest in the Fenian question. That is a good many years ago now, for Bryan is thirty years of age; but a University training at Cambridge, and subsequent experiences have not, evidently, trained the sympathy with Fenianism out of him. He has lately been siding with the low malcontents in the country in a manner which has turned all my affection for him to bitterness. How his poor mother bears it I am sure I do not

know, for I seldom see her now, as she never shows her face in society, being an invalid, doubtless in consequence of the wrong-headedness of her son. What brought him to the ball to-night I cannot think, as he has quite dropped out of society through his extraordinary proclivities. And such a promising young man as that was, full of brave aspirations and noble ideas on every subject, the sort of young man who would have gone to battle to free slaves, or would have kept that bridge long ago like the three what-do-ye-call-thems in the history of Greece—would have leda forlorn hope anywhere if you only gave him a good enough cause. And now to have mixed himself up with low people, to have reduced his rents so far as to cast reproach on the old friends of his family, to beggar himself in the effort to keep the peasants from emigrating, to have lost all ideas of the duties of his caste——”

Here Mrs. O'Kelly's brougham pulled up suddenly at her door, and the stream of her eloquence received a temporary check.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

MURPHY opened the hall-door with a sleepy and aggrieved countenance.

“There's a woman here with a message for you, ma'am, 's been sittin' in the hall these two hours. I couldn't have put her out, barrin' I called in the policeman; an' I didn't exactly like to do that, as she looks a dacent sort of body.”

A messenger at one o'clock in the morning! Marcella knew by instinct that the message was for her.

Mrs. O'Kelly divined the same, and sent Murphy away, and pushed her *débütante* into the library while she spoke to the woman, who had risen from the hall-chair and fixed her eyes on Marcella, who quickly reappeared.

“Mrs. O'Kelly, I know this woman. Something is wrong with my father.”

“Your father is dying,” said the woman, “and he's callin' for you. He's been ill these four days, and wouldn't tell us where to look for you. I knowed that grandeur couldn't change ye that much, Marcella, but what you'd want to see him. I ask your pardon, Miss, but I don't know how to speak to you rightly in that beautiful dress.”

Marcella was already putting off her necklace and bracelets and throwing them on the hall-table.

"Get a cab at once," she said, "and I will change my dress in a moment and go with you. Oh, my poor father, why was I so selfish as to leave you?"

"Marcella, are you quite mad? After all the trouble I have taken to conceal your connexion with low people to think of running out like this to them in the middle of the night! You shall not do it. These people always exaggerate. It will be quite time enough in the morning, when you go out naturally as a young lady should, and no one need know where you are going."

But Marcella had not waited to hear the last of these rapidly uttered words, but had flown to the top of the house, and was down again, clothed in a dark dress, before her patroness had time to realise what she was doing.

"Marcella, I am shocked and disappointed in you. If you quit this house at such an hour, remember you never come back to it."

"Oh, why did I leave him? Why did I ever leave him?" moaned the girl, unfastening the door with her trembling hands. "Come, Mrs. Casey. Oh, Mrs. O'Kelly, don't be angry. I am not ungrateful—but my father——"

The humble messenger stood up and courtesied to the angry lady, and the next moment Mrs. O'Kelly stood alone in the hall in a passion of outraged and injured dignity.

In the meantime Marcella, all her finery vanished, was flying through the streets at a pace with which her companion could hardly keep up. There were no cabs to be seen, and if there had been she had no money. The ill-kept, ill-lighted streets of the Liberties had never looked so dismal as now, their squalor and misery seemed more appalling to Marcella than they had ever seemed before. Arrived at the old house at last, she flung herself on her knees at her father's bedside.

"Whisht, Marcella! Sure I wouldn't have sent for you, darlin', only I haven't many hours to live. When I first took sick, I wanted you, but I said, says I, you mustn't be intherferin' wid the crature's good fortune, Michael Grace. Sure who will look after her when you're gone if you anger the lady that's good to her? An' when I felt I was goin' to die, I seen everything so different from what it was before. Sure your mother was a lady, Marcella, and the Lord made you to live among ladies, and He sent one of them afther you to take you to your natural place. An' what would the quality be doin' wid me in their way—nothin' "

but a big blundherin' crature that would be disgracin' you? And sure, my darlin', I'm goin' to heaven to get a sight o' your mother, though God knows it's the angels she'll be keepin' company with an' not with the likes o' me. Well, well, sure Himself will find a little place for Michael somewhere, for they say heaven's very big and there's a corner there for everybody that the Lord Jesus took thought of when He died. And more betoken, Father O'Reilly tould me yesterday that the Lord was thinkin' o' *me* on the cross when He died. Did you ever hear the like o' that, Marcella? Of coorse I ought ha' knowed it, but it niver came home to me rightly the way it does now. I seem to see a meanin' in it an' a raison for it; for sure what 'd become of me a stranger, pushed suddenly out into the other world if I hadn't a friend there to be providin' for me?"

The dispensary doctor shook his head when questioned by Marcella. The old man was older than she had thought, and had long been breaking up. He was dying now as fast as he could of rapid disease of the heart.

Days passed over, and Marcella, completely devoted to the task of soothing his last hours, thought of nothing, remembered nothing but the fast-fleeting presence of this affectionate father, the only and tender, if rugged companion of her childhood and youth, the one creature to whom she really belonged in the world. No message came from Mrs. O'Kelly, and Marcella was obliged to the kindness of her poor neighbours for such little assistance as she could not do without. At last the supreme moment came, and he expired in her arms, blessing her

And the desolate girl, having followed him to the grave, sat in the dreary old house, dismayed and alone.

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## TWO WAYFARERS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

ONE with a sudden cry  
 Crieth: "O Lord! and whence is this to me  
 That in my daily pathway I should see  
     Even Thee, Lord, coming nigh,  
     With thy still face and fair,  
 And the divine deep sorrow in thine eyes,  
 And thy eternal arms stretched loving-wise  
     As on the Cross they were?"

"If I had only known  
How I should meet Thee this day face to face,  
I had made all my life a praying-place  
For this hour's sake alone :  
Now I am poor indeed.  
I who have gathered all things most forlorn,  
Pale earthly loves, and roses wan with thorn ;—  
See how my weak hands bleed !"

ONE bendeth low, and saith :  
"Lo ! my hands bleed likewise, and I am God.  
Come, heart of mine ! wilt tread the path I trod,  
The desert way of death ?  
Come, bleeding hands ! and take  
My thorns that bring new toil and weariness,  
Days of gray pain, and nights of sore distress.  
Come ! for my great love's sake.

"Yet if thou fearest to come,  
Speak ! I can give thee fairest earthly things,  
Love, and sweet peace in shelter of love's wings,  
By pleasant paths of home ;  
And thou wilt still be mine.  
Choose thou thy path ! My way is dark, I know,  
Yet through the moaning wind and rain and snow  
My feet should go with thine."

One groweth wan and gray,  
Dieth a space the trembling heart in him,  
Then he doth lift his weary eyes and dim,  
With ashen lips doth say :  
"With Thee the desert sands !  
How could I turn from Thee, Thou flower of Pain !  
Or trouble Thee with weepings loud and vain  
And wringing of the hands ?

"If the rose were my share,  
And thine the thorn, how could I lift mine eyes  
One day, in gold-green fields of Paradise,  
To thine eyes dreamy fair  
That muse on Calvary ?  
Under the sad straight brows thy gaze would say :  
'Now, heart ! in what dark hour of night or day  
Hast thou kept watch with me ?'"

## AN IRISHWOMAN IN DISGUISE.

BY A. F. NORTH.

## PART II.

THE voyage across the Atlantic was tedious in those days, and it was not until November had set in that she landed in New York, expecting to be met by her husband, or at least by some friendly deputy. No one was there, however; no letter even gave token that her coming had been looked for. Knowing nothing of routes or methods of travel, and unwilling probably to force herself upon her husband until her welcome was more assured, Mrs. Jameson took up her abode at a hotel in New York, there to await the answer to a letter she had sent to Toronto asking for further directions. Happily her writings were known in New York, and she found there many and kind friends, who did their best to make her stay pleasant, and to alleviate the home-sickness and depression caused by her very unpleasant position in a strange land. After three weeks' waiting Mr. Jameson's letter came, and in spite of the expostulations of her new friends, who assured her that she had chosen the worst possible season for her journey, she proceeded up the Hudson river in a steamboat, the prow of which was armed with sharp iron for the purpose of cutting its way through the ice which blocked up the river. The boat could not proceed beyond Hudson, and the journey thence to Queenstown, near Niagara occupied six days and nights. By a lucky chance a steamboat, the last of the season, was still found on Lake Ontario, and in this Mrs. Jameson proceeded to Toronto, arriving there on a cold, damp day, just as a snow-storm was beginning to fall. She found no one to meet her here either, the neglect being more excusable now than on the previous occasion, the arrival of the steamer being accidental and unexpected, and she had to proceed on foot, through dreary, muddy streets, and under falling sleet to her new home.

There appears to have been nothing in her husband's reception of her to compensate for the external discomfort. The impression thus received of Toronto was never entirely effaced, and in spite of brave efforts to rouse herself, and to make the best of her life in the strange new land, Canada always appeared to her as a place of exile. Her winter's experience showed her the futility of her

expectations of any real union with her husband, and before the summer had come, to transform the frozen land with its sudden outburst of life, and warmth, and beauty, Mrs. Jameson had taken her resolution, and the arrangements for her final separation from her husband were in progress. Mr. Jameson, who had been Attorney-General when his wife joined him, had now risen to the rank of Chancellor of the province. This promotion necessitated a change of residence: Mrs. Jameson remained until this had been effected, and even attended in the semi-official manner proper to the wife of a dignitary, at the prorogation of Parliament. She devoted two months to a tour through Canada and the Indian settlements, on the borders of the lakes, leaving Toronto for good apparently in September. She then spent some time in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, and at Stockbridge in New England, with Miss Sedgwick the American writer, who was thenceforth enrolled among the number of her friends and correspondents. She also visited her old friend, Fanny Kemble, now Mrs. Butler, at Philadelphia, and spent a fortnight in Boston, which city she says, pleases her best of all the places she has seen in "this wide land."

Early in 1838, the legal arrangements with her husband being satisfactorily concluded, she sailed for England, arriving there on the first of March. She found her father, concerning whose state of health she had been in much uneasiness, still living, although declining gradually, and the consciousness that her mother and unmarried sisters were in a great measure dependent on her, acted as a spur to her energies and prevented her yielding to the lassitude and depression consequent on the hardships and anxieties of the past year. She had brought with her from Canada a diary of her life, studies, and travels in that country, and her first occupation when she found herself again established in her sister's house, was to put these notes into shape for publication. This book, under the title of "*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles*," appeared in the autumn of the same year, and was favourably received both in England and America. It offers a striking contrast to the volumes of "*Visits and Sketches*;" its scene is chiefly laid, not in the literary and artistic capitals of Europe, but along the shores of the great North American lakes; while the new friends that she makes are no longer poets and sculptors, but settlers, Protestant missionaries, with their half-caste wives, and sometimes even, pure blooded Indians. Her unfailing cheerfulness never shows more plainly than in her account of this journey; she never attempts to disguise its discomforts, made as it was, sometimes in stage-coaches, "heavy,

lumbering vehicles, well calculated to live in roads where any decent carriage must needs founder ; " sometimes in any other cart or waggon that could be pressed into her service ; sometimes in the steamers plying on the lakes ; and more than once, as in the journey to and from the Sault Ste Marie, in an open boat, or birch-bark canoe, rowed by voyageurs ; but she is never grumbling or discontented, and evidently considers the hardships she endures a small price to pay for enlarged interests and experience. Her descriptions of the Indians and their ways of life are extremely graphic, and she speaks with warm gratitude of the kindness she received from one of the women, the widow of an Irish fur-trader named Johnston, who appeared to unite in her own person some of the better characteristics of Indian and civilised life. Mrs. Jameson considers that the squaws, hard as their lives are, are relatively in a better position than the women of European countries. Indeed, if she has not been misinformed, and if we may rely on her statements concerning an Indian woman's absolute authority within the walls of her own wigwam, and undisputed possession of her children, in case of divorce or separation, the proposition, strange as it may sound, is incontrovertible.

The state of her father's health was for some years a source of considerable anxiety to Mrs. Jameson, and prevented her leaving England for more than a few weeks at a time. After the publication of " Winter Studies and Summer Rambles " she employed herself in translating the dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony, and in 1841, appeared her first contribution to art literature, in the shape of a guide to the various private collections in London. Although she received every assistance from the owners of these galleries, the work was a laborious one, requiring much accuracy and research. It was followed by a series of articles on the early Italian painters which first appeared in the Penny Magazine, and were afterwards collected into a volume. This book subsequently went through three editions, and was translated into French by M. Ferdinand Labour. The Companion to the Private Galleries was followed, in 1842, by a Handbook to the Public Galleries, and simultaneously with these, the studies necessary for the more important book which Mrs. Jameson considered the chief work of her life were being carried on. She spent the autumn of 1841 in Paris, studying in the Louvre, and deriving much enjoyment from her intercourse with French artists and art-critics. She returned to London for Christmas, and in the spring following her father died, leaving her mother and two of her sisters altogether depen-



dent on Mrs. Jameson. This caused a still further postponement of her plans; the house at Notting Hill which Mr. Murphy's family had occupied for some time, was changed for a smaller one at Ealing, which house Mrs. Jameson continued to make her headquarters for some time. It possessed the, to her, great advantage of being not far distant from Fordhook, the residence of Lady Byron, her friendship and affection for whom increased day by day. This constant intercourse with her friend formed at this time the chief charm of her laborious, self-denying life. She also found a new friend in Miss Barrett, whose acquaintance she accidentally made, and a widening sphere of usefulness in the interest she began to take in social questions, notably, as might have been expected, in those relating to the welfare of women and children. But the work on sacred and legendary art was still the work nearest to her heart, holding its ground in spite of many obstacles—obstacles which were not overcome until the August of 1845, when she set out for Germany *en route* for Italy. She remained for six weeks in Germany, devoting a great part of that time to Madame von Goethe, who had lately lost her only daughter, a promising girl of seventeen. She also visited her friends, Major and Mrs. Noel, who were then resident in Bohemia, and finally penetrated as far into Northern Italy as Cremona. On her return to London, she writes to her friend Miss Sedgwick, that the *Essays on Sacred and Legendary Art* are in progress, those on the Apostles, Evangelists, and Fathers of the Church being already completed. In the spring of 1846 appeared another volume of collected papers, three of them being on the social position of women; and some essays selected from the forthcoming volume of "*Sacred and Legendary Art*," appeared as a tentative experiment in the columns of the *Athenæum*. The success which they met with smoothed the way for the publication of the complete work, and the negotiations with Messrs Longman soon came to a satisfactory conclusion. The completion of the work, with its numerous illustrations, necessitated a second visit to Italy, and Mrs. Jameson accordingly set out, in the autumn of 1846, accompanied by her niece and future biographer, Gerardine Bate, to whom she was anxious to give the advantage of a prolonged residence abroad.

Their first resting-place was Paris, where they were soon joined by Mr. and Mrs. Browning, whose hurried marriage had taken all their friends by surprise. Just before her departure from London, Mrs. Jameson had received a note from Miss Barrett, excusing herself for not coming to say farewell to her friend, as she was

unable to leave her sofa. And now the invalid was a bride on her wedding tour. Much astonished, Mrs. Jameson went to see the newly-married pair, and soon persuaded them to take up their abode in the *pension* where she and her niece were staying—a companionship which was prolonged by all four travelling together as far as Pisa. Mrs. Macpherson, although effacing herself as far as possible in her aunt's biography, cannot resist recording some of her own recollections of the journey, and her wonder and delight at seeing Italy for the first time in such companionship. The circumstances were certainly such as were likely to make an impression on an enthusiastic girl of sixteen. We can easily believe that Gerardine herself was not the least interesting figure in the little group, and we are tempted to regret the reticence she practises in all that concerns merely herself. She was her aunt's inseparable companion and assistant, working diligently under her direction at the drawings and tracings required for the book. After three months' study in the Campo Santo and other art treasuries of Pisa, Mrs. Jameson and Gerardine took leave of the Brownings and went on to Florence, where they found many old, and some new friends. There they worked diligently for two months, at the end of which time the news reached Mrs. Jameson that her friend Ottilie von Goethe had arrived in Rome, in company with her invalid son. The attraction was not to be resisted; Mrs. Jameson straightway abandoned Florence, and hastened to join her friend in Rome. It was twenty-three years since she had been there, yet thanks to her own vivid recollections, and to the conservative spirit dominant in the Eternal City, she did not feel herself a stranger. Changes were beginning, however; it was the first year of the Pontificate of Pius IX., and great were the hopes entertained for the future of Rome under a Pope holding views apparently more advanced than those of his predecessors. The city was crowded with foreign visitors, many of them distinguished ones, and Mrs. Jameson's apartment in the Piazza di Spagna, soon became a rendezvous for such of them as were interested in literary or artistic subjects. John Gibson the sculptor, Overbeck, the Rev. Francis Mahony, (Father Prout), Mr. and Mrs. Cobden, and of course Madame von Goethe, were among the *habitues* of those pleasant Sunday evening reunions, descriptions of which found their way into some of the English newspapers, most probably through the reverend correspondent of the *Daily News*. And among the guests of less note, who were, we may be sure, no less hospitably welcomed than the celebrities, came one who was to be

the cause of yet another reversal of Mrs. Jameson's plans, and of what may be counted one of the disappointments of her life. This was Robert Macpherson, a young artist of good Highland family, who was then working in Rome. He and Mrs. Jameson's niece Gerardine, fell in love almost at first sight, and although there is little said on the subject in the memoir, we gather that it was this attachment that caused Mrs. Jameson's return to England so much sooner than she had intended. Mrs. Macpherson speaks of her own marriage with a strange sort of remorse for the disappointment it had caused her aunt, who naturally looked forward to the girl's companionship for some years to come. There was opposition to the engagement, finally overcome by the young people's constancy, and they were married in England in September, 1849. Mrs. Macpherson's own story, as told in Mrs. Oliphant's preface to the memoir, is not without interest, particularly the account of her efforts to maintain her four children after her husband's death. She seems to have inherited her aunt's brave, uncomplaining spirit, and was certainly well fitted, by sympathy with its subject, to undertake the biography which she did not live to see through the press.

Although Mrs. Jameson's residence abroad terminated thus abruptly, the illustrations for the *Legends of the Saints and Martyrs*, the first volume of the series on Sacred and Legendary Art, were in a sufficiently advanced state to allow of their being completed in England, and the work appeared in the autumn of 1848. Neither in this book nor in the subsequent volumes of the series does Mrs. Jameson aspire to the rank of an art critic; the various paintings described are classified according to their subjects and not according to the schools of painting which they represent; and her object is to aid in a better understanding of the pictures, by relating the various legends and traditions of the saints and angels, and explaining their symbols and attributes.

Sara Coleridge, in one of her charming letters, predicts that this book will not please the religiously minded of every denomination; Catholics objecting to the author's manner of treating many of the legends as myths, while zealous Protestants, on the other hand, will equally dislike the toleration shown to what they consider superstitious. Mrs. Coleridge in this criticism falls into the common error of supposing that Catholics accept these fanciful legends as facts instead of myths and allegories. Mr. Ruskin holds that "a lovely legend is all the more precious when it has no foundation," meaning that it is all the more valuable as an embodiment of the faith of a particular race or epoch, that it would be as a

mere statement of facts. He is speaking of purely historical legends, containing no element of the supernatural, but his words may be accepted with certain reservations, as true of the religious legends which in so many instances, contain in a crystallised form, the faith and hope of our mediæval forefathers.

Mrs. Jameson's volumes on Sacred and Legendary Art are deservedly popular, having done much towards awakening an intelligent interest in the art of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

As soon as the irksome labour of revising the proofs was finished, Mrs. Jameson again left London, going this time to Ireland, which she had not seen since she left it, a child, in 1798. It is strange that her return to her native land, after the absence of half a century, should take place the very year in which the history of that of her departure repeated itself, although in a less sanguinary form, the struggle ending in this case with the exile instead of the death of its enthusiastic leaders. But Mrs. Jameson, although sympathising with the misery and destitution that met her at every step, took more interest, as indeed was natural, in scenery than in politics, in the doings of the Edgeworth family than in those of the Young Irishers. She visited the county Wicklow, Enniskillen, and Lough Erne; saw the sun sink into the Atlantic from the shores of Galway Bay, and penetrated as far south as Limerick and Waterford, apparently leaving Killarney unvisited.

We find her next at Brighton, perhaps by way of contrast: then with her mother at Ealing, writing the news of Gerardine's marriage to her friend Miss Sedgwick in America. Her *Legends of the Saints and Martyrs* had had a decided success, and she was now engaged on the volume relating to the Monastic Orders, the drawings and studies for which she had carried on simultaneously with the first, and which was therefore now less of a labour to prepare.

In 1851, the exertions made by her friends resulted in obtaining for her, from the then Premier, Lord John Russell, a yearly pension of £100. The news was communicated to her by Mr. Thackeray, who was one of the trustees appointed to receive the money. It was a welcome addition to her income, on account rather of her mother and sisters than herself. She was much interested in the Exhibition of 1851, and undertook the preparation of one of the guide-books to the building—the *Companion to the Court of Modern Sculpture*. The question of an article on the Crystal Palace, to be contributed by her to the *Edinburgh*

*Review*, was also under discussion, but the state of her mother's health, and the necessity for finishing the "Legends of the Madonna," compelled her to abandon her project. A good deal of her attention was at this time devoted to social questions, such as the education of the masses, and the position and employment of women. The house in Bruton-street, which she then shared with her sister, Mrs. Sherwin, was the meeting-place for many of those eager young spirits who were then beginning that advocacy of women's rights, and struggle against women's wrongs, which they were later to pursue with such success. Miss Parkes, Miss Emily Faithful, and Miss Procter were among this little group of friends of a younger generation, and the periodical of which Miss Parkes was editor, *The Englishwoman's Journal*, which did good service in its day, owed much to Mrs. Jameson's counsel and sympathy. It was at this time that Mrs. Jameson lost one of the two friends on whom she had lavished the strongest feelings of her warm heart. The origin of the rupture between her and Lady Byron was for many years shrouded in mystery almost as dense as that which still envelops Lady Byron's relations with her husband. It was not until after Mrs. Jameson's death that even the few facts now known transpired through her sister Charlotte, her sole confidante in the matter. It seems that the discovery that Mrs. Jameson was the depository of a secret concerning a member of Lady Byron's family, which had not been revealed to that lady, so incensed her that she broke off all relations with her friend of twenty years' standing; who was in her turn too proud to enter into explanations, or to make known the fact that the secret having come to her in an accidental manner, she was bound in honour not to reveal it. This estrangement, besides being in itself a bitter grief to Mrs. Jameson, led also to one with still older friends, Major Noel and his wife, her intimacy with whom she insisted on breaking off, lest she should compromise them in the eyes of their relative. So determined was her action in this matter, that after her death a letter from Mrs. Noel, pleading for a renewal of their intercourse, was found among her papers unopened.

In 1854, Mrs. Jameson's mother died—of the gradual decline of old age, and surrounded by her children; while some months later came the news of Mr. Jameson's death in Canada. This latter event could not, under the circumstances, have caused the widow any very acute grief, but it was soon found that it would have a very decided effect upon her future life. Mr. Jameson had, some time before, obtained from his wife the documents securing to her

her allowance of £300 per annum, alleging that he would thus be enabled to purchase land, on which he could secure to her, at his death, a still larger income than the one on which she resigned her claim. It was now found, however, that he had made no provision for her, and that his entire property went to a stranger. When the fact of this injustice, to call it by no harsher name, became known to Mrs. Jameson's friends, a certain number of them subscribed a sufficient sum to purchase an annuity of £100, Mrs. Procter, the originator of the plan, being deputed to convey the intelligence to Mrs. Jameson. There was some uneasiness among the conspirators lest her feelings should be hurt at this gift, but they soon found that their fears were groundless, and that the kindness was to be accepted in the spirit in which it was offered. In a letter to Mrs. Procter on the subject, Mrs. Jameson gratefully acknowledges the boon which this little sum was to her, in enabling her to secure her sisters against want.

It was at this time that she made an experiment which only failed because her health was unequal to the effort it required; she endeavoured to express some of her views on social and charitable subjects by means of lectures. One on Sisters of Charity, and one on the Communion of Labour, were delivered privately in the house of her friend Mrs. Reid, the former subsequently appearing in pamphlet form, when it reached a second edition in a few months. The physical effort was, however, found to be too great, and the plan was abandoned. Her interest in these subjects is shown by the fact that her next visit to the Continent was spent, not in her former haunts, but in Paris, studying the working of hospitals and charitable institutions. It is worthy of note that the great art critic of our own day has also devoted much of his later years to social subjects. It would seem as though the study of art, conscientiously pursued, has a tendency to lead its disciples to the study of the mysteries of human life, of which it is the exponent. The true artist must be a man of wide sympathies, and the same rule holds good of the art critic.

After a time, however, Mrs. Jameson returned to her chosen work, and going to Paris, where the Brownings and other friends were established, began the preparation of a second edition of the "Legends of the Madonna." This necessitated the transfer of some of the original illustrations to copper, and this work was executed under Mrs. Jameson's superintendence by her faithful assistant of former days, her niece, Mrs. Macpherson, who was once more associated with her in her work.

The summer and winter of 1857 were spent by Mrs. Jameson in Italy, although not in Rome. The date of a letter to Mr. Longman shows her to have been in Florence in the December of that year. We find in the Italian Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne, some passages dated from Rome, May, 1858, which describe the meeting of himself and his wife with Mrs. Jameson, as well as a drive which he took in her company to the little church of "Domine quo vadis" built in commemoration of the legendary meeting of our Lord and St. Peter; to the Basilica of San Sebastiano, and along the Appian Way, past the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Hawthorne and Mrs. Jameson do not seem to have taken to each other; his praises of her being somewhat patronising. It would seem as though she did not treat him with all the deference to which he was accustomed, and he shows his annoyance with a good deal of simplicity. "In fact," he says, "without perhaps assuming more taste and judgment than really belonged to her, it was impossible not to perceive that she gave her companions no credit for knowing one single, simplest thing about art. Nor, on the whole, do I think she underrated me; the only mystery is, how she came to be so well aware of my ignorance on artistic points." No very great mystery, surely; ignorance on such points generally manifesting itself very plainly. He says that Mrs. Jameson must have been a perfectly pretty woman in her day; a blue, or green-eyed, fair-haired beauty; her hair being now, he thinks, not white but flaxen in the extreme. As however, Fanny Kemble had formerly described her hair as reddish, the flaxen tint must have been due to a large proportion of white hairs, mixed with those of the original hue. He also says that he had expected to meet an elderly lady, but not one quite so venerable as Mrs. Jameson. He supposes her to be about seventy years of age. In point of fact, she was then but sixty-four.

It was in the winter of 1858 that Mrs. Jameson began the concluding volume of her sacred art series, the "History of our Lord and St. John the Baptist." Her health was beginning to fail; but she was anxious to complete her work, which she looked on as a sort of provision for the two sisters who were dependent on her. She left Italy in the summer, spending some time with her still faithful friend, Madame von Goethe, in or near Dresden, and arrived in London in the beginning of October. She attended the Social Science meeting at Bradford, visiting Haworth, Charlotte Brontë's home, and making the acquaintance of many persons of note. She spent the next few months, the last of her life, partly

with her sisters at Brighton, partly in London, where she passed much of her time in the British Museum, studying for the work in hand. It was in returning from the Museum, one snowy day in March, that she caught a severe cold. She herself made light of it, but Miss Parkes and Miss Procter, who called to see her, were so much alarmed at her symptoms, that they telegraphed on their own responsibility to the sisters at Brighton, who came to town at once. Before any active measures were taken, however, the disease had gone too far to be arrested, and in less than a week she was dead. She was delirious for some time before her death, and her wanderings were chiefly on subjects connected with her book—surely a fitting theme for the meditations of a parting soul.

Her unfinished work was taken up by Lady Eastlake, and finally given to the world in a somewhat different form from that planned by its originator. It now forms the fifth and sixth volumes of the series on Sacred and Legendary Art.

Such is the history of Anna Jameson's sixty years of life: a life marred in its chief relation, and made bright for herself and serviceable to others by her own unfailing courage and energy. She never posed as a martyr, or made capital, social or otherwise, out of the troubles of her married life; she bore them with dignified reticence, finding compensation in the affection of her own family and of her chosen friends, and turning her freedom and leisure to the best account by her artistic and literary labours. She was essentially a woman; giving her best thoughts to the service of women, and looking chiefly to their sympathy for happiness and comfort. That she was not thoroughly an Irishwoman is due rather to circumstances than to choice. Her best qualities are distinctively Irish, and her sympathy with her country is shown by many a chance word and phrase scattered through her writings. In one letter, dated December, 1843, she says, speaking of the Repeal agitation, "And then the moral courage which the people have shown, their self-denial—admirable, generous people! I am really proud of my countrymen. Miserable, ignorant, ragged though they be, they are the only people in Europe now who are acting simultaneously on a high principle; among whom poetry is not a thing of words, but of act and deed." And again in March, 1846: "The new policy with regard to Ireland is also of deepest interest to me, an Irishwoman, though I abhor this proposed *Coercion* Bill of Lord St. Germain's, and pray against it with all my heart."

This claim which she herself makes should not be disallowed by her countrymen.



## JOHNNY'S GIFT.

BY MRS. F. PENTRILL, AUTHOR OF "LINA'S TALES."

"**L**ITTLE children, love one another." How many centuries have passed since the disciple whom Jesus loved uttered these beautiful words ! He was never tired of saying them ; over and over again did he repeat them to his disciples ; for he was old, and wise, and near death, and he knew that in their practice would be the safeguard and happiness of those he was leaving behind him on earth.

"Little children, love one another." Johnny had heard the words for the first time that day, and they echoed in his heart with all the strength of a personal appeal, for he was a little child, longing to show kindness and love to other little children, yet without a brother, or sister, or cousin even, on whom to bestow the outpourings of his loving heart. What, then, could he do to carry out dear St. John's favourite precept ?

Suddenly he remembered his mother reading to him the *Annals of the Holy Childhood* ; reading how there were thousands and thousands of poor little heathen children left to die on the roads and by the river sides ; nay, how sometimes, in poverty or heartlessness, their own parents killed them ; reading how there were plenty of missionaries and nuns eager to go forth and save the little helpless creatures, but that money was wanted to enable them to do so, and that the children of happier lands ought to do all in their power to help the good work.

Johnny sat by the fire in his cozy nursery and glanced at the picture-covered walls, at the toys scattered about, at all the pretty things that made his life so pleasant ; but these could be of no use to those far-off little brothers and sisters, and there was no money—no, not a penny—left in his purse. Stay—to-morrow would be Christmas Day, and his grandfather always gave him half a sovereign on that auspicious morning. The Holy Childhood should have it all—yes, all.

Johnny's heart throbbed with pleasure as he made this resolution ; the flames of the fire danced up and down, as if they took part in his joy ; the very faces on the walls seemed to smile at him ; everything had a new brightness and pleasantness, and, his mother coming in at that moment, he dashed up to her, crying :

"Oh, mamma! mamma! the poor little pagan children! Grand-papa's ten shillings!—let me send it all."

Johnny's mamma was rather confused by his eager words, and he had to explain.

"You know, mamma, that grandpapa always gives me half a sovereign on Christmas Day, and generally I spend it on toys and bon-bons. Well, this year I wish to give it all to the Holy Childhood."

But Johnny's mamma did not wish him to act in haste, and repent afterwards. "Consider," she said, "that if you give this money away you will have no more for some time, and when you wish to buy things, you will have to do without them."

"I have considered," said Johnny, "and I will do without the things."

"If you gave half," continued his mamma, "that would still be a good work, and you would have something left for yourself."

"Ah! but that would only do half the good," said Johnny. "No, no, mamma, it must all be given to those poor little children."

Then Johnny's mamma kissed him, feeling, I think, very proud and glad, though she said: "Well, my boy, you can give me the money to-morrow, if you wish it, but remember you can still change your mind."

The morrow came, and with it the expected ten shillings. Johnny would not rest till he had seen a letter written, enclosing his offering; then he went to Mass with a joyous heart, and listened while the preacher spoke of the shepherds who came to the Crib, bringing their simple gifts, and of the kings, who forsook their wealth and pleasures to follow the star that led to Bethlehem. Never before had Johnny been so happy as on that Christmas Day, for he too had done something to prove his love for the little Infant Jesus.

Johnny is still alive, and is, I trust, well and happy, for this did not happen long ago, or in a foreign land: on the contrary, it was only last Christmas twelvemonth, and in Dublin.

So you see, Johnny is the fellow-townsmen, or rather fellow-townboy, of many of you, my little readers. Perhaps you have met him; perhaps he may even be the friend of some of you, and, in any case, I hope he will be a model to you all. A plaything, a little pleasure, a cake, it does not seem much of which to deprive oneself, and yet what may it not mean to those poor heathen children, who are dying, soul and body, for want of hands to save them?

THE TRINITY IN THE TAPER.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

**L**O! the while the candle burns  
On the altar fair to see,  
To a type the taper turns  
Of the Blessed Trinity.

In the virgin wax we view  
God the Father, God Creator :  
In the wick the God-Man true,  
Saviour, Lord, and Mediator.

From the wax the wick proceeds ;  
From the Father, living Might,  
God the Son, the Word proceeds,  
Wisdom, perfect, infinite.

From the wax and wick together,  
Flows the flame—procession meet!  
From the glorious Son and Father,  
Love proceeds, the Paraclete.

So, the while the candle burns  
On the altar fair to see,—  
In the taper Faith discerns  
Symbols of the Trinity.

Three in One : oh ! hark, and hear it !  
Wax and wick and flame decay,  
But the Father, Son, and Spirit  
Live adored and loved for aye !

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## NOTES OF A SHORT TRIP TO SPAIN.

BY JOHN FALLON.

PART V.—VISIT TO GRANADA (*Concluded.*)

AGAIN I start in the early morning, on this my second day, and take the hotel courier as a guide, to economise time. We first proceed on foot to the glorious cathedral.

Like that of Seville, it is built on the site of the principal mosque of the town, but of the Moorish work nothing apparently was utilised or spared. In point of length, width, and height, this cathedral ranks amongst the first in Europe. In ground plan it is quite Gothic, with nave and double aisles complete, except that its transepts do not project: in other words, it is not cruciform. On the other hand, its eastern end is the most beautiful semicircular "chevêt" imaginable, the very ideal of what a Gothic ought to be; and the "cimborio," or lantern, rises to an immense height, exactly over the grand altar. With its double circle of tall supporting pillars, it does duty as a baldachino, probably the grandest in the world.

Having said this much, I should add that this Cathedral was begun, and mainly built, in the days of Charles V., during the full burst of the renaissance; so that all the details of plinth, and capital, and cornice are Greco-Roman, and the arches and vaultings are circular, instead of pointed. It is on record that, at least once, the work was stopped, "*por no ser Gótica* (for not being Gothic), which shows the struggle between the expiring style and the new, and special permission had to be procured to let the building proceed.\*

Disciples of Gilbert Scott and Street will call it pagan! If it be, the same charge lies against St. Peter's of Rome and the older basilicas; against St. Eustache, and St. Roch, and St. Sulpice of Paris, and against our own Sligo Cathedral. In fact, it is Romanesque revived, built upon Gothic lines, when Gothic tastes were expiring, but not yet dead; and this interesting historical fact can be traced in every stone.

\* Strange, that while Gothic architecture was being banished from here, it was still triumphant in Segovia and Salamanca.

This cathedral, like so many others, has felt the influence of the whitewashing age, and the result, to superficial observers, robs it of all its charm. But this blemish is being removed. If the noble pile be let clothe itself with the sober hues of time; or, better still, if it be flooded with the prismatic tints of true stained glass I know not the church that it will not vie with for beauty.

The principal painter here is Alonso Caño, a great artist, and a contemporary of Murillo. But his pictures, like Murillo's at Seville, are hung in false lights, or in side chapels, where people are praying; so you will not, I hope, expect from me a description of them.

As at Seville, also, we have here a "a gate of pardon," but, of course, no "court of oranges." The gate is an elaborate affair of renaissance architecture, leading straight into the north transept; and, directly opposite, on the south side, is the entrance to the "Capilla de los reyes," a mortuary chapel of unique interest, for it contains the tombs, and in its crypts lie the remains of Isabella and Ferdinand, of Queen Johanna and Archduke Philip!

Perhaps the finest wrought-iron gate in the world encloses this chapel. To see such gates one must come to Andalusia. Shutting off patio and chapel alike, they represent an art now almost forgotten, surviving only in a diminutive form, in humble workshops hidden away in dark and narrow lanes. There you can see the blow-pipe and hammer still at work, fashioning the obdurate iron into forms of strange beauty, graceful and fairy-like as the work of angels. Such you see it here, in a portal fit for giants, and thus you enter the mortuary house of royalty.

Isabella died in 1504, and her remains lay in the vaults of the Alhambra till Ferdinand's death in 1516, and for a year afterwards: in fact till this chapel was fit to receive them. Philip the Handsome died in 1506; and his widow, Queen Johanna, disconsolate and absolutely crazed with grief, started in midwinter, by night stages, to have him laid beside her mother. Visitors to the Paris Exhibition of 1878 will probably remember Madrasso's picture of the widowed queen proceeding on this wild journey, her jealous eyes glimmering in the flickering light of the torches. She was induced to halt at Tordesillas, far away in Old Castille, and *during forty-seven long years* she nursed her silent sorrow, keeping watch and ward over her husband's coffin, till merciful death knocked at her door, and then both were removed here.

Of all the recumbent effigies that I have seen, none ever struck me like that of Queen Isabella. Sculptured in Carrara marble,

the calm, serene face brings out the ideal of the Christian woman, who sanctified each relation of public and private life, while adorning a throne, and conquered at the same time the everlasting gratitude of her subjects and the admiration of the world.\*

Quite near to this chapel of royalty, and equally adjoining the southern side of the cathedral, is the "sagrario," a parish church complete in itself, dark and solemn, fitting resting-place of sainted archbishops and proud alcaldes of the city. A sort of floating tradition fixes this "sagrario" as having been for a time the pro-Cathedral of Granada, next after the small chamber in the court of lions; but this is a mere mistake, as Contreras has shown. The archiepiscopal chair moved from the court of lions to the principal mosque of the Alhambra, and thence to the cathedral: it never stood here.

In the short passage between the Royal Chapel and the "sagrario" is the mural monument and grave of Hernando del Pulgar, "el de las Hazañas" (he of the exploits)!

The crowning exploit which won him the unique honour of being buried here is briefly told:—

It was in the eighth year of the siege. The city was beginning at length to be closely invested on all sides, and famine was looming in the near future.

The Catholic monarchs, with time thus enlisted on their side, had issued a strict edict prohibiting any more of those exhibitions of individual valour which displayed the equal prowess of Moor and Christian, but were no longer the game for the besiegers. And so the Moorish warriors, to force a quarrel, came with their taunts and their challenges up to the very camp of the Spanish knights; and one, more daring than the rest, put his charger at the entrenchment, cleared it, and riding right up to the royal pavilion, hurled a javelin at it, with a label attached, which contained an insult to the queen. That man's name was Tarfé, and he lived to regain his side, at full speed, before a single Christian lance could roll him in the dust.

Then up rose Hernando del Pulgar. He, with a chosen few, obtained the coveted and exceptional permission to return the compliment, and the knightly way he did it was this:

At dead of night, when the Moorish patrols were returning from their rounds, he, with his few companions, burst through the

\* Even the inspired Shakespeare, all English as he was, could not refrain from canonising her "The queen of earthly queens!"

town gates, and dashing up the narrow streets, planted his dagger here, in this very spot, which was then the porch of the Great Mosque of Granada. To the dagger was attached the "Ave Maria," written on parchment, and from it was also suspended a lighted taper. And he and his friends returned in safety.

Next day out came Tarfé again, with the "Ave Maria" dangling from his horse's tail. Hernando del Pulgar was not at hand, to "maintain the achievement" of the night before: in plain English, he was out foraging. But one of his young companions, Garcilasso de la Vega, got leave to fight the Moor, and "at him" he went, with courtly formality, all his brave blood boiling in his heart. Poetic justice and historic truth combine in telling that after a life-and-death struggle the young Christian knight rose victorious, with the "Ave Maria" rescued from the dying grasp of the Moor, and this ending doubly endears the remembrance of Pulgar's exploit to Spanish pride.

This incident is familiar to readers of Washington Irving; but I confess to a feeling of delightful surprise at finding the monument here, exactly where the gate of the old mosque stood: and the epitaph over Pulgar's grave records that it is the place "donde con los suyos posesión tomó . . . año 1490." (Where with his comrades he took possession, in the year 1490.) Which means two full years before the final capitulation! . . . So well may he rest, in the scene of his glory.

Taking a carriage, in the shape of a small open phaeton, drawn by a pair of long-tailed Andalusian ponies, I went about exploring the squares and open places, the old streets and suburbs. Already one could observe preparations for the great festival of the day after the morrow, in the shape of Venetian masts, gay bunting, and festoons of evergreens. The guide, with keen eye to commission profits, brought me into several shops, by way of showing me "*articles de Grenade*:" they consist chiefly of crewel-stitched embroidery, representing arabesques of fantastic design, apparently in a style handed down from the Moorish days: but, as for purchasing, I fear he found me obdurate as a stone.

You will not, I trust, expect description of a town a million times described, especially as I am merely re-writing from notes taken without the faintest idea of publicity. In this day's rambles I saw a genuine scimitar of Boabdil el Chico, with its scabbard of damascened gold: it is to be seen at the town house of Count Palavicini, Marquis of Compotejâr, lineal descendant of Sidi Yahya,

where I went to obtain a card of admission for the Generalifé this evening.\*

Often, as we went about, I alighted, to scramble up the steep and narrow lanes—so narrow, that I could span them from side to side with outstretched arms—so steep, that the ascent was by flights of steps, hewn of solid stone.

Four centuries ago the now tottering mansions that form these narrow streets were teeming with a dense mass of brave, warm-blooded Moors, the aristocracy of many a noble eastern race, crowded here from various parts of the kingdom, as the iron belt of war tightened in, and sternly retaining all their noble fanaticism and undaunted courage to the last.

You enter the silent patios self-invited, and note the small colonnades of marble and precious stucco, now encrusted with white-wash and heavily laden with the dust of ages; and you observe many a tiny fountain, where formerly the waters danced and murmured, now dry and filled with cobwebs, clear tokens of desertion and neglect. These quarters, formerly crowded by the rich and gay, are now less than half-tenanted, and only by families of the poorest class, like the ambitious pre-Union houses of Dublin, now let in "tenements."

There is a truly Oriental bazaar here, although not ancient, for I believe it was rebuilt after a fire within living memory. The shop-fronts are altogether open to the streets, merely supported by slender marble shafts. The streets themselves are the narrowest of the narrow, and screened from the sun by awning, stretched from side to side. The siesta hour had crept on before I reached this quarter, called the "Zacatin," so now all seemed asleep. Not a buyer was on foot, not a seller pressed his wares on you; silence reigned supreme. It seemed strange to me, in the midst of a city of seventy or eighty thousand inhabitants, with its university, &c., to find myself rambling in broad daylight in a labyrinth of lanes almost as silent and lifeless as Pompeii. Sleep is a mighty spell, and a far-spreading one; for, as I went out into the broader streets, I found them, like the bazaar, deserted and still, as if the inhabitants were all gone to another world.

Nothing to dispel the illusion but files of tall gray (or small black) donkeys, with fringed trappings, and muzzles of network, laden with baskets carrying all sorts of things, from fresh vege-

\* Sidi Yahya became a Christian and a grandee, after helping the Spaniards to gain the town. Of course Moorish chroniclers never speak of him without execrations.



tables to old bricks; and files of large smooth-haired goats—brown, black, piebald and magpie—driven from door to door to keep the fair Grenadines in “*leche de cabra*,” and muzzled, like the donkeys, to obviate a natural charge on the luscious piles of oranges, tomatos, and leeks displayed in tempting profusion along the street sides.

A thing I observed—not, I trust, beneath the dignity of my humble story to record—the savoury way in which the wine merchants of the people store their black wine: not in barrels, but in pigskins, hung from the side walls of their cellars, each pigskin still retaining the legs and neck of the original animal, and smeared, I believe, internally with tar or pitch to make it tight! No wonder the people are abstemious, with such a “bouquet” added to their grape-juice.

At length I leave the town and drive out to visit the gipsies on the Monte Sagro. The road is a steep ascent, somewhat precipitous on the right hand side, and the curious thing is that for this ascent (as for several others round the town) you have to pay extra, although the carriage is engaged by time at the pretty smart tariff of three pesetas an hour.

Outside the caves, children more or less black, and more or less clothed, are rather importunate, asking for money, their parents and seniors looking on sardonically, or offering to tell you your fortune by your hands. Neither their gibberish nor their appearance is prepossessing, nor do they display a particle of picturesque costume to redeem them from the rank of mere “*canaille*.”

Wonderful eyes they certainly have, only rather serpent-like and satanic; teeth marvellously white and most perfect, only all canine: hair blacker than the raven’s wing, if possible, but strong and straight. So much for outward appearance.

But let no man say that their caves are unclean. I entered five of them, one after another, to study and enjoy the strange interiors, and found them all scrupulously neat, with striped curtains screening each inner recess, like those that front the entrances. And the blue smoke from each snug domestic hearth curls upwards by a mysterious flue worked in some strange manner through the solid earth of the mountain side, and comes out into the open air where neither cave nor curtain is visible, wreathing upwards where the prickly pear grows dense and wild. This I saw, and wish to record.

Contreras is of opinion that these gipsy caves are as old as the earliest days of Arab domination, and may have existed in the

days of the Gothic empire. He gives as his reason that fragments of ancient pottery were found beneath the earthen floors, &c. For my part I should not wonder if they existed in the far more remote days of Cathaginian rule, and even in the prehistoric era of troglodyte man.\* It was always an easy thing to excavate them in such a soil: and, once excavated, there is no reason why they should not last "ad infinitum" in this marvellous climate. Nearly all the tales of the Alhambra have reference to caves, and to boundless treasures, hidden in their innermost recesses. Here are caves, and recesses, but the treasures, alas, are vanished into thin air!

One more word about the present occupants of these caves before I leave. The master of one is by profession a clipper of donkeys, and mules, and *dogs*!—for dogs, like their mistresses, grow enormously plump in Andalusia, and are clipped into the form of little lions, as in some parts of France.

The master of another cave is one of those gentlemen who with us would go about the streets shouting "saucepans and kettles to mend!" but he was not at home when I called.

The pater-familias of a third is a blacksmith by day, and a famous performer on the guitar after sunset. He is furthermore the captain or king of the tribe, and leader of their symphonies: and, in this capacity, we have him engaged for a concert this evening, up near the hotel. He also was out when I called; but the inner chamber of his perfectly trim dwelling revealed to me a couch scooped out of the side wall, just like the "cunabula" of the catacombs of St. Sebastian, and on that couch reclined a young man, obviously in the agonies of death: this was a nephew of the harmonious blacksmith. He and another nephew had differed about something, a "puñalada" had followed, and the result was, that one lay here, apparently beyond hope of recovery; the other lay in prison, awaiting the probable "garotta," as the legal consequences of his rash act. Still their royal uncle had made no mention of this, when accepting the engagement for the concert!

As I left each cave, I had to "pay my footing" in silver, to purchase an easy departure from the importunities of young and old, and in fact to get away with what may be conventionally called their *good wishes*.

After this my intelligent guide drove me to many favourite look-out points, each crowned with a monastery, each with the same magic diorama of mountains, and each also showing the bluff and

\* Although, in my notes of yesterday, I took for granted they were the work of their present denizens.

beetling towers and cliffs of the Alhambra, plain, brown, and unprepossessing, affording not the least token of the unrivalled beauty within.

And now let me tell you about our evening stroll to the "Generalife," the "sans souci" of the sultans, in old Moorish days.

You approach by a long straight avenue bordered with cypresses, not suggestive of mourning and death, but gaily trimmed into obelisks, and arches, and festoons, and ornaments of every shape. Intermixed through these are pomegranates, radiant with scarlet flowers, and whole masses of oleanders, heavily laden with fragrant violet bloom. The air is vocal with the song of nightingales, answering one another from bush to bush. One little fellow I stood long to look at, flooding the air with loud song from the very foot of a small shrub, puffed to double its natural size in the effort, most truly as if

" From every feather  
In all its frame, it poured the notes !

Approaching the palace, the grounds are still more carefully kept ; beds of superb magnolias display their waxy petals ; and the famous cypresses are here, at least five or six centuries old, but still full of green life, and very much resembling the secular yew-trees of Clontarf. Do not fear that I shall attempt to describe the palace, with its white-washed colonnades, and portrait gallery of likenesses, more or less fictitious : but climb with me the terraces, down which a streamlet from the mountain is cascading from stage to stage : and hasten to the "silla del moro," for already the sun is setting. The undulating view is almost too beautiful, and all suffused with violet. Just as I look, the sun goes down in a blaze of glory, and then, for a few short moments, each profile of mountain, and belfry, and mirador, becomes lighted up with a golden outline, and the snow-streaks of the Sierra Nevada seem turned to fire. Then all is over, even before the bells from church-tower and convent can finish chiming the close of day. Such a sight Claude Lorraine would have drank in on bended knee, and thanked heaven for the vision ! and to think that here they have it every day in the week, and have it also shortly after seven o'clock, when we in Ireland are reasonably expecting at least another hour of honest daylight ! Darkness, with us, is a privation : with them, when it comes, it is a *blessing*, to cool the maddened earth, and refresh even man for the work and enjoyments of the morrow.

And now for the gipsy concert. The singing was a mere

second edition of what I had heard at Seville, but here the performers were "got up" in gaudy costume of scarlet and gold braid and coins. The old man certainly played wonderfully, during the intervals between the unintelligible songs, imitating everything, fights, tempests, &c. But he seemed dull and heavy. I suppose, after all, we must allow that he had some spark of human feeling, like other men, and was thinking of his doomed nephews: hence the weight that oppressed his soul.

The sky was still suffused with crimson when the performance commenced. When I went out again, it was night, and the countless lights of the city, and of the scattered hamlets throughout the Vega, shone out, as if to rival the heavens.

Such a sight as this blind Homer had before his mental vision when he ended his eighth canto of the "Iliad" with the superb description of the Trojan watch-fires: \*

"As when in Heaven, around the glittering moon  
The stars shine bright amid the breathless air,  
And every crag, and every jutting peak  
Stands boldly forth, and every forest glade.  
*Even to the gates of heaven is opened wide*  
*The boundless sky:* shines each particular star  
Distinct: joy fills the gazing shepherd's heart.  
So bright, so thickly scattered o'er the plain,  
Before the walls of Troy, between the ships  
And Xanthus' stream, the Trojan watch-fires blazed."

Change Troy for Granada, change the ships and Xanthus' stream for the circle of hills and the Rio Genil, and you have a photograph of the scene, pictured by the prince of poets, and here also there was a ten years' siege, not less grand, nor less heroic !

\* \* \*

On this, the third and leaving day of my too brief visit to Granada I need scarcely tell you that I went again to see all that had pleased me most in the Alhambra and the town.

I have found out why this hotel is called the "siete suelos." There is an old ruined tower in the garden, by which Boabdil went out, the day he was leaving Granada for the last time. There is a legend that he asked the Catholic monarchs to have it walled up, and that they granted the favour, as if to gratify a foolish fancy, and speed a parting guest. But there is also a legend, founded on the number of caves in all this district, that beneath it is an underground storey, and beneath that a second and a third, and so on. In fact that there are seven storeys, one beneath another; and that the lowest is full of gold and precious stones, heaped in piles, and held under the spell of enchantment.

Readers of Washington Irving's tales of the Alhambra, will remember the story of "The Moor's Legacy" whereby a poor water-carrier, by means of a parchment scroll and a bit of taper, was enabled to become enriched "a discretion" in those necromantic vaults: and to those who have not read them it is a pleasure in store.

As I strolled towards the town, with departure looming before me, the tall trees and sparkling streamlets seemed fresher than ever: and I noted fountains by the wayside, worked out of the old ruins by the Emperor Charles V.; and vines that had been left by the Moors, now growing for hundreds of feet wild along the ground, sinuous and thick like Pythons.

Amongst other places, I visited the "Cartuja" (pronounced cartoo-ha) to see its magic interior, and the noblest of views from its door-steps. A thin veil of transparent haze suffused the vega with a tinge of palest violet. The Sierra Elvira stood out against the cloudless firmament, sharp and clearly defined in its every detail. The snow-streaks of the Sierra Nevada, literally sparkled in the glowing sunshine, and the guide pointed to where a dust-cloud was just at that moment whirling in the blue distance: it marked the spot where Boabdil turned round to cast one last glance on the city, and the legend has christened it the "*ultimo sospiro del moro*."

His words were: "Ahi de mi! Alhama!" no doubt expressing the pent-up regret, for a fortress lost ten years before, whence dated the downfall of the Moorish power. Alas! that the words should have acquired a new meaning, in face of a recent ruin, on which it is not for me to dwell!\*

\* \* \*

And now, good-bye to Granada. It is one of the few places which I ever left with unmixed regret. To explore its glens and mountains, its caves and running waters, to drink in again the glory of its sunsets and the harmony of its groves, is a vow which I register, in common with all who have seen it... *Au revoir!*

Picture me back in delightful Seville, and rambling through its lustrous streets, all illumined for the festival of to-morrow. In Northern Europe, an illumination means lines of jets: here, in addition, it means parapets decked with choicest flowers, set in a blaze of light, and drawing-rooms open from floor to ceiling, all aglow with chandeliers.

\* Not for me to dwell, because great sorrows become sacred, and not to be touched by profane hands. If hands of mine could cure this one, willingly would I give them both.

The whole Sevillian population is out in the streets, walking and fanning, talking and rejoicing. And, amid the countless crowd in the cathedral square you can descry long lines of small low tables, each with its brazier fast frying little cakes in olive-oil, to celebrate the vigil of the great feast. Between bright glares and deep shadows, the whole scene is such as Rembrandt would have loved to paint.

High above, the bells are pealing joyous tolls, flooding the air with festive sound. And now a new surprise appears: just as the clocks are striking the hour of eight, the whole glorious lace-work of the giralda becomes a-blaze with light, and each flame-shaped battlement of the cathedral stands out against a bright back-ground of fire.

You look and wonder; and, while you marvel, there is a fresh surprise; for, sparkling around the pinnacles of the cathedral, and the golden glory of the giralda, fiery particles seem fluttering in dangerous profusion, upwards, sideways, downwards, and still there is no breeze. Gradually the sight becomes more defined: *those are the hawks and pigeons* that nestle amidst those heights in brotherly love. To them the loud pealing of the bells, and the fierce glare of the battlements, is no amusement whatever: the vigil of Corpus Christi is a night of terror. Like midges in their zig-zag movements, they flutter away, then come back again and again, settling on each topmost point that seems enveloped in a very blaze of light, to rest for one maddening moment, and then fly heavenwards again, from the seemingly scorching glare, and the truly deafening noise.

Such is Seville, on the eve of Corpus Christi! . . .

#### DR. RICARDS ON FAITH AND UNBELIEF.\*

**T**HERE is no one, we believe, with a spark of zeal in his soul for the temporal and eternal welfare of his neighbour, or of gratitude to God for the benefits He has lavished on our race, who, when he looks abroad, even on the civilised portions of the world, does not experience a feeling of deep sorrow for the present and grave apprehension for the future. Only now can we begin fully to realise the

\* "Catholic Christianity and Modern Unbelief." By the Right Rev. J. D. Ricards, D.D., Bishop of Retimo and Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape Colony: New York, Benziger Brothers.

awful effects of the great religious revolt of the sixteenth century—only now are we beginning to taste the bitterness of its matured fruit. As heat and light remain with us for a considerable time after the sun has gone down, as plants appear to flourish for a time after the root has been eaten away, so did the effects of true religion linger amidst rebellious nations even after the true cause had been removed and destroyed. By degrees, however, the truth has been making itself more and more felt, and now those who cling to what little of true religion remained in the systems of the various so-called reformers, are thoroughly frightened at the results to which the principles of these men have logically led and were bound sooner or later logically to lead. Inside the "old Church," as the author of the work before us fondly calls her, there has been no fright indeed, but bitter sorrow and bleeding of heart there has been. It would be amusing, were the matter not so serious, to read over the anticipatory notices of the Protestant South African Press which heralded the publication of Bishop Ricard's work, and which the publishers have forwarded us along with the published work itself. There, as plainly as if stated in so many words, we have the admission—that Protestantism is absolutely powerless against the advancing foe of Modern Unbelief; and its adherents are now willing to receive, nay, anxiously look for, help and protection from the Mother Church—help which, in the memory of men not very old, they would have spurned with haughty indignation. Common cause, they now cry out, must be made against the common enemy.

We in Ireland, thank God, know comparatively little of the evil here mentioned. More, however, than the echo of it has reached us. Just ten years ago Mr. Tyndall chose the platform afforded him at Belfast from which to proclaim for the first time in distinct terms his rejection of Christianity, and his adhesion to the main tenets of materialism. Such an unexpected storm, however, did he raise about his head, and such a crushing refutation did he call forth,\* that neither he nor anyone else has since made bold openly to proclaim again the same principles. Yet the evil is going about secretly, "like the serpent it goeth basely upon the belly and not upon the feet," so that even in Catholic Ireland we cannot be too much upon our guard.

How is this dreadful evil of Unbelief getting propagated? Not many apostles are seen going about haranguing the multitudes. Things are much changed from the days of the old heresies and even from the days of Luther and Knox. The press is now the devil's chief instrument. By its means is he disseminating his principles with a thoroughness that would have been altogether incredible a century or two ago. By means of the press, then, must the enemy be mainly met. At the present day almost everyone can read and it is quite certain that everyone who can read will and must read something

\* See, for instance, the "IRISH MONTHLY" for 1874 and 1875.

or other. To those accustomed to strict thought and method there is little danger to be apprehended, at least from the argumentative portions of the works by which this vile propagandism is carried on. As a rule there is little pretence of logic in them. Yet all the same are they doing their work and perhaps all the more effectively. The multitude is easy to convince in the direction of freer scope for nature and larger licence. Yet are they also open to comparatively easy conviction even towards what is good and difficult if it is properly placed before them. In fact they may be said to be largely in the hands of those who first catch their ears. This we assert while holding at the same time that without the abundant grace of God, multitudes will never be moved to embrace what is difficult to nature nor cling to it from merely natural motives. The Christian religion was not and never will be spread by merely natural power. Now for anyone whose lot it has been to turn over the pages of the great theologians and writers of the Church, it is terribly painful to inspect the literary food on which the world of the present day is being fed. There, drawn from the Holy Scriptures, from the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and from reason itself, we have stores of truth, of which if but a tithe could be made known to thousands upon thousands of the victims of Agnostic rhodomantaders, what is known as the Christian world would present a very different picture from that which now meets our eyes. It is a painful thing, we repeat, to take one's seat in a library of Catholic theology, and to feel with the certainty of conviction that under one's eyes are treasures of knowledge—stands of armour, which if they could only be communicated to the heads and hands of millions outside the walls of the room in which one is sitting would with God's grace be more than sufficient to spread peace where there is now no peace, and to rout beyond recovery all the emissaries of the Evil One.

If these thoughts spring up with startling clearness in the minds even of ordinary individuals, who know the havoc that is being worked in the world chiefly from reading and report, with what intense force must they come home to a zealous Bishop of the Church, who for thirty-five years has been labouring for the spread of true Christianity in distant lands, and whose painful lot it has been, not to hear of, but to see with his own eyes, the progress of the evil of which we have spoken. In the colonies, with the state of which Dr. Ricards is intimately acquainted the matter presents itself under, if possible, a still more painful aspect. There are to be met crowds of "poor imitators of polished ungodliness," whose sole staple of religion consists in what they can glean of the harvest of errors and absurdities reaped in their mother-country—whose pride it is to follow as far as possible the current of home-thought in whatsoever direction it may be tending.

This pitiable state of things has, as the zealous and warm-hearted



bishop tells us, been weighing on his mind for many years. With the love of a true apostle in his heart for the good of all men, he has looked around for some means to let a ray of true Christian light into the minds and hearts of the erring and duped multitudes with whom he has himself come into contact. From a careful and lengthened study of the state of the public mind outside the Church, with which he shows a thorough intimacy in all its ramifications, he became convinced that a work having for its prominent characteristic grave solidity would be altogether lost—it would never be read, at least by those for whom it was chiefly intended. Neither, he felt, would a work of strictly controversial character be of any avail. The world is weary of controversy, nay, may we not add that to controversy is due much of the Agnosticism of our day? A book to do the work at which the bishop aimed must be somehow or other made popular. Anything like dryness or too close and severe argumentation would be fatal. No scholasticism must appear in it, not however for the reason assigned by one of the bishop's Protestant reviewers, because it is "old and tiresome," but in condescension to the present generation of readers, who are quite incapable of appreciating or following a method so strictly logical. So much for the method. As to the matter; in addition to his own judgment he was told, as he informs us in his preface, "by a man of more than ordinary powers of observation and intelligence, who had travelled over every part of the United States, and through most of the British colonies," and whose "duties gave him an insight into the religious wants of the people he visited," that a book which would treat in a popular way the religious theories now so fashionable outside the Catholic Church, and contrast them with orthodox teaching would be welcome and useful to many. "I distrusted exceedingly my powers," he tells us, "to accomplish a task, not altogether foreign to my experience: but on consideration that it might help in a small way even to promote the honour and glory of God, I accepted it."

It will be observed that the style of work thus projected, formed quite a new departure in the domain of religious works. It must be suited *ad captandum* and must at the same time be not only thoroughly orthodox, as emanating from the pen of a bishop of the Church, but must also give a comprehensive view of the whole teaching of Christ's Church, as well as point out the contrast between the "Faith once delivered to the saints," and the conflicting theories and scientific guesses of the present age. The idea of the work is certainly an excellent one, and points to a want in the religious literature of the present day. We have abundance of most excellent works treating of some one phase or branch of Catholic doctrine. Many very learned works there are also which, though they treat of the greater portion of Catholic doctrine, are not, however, suited, from various causes, to do the work aimed at by Dr. Ricards. Either they are too learned for

the general public, or too lengthy and costly, or they are written in a style ungrateful to the modern palate, which in the matter of literature is not a little forced and fastidious.

How, then, has Dr. Ricards succeeded in the difficult task he undertook with such promising modesty? Excellently, we believe. In the first place, the moderate price of his work brings it within the reach of all. In the next place, it is written in an easy and flowing style. If the style is the man, then, from the perusal of his work, we should pronounce Dr. Ricards to be not only a learned and holy bishop, of all embracing charity and of tender sympathy for the erring and deceived, but also a polished and accomplished gentleman. You cannot read a dozen pages of his work till you are thoroughly satisfied that you are in contact with a most honest and sincere man. He puts you at once at your ease in his company; and you listen on and on, charmed by his straightforward clearness, his wide experience, his beautiful imagery and his wealth of illustration drawn from almost every conceivable source. A glance over the very full index appended to the work, will, we think, surprise anyone who remembers that this is the work of a laborious colonial Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic. Lastly, as to the matter and method of the work. Considering its object, we think the choice and arrangement of the material most happy. Dr. Ricards believes, and most justly, that what is needed at the present day is to give a full and comprehensive view of Catholicity, to put it before the mind of the reader in all its fulness and harmony, to withdraw the puzzled mind from trifling critical difficulties and to contrast its whole beautiful economy with that of any other sect or *ism* that clamours for attention. This method he has followed throughout the entire work with striking consistency and success. Nor while doing so has he been ever in any single instance that we have noticed, though treating of the most difficult subjects, even remotely flippant or superficial. In this, precisely, we believe, we see the great triumph of his work. The ordinary reader will never be disheartened, while the initiated will see that he has touched everything with the hand of an adept. It is a book which may be read over and over again without exhausting its meaning. Those who may be desirous of obtaining with ease a view of the state of religious thought all over the world could not refer to a better source.

We should be glad to give some extracts from the work, and intended to do so, that our readers might be able to judge for themselves of Dr. Ricards' style and method, but we feel that we have already exceeded the space we can fairly claim for our notice. Some might expect to find a chapter devoted to the need there is of an Infallible Teacher and to the irrefragable proofs that such a Teacher actually exists, but the author so frequently refers to this subject, it is so clearly the lesson to be gathered from the entire work, that the necessity of formally dealing with it is quite obviated. In conclusion,

we earnestly wish that this work may have the widest circulation, and we know of no book better calculated to strengthen the faith of Catholics or to win over those who with bleeding feet are straying at a distance from the one fold of the One True Shepherd.

The book is very tastefully got up, and clearly printed in bold spaced type, so as to render its perusal both easy and agreeable.

THE OLD THORN.

(*Song.*)

BY SIR STEPHEN E. DE VERE, BART.

'TWAS on a summer morn,  
In the merry month of May,  
We sat beneath the aged Thorn  
That shades the cloister gray.

I told my love : she looked  
Aside, nor word she said ;  
But a pale glow like sunset snow  
Her neck and brow o'erspread.

With dainty foot she traced  
Small circles in the sand ;—  
Then suddenly she turned, and placed  
In mine her own dear hand ;

And from her dark eyes came  
A flood of light divine, .  
A vivid glance of liquid flame  
That hid itself in mine.

Believe not those who swear  
That love is still untrue,  
Fickle and fugitive as air,  
And fleeting as the dew ;

In sunshine, storm, or frost,  
We've lived and loved together,  
In peace and hope, or tempest-tost,  
In fair or clouded weather.

When flowers bedeck each May.  
We sit beneath that Thorn,  
And bless the ancient cloister gray,  
And that fair summer morn.

## NEW BOOKS.

A work of modest pretensions, but of great practical usefulness, is "Lessons in Domestic Science," by F. M. Gallaher (Dublin: Browne and Nolan). Though this is the first time, as far as we can recall, that Miss Gallaher's name appears in full on a title-page, she is well known to have worked with great diligence and success in more than one department of literature. Her literary skill has here turned to the best account, the materials gathered with great industry from many quarters. Her stores of practical information on all questions of domestic utility are communicated in the clearest and most attractive manner. The most learned chapters are not those which please us best, but the ones in which the minutest mysteries of housekeeping are discussed, and all those household duties and arrangements on which depends so largely the happiness of home. For young and old of the housekeeping sex there is much profitable reading in this pleasant handbook, which is sure to run through numerous editions, and to be in permanent request. We agree with one of its reviewers that, if every schoolgirl would master (as she easily and agreeably might) the stores of useful house-lore enshrined in this wonderful book, a great deal would have been gained for her own mental and bodily health, as well as for the domestic comfort of her future household.

We can cordially recommend to anyone in search of stories for children the handsome reprint which Messrs. James Duffy & Sons have just issued of Canon Schmid's tales, translated more than forty years ago by the late Dr. C. W. Russell, then a young professor at Maynooth. We have examined the translation anew, with renewed admiration, for its grace and fidelity. Ten of the best of these stories are given in this third edition, under the common title of "Trust in God." The good German performed a fine work of zeal in writing such good and interesting stories.

In last month's gossip about new books we expressed some doubt whether Miss Mulholland's *Walking Trees* would receive as much praise from the London critics as other works of hers published in London. *The Spectator*, at least, is able to understand that something good can come out of Dublin; and, in its issue of December 27, begins an appreciative notice, with the very truthful statement that "Miss Mulholland has a very ingenious and graceful fancy at her command." *The Weekly Register* says that "all the stories in the volume are marked by the author's fancy, feeling, and humour. For juvenile readers she has, perhaps, written nothing better." At home *United Ireland* says "that no author or authoress of our time is blessed with such a happy

faculty of writing bright things for simple imaginations as Miss Mulholland, and we know we are saying a great deal when we declare that the work now under notice surpasses anything she has previously written in this line of literature."

The critic just quoted remarks very truly and judiciously of "*Lina's Tales*," by Mrs. Frank Pentrill—a pretty book which we introduced to our readers in January—that "though there is no attempt to limit their vocabulary in the manner usual in juvenile literature, the stories are prettily told, the plots exceedingly simple, and their incidents touching. They give little glimpses of French rural and peasant life, in a very natural and picturesque way." The *Weekly Register* says that "French provincial life has afforded Mrs. Pentrill the scenes and subjects of the two pretty stories for children, bound together, as '*Lina's Tales*.' The author is familiar with the surroundings of which she treats, and shows tender and affectionate feeling in tracing the fortunes of her little personages."

It is not right to confound such books as the two we have named with the silly and badly written books that Catholic publishers, like others, sometimes give to the world. We are sorry to have to speak unfavourably of the style and execution of "*Earl Nugent's Daughter*," by Miss Agnes Stewart (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons). At an Irish election, not very long ago, the unpopular candidate was supposed to be a very bad speaker, and one of the orators on the other side threatened to secure a hearing for him if his supporters did not behave themselves properly. On this cruel principle we were about to quote the two first sentences of Miss Stewart's preface, which take up thirty-eight lines, with only a single semicolon between them, and in which "influence" is *governed* (as we used to say in our parsing days) by the verb "show" eleven lines off. Miss Stewart has published a dozen books: how can such portentous clumsiness in word-building have managed to survive this long experience? The subject of the present volume is a good one for a story; but it would be wrong to imply that much has been made of it here.

From the same publishers comes "*Watch and Hope: a Tale of the Wars of the Roses*," by Miss A. O'Neill Daunt. We suppose the writer to be the daughter of a well-known Irish veteran. Why did she not choose her theme from Irish history? This tale seems to be as stiff and dry as such quasi-historical tales generally are.

How many of our readers have heard of South Bend? It would never have had the honour of being mentioned to them now, if it were not the nearest town to the University College of Notre Dame, in the State of Indiana. The very obscurity of the nearest town makes this great establishment of the Fathers of the Holy Cross more self-concentrated. A tall tree that stands alone in the middle of a field is most likely to attract the electric fluid when the air is charged

with it; and somewhat in the same way this rural and secluded seat of learning is the centre and focus of intellectual activity. A new proof-sheet is quite an event in such a studious, peaceful, out-of-the-way place. It is thus that we may account for the patient zeal which keeps up so many literary undertakings—for instance, the excellent "Scholastic Annual," of which the tenth volume has just been sent to us.

Nothing is said on the title-page or elsewhere to imply that "Lenten Meditations on the Passion and Death of our Divine Saviour," by the Rev. S. Fieu (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons), is a translation; nor is a foreign origin betrayed, as far as we can see, by awkward idioms. The meditations seem to be all very solid and useful, keeping very close to the facts set down in Holy Scripture, and written in a very clear, unaffected style.

Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son have issued in their Shilling Series a new edition of the Life of Pope Pius IX., by John Francis Maguire, which the Right Rev. Dr. Patterson has revised and brought down to the accession of Leo the Thirteenth.

The same publishers have brought out, in a neat little volume, an account of Don Bosco and his Work, by Mrs. Raymond Barker. At page 541 of the eleventh volume of our own Magazine will be found a very interesting account of this holy Italian priest, from the graceful pen of Mrs. Charles Martin.

We blame ourselves for not having given a speedier welcome to the first volume of *The League of the Cross Magazine* (London: Burns and Oates). The twelve penny numbers of this excellent little magazine form a very neat and very entertaining book—stories, pictures, articles, poems, paragraphs, all bearing on the sin and folly of drunkenness, the wisdom and happiness of temperance. If we were finding fault at all, it would be that the editor, Mr. James Britten, makes everything bear so directly on the one point. In the stories and other papers there is none of that pharisaical, preachifying tone which spoils the temperance advocacy of many worthy and zealous men. The succession of stories is the most attractive item in the table of contents, with such authors as Miss Rosa Mulholland, Mrs. Charles Martin, "Theo Gift," Miss Frances Kershaw, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Frank Pentrill, and Miss Cassie O'Hara. The only masculine storyteller is the Rev. W. H. Cologan, and the only one who does not give her name in full is "M. M." Subscribers to *The League of the Cross Magazine* get the full worth of their penny.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued a cheap edition of Mr. A. Wilmot's "Story of the Scottish Reformation." Their name is also on the title-page of the seventh edition of Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll," a very noisy American infidel. These "Notes" are

exceedingly pungent and clever, and have won high praise from Protestant journalists as well as Catholics.

Father Ravignan's "Last Retreat," given in a Carmelite Convent of Paris, has been very well translated by F. M'Donagh Mahony, and very well brought out by Messrs Burns & Oates. Both the original and the translation ought to begin with a page of explanation as to how far this Retreat is given in the exact words of Father Ravignan. The translator has done his work skilfully—we venture on a pronoun, though uncertain whether the initial F stands for "Francis" or "Francesa." There are, however, mistakes and faulty expressions which would have been easily corrected by anyone familiar with the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius.

"The Catholic Directory for England" (London: Burns & Oates) is, as usual, punctual in its appearance, and admirably compiled and printed. "*Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses.*" This word of welcome might have been inserted in our January Number.

The Rev. Thomas Magrath, D.D., one of the learned professors of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, has published an extremely able pamphlet on "Catholic Philosophy and the Royal University Programme" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son). It is an important contribution to the controversy which Dr. Magrath himself began some months ago in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. Even readers who are not competent to enter into the very difficult questions discussed can appreciate the clearness, calmness, and vigour of the Professor's polemical style.

The third very cheap edition was recently issued of the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan's "Speeches and Addresses in Parliament, on the Platform, and at the Bar." He was a true orator, worthy of the country of Curran, Grattan, O'Connell, Meagher, Butt, and Father Burke.

The great ecclesiastical publisher, Pustet of Ratisbon, New York, and Cincinnati, has sent to us across the Atlantic two new works of Monsignor Capel: "'Catholic' an essential and exclusive attribute of the True Church," and a "Rejoinder to the Reply of Dr. Hopkins." The latter is of a more temporary and personal character; the former is a work of solid and permanent value, worthy of the author's reputation as a controversialist.

Benziger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis), have sent us "Hints on Letter Writing, for the use of academies and for self-instruction, adapted from the French of the Author of 'Golden Sands,' by Miss Ella M'Mahon. In spite of the American lady's adaptations a great part of the book remains terribly Frenchy, and we think it will be found much more amusing than useful. Some of the examples are very good, such as Manzoni's brief letter of introduction. "The bearer of this note is one of the many who desire your acquaintance and one of the few who deserve it."

Denvir's "Penny National Irish Almanack," which is published in Liverpool, gives a very interesting selection of Irish events, ancient and modern, and is altogether a very meritorious pennyworth. So is the "Child's Irish History in Rhyme," by Francis Fahy, published by the Southwark Branch of the Junior Irish Literary Club—though Mr. Fahy's pieces in "Emerald Gems" would have made us expect to see this good idea carried out somewhat better.

Yet another new prayerbook! This is indeed called expressly "The New Franciscan Manual and Seraphic Treasury of Prayers and Devotions." The prayerbook itself fills six hundred pages: 150 pages for the epistles and gospels of the year, and a large selection of the Oratorian hymns in eighty pages. The speciality of the book, its *differentia maxime propria*, is the fulness with which it gives all that relates to the Third Order of St. Francis. It has been compiled by the Rev. Jarlath Prendergast, O.S.F., and published by Messrs James Duffy & Sons of Dublin.

The same publishers have lately issued a third edition of Father Casey's popular poem on Intemperance, in which the evils of drink are denounced in vigorous verse. The gravity of the metre and of the argument in this poem is relieved by an appendix of lighter temperance songs and verses, many of which might be used with great effect at the social gatherings of our people.

A Protestant lady of Kingstown, Miss Barret, has compiled a "Guide to Dublin Charities" (Dublin: Hodges & Figgis), in which she has, we believe, taken pains to give fully and fairly all the statistics she could procure about the various charitable institutions of our metropolis. Many of the institutions which are classed as "unsectarian" are certainly unsuitable for Catholics. One thing that strikes a casual reader of this "Guide" is the large number of foundations coming down from the persecution times and providing for various wants of the humbler classes of Protestants. Needy Protestants are vastly less numerous, and the institutions for their relief are far more numerous and better endowed. Wealthy Catholics have as yet made no attempt at remedying this inequality, even in proportion to their means.

The Inaugural Address of Mr. Robert Donovan, as Auditor of the Literary and Historical Society of Catholic University College, Stephen's-green, Dublin, has been published by Messrs Browne & Nolan. It seems to keep to its first title "Irish Genius in Literature" more than to its subtitle, "A Forecast of its Work in the Future." The Address is well thought out and written with elegance and spirit.

We can at present devote only a paragraph to two French Lives, exquisitely printed by Desclée, de Brouwer, et Cie, of Lille. Father de Curley, S.J., gives the name of Mère de Saumaise, Blessed Margaret



Mary's Superior, to a new study of the revelations at Paray-le-Monial and the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. Father Peter Pouplard, S.J., publishes through the same firm a Life of Victoire de Saint Luc, one of the Nuns of the Retreat at Quimper, under the title of "*Une Martyre aux derniers jours de la Terreur.*" We must use these edifying works hereafter.

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## TAKING COLD.

BY MISS FRANCES KERSHAW.

A COMPLAINT by no means confined to chill, changeable autumn or winter, but "in season" all the year round. The grilling experience of real summer days is to the full as fruitful in colds as any other period.

A cold is a provokingly uncomfortable, inexplicable thing, which "comes on" and "goes off," and acts upon our interior arrangements generally like a grater on a nutmeg. It is that aggravating state of existence which we are pleased to describe as our "noses being ready to run away," and during which we come to the conclusion that such a catastrophe might be almost regarded as a blessing. It is a period when all our words are as indistinct and muffled as must have been the first attempts at conversation after the confounding of the human lip at Babel. It is a time when "the grasshopper!" in the guise of our dearest friend is "a burden;" when our sky is one cloud, and our day darkness to be felt. Then all our eyes are tearful, yet not with tears. Our heads are heavy with nought else than the burden of this invisible "man of the mountains;" and we ourselves are half-alive, half-awake, wholly ill-tempered. Such is that commonplace, insignificant complaint—a cold!

How comes it? First, simply by "taking a chill." We walk through "lush meadows" in a frame of mind more poetic than sane. We indulge in pleasing little expeditions in the rain. We go out-of-doors in precisely the same amount of clothing that we wore indoors. We toast ourselves comfortably before a roasting fire, until we find to our cost how great a matter a little fire kindleth, and cry out with George Coleman's stout bachelor :

"I've been so hanged hot, that I'm sure I've caught cold!" We sit in a room with a good fire; let it die out, and still sit there keeping warm upon credit of the heat that was and is not. We slip out with exaggerated politeness into the cold air or rain to shut somebody's carriage-door. And, as the reward of these and the like antics, we awake on the morrow sneezing, coughing, and stuffed-up in head and chest. "I've got an awful cold somehow!" we admit mournfully.

When we try to find the best method of treating a cold, we come somewhat to loggerheads, as do our men of medicine. I suppose it is true from Father Noe's date upwards "colds and heat" have not ceased; then why in all these weary centuries has not the medical mind been able to discover an adequate remedy?

Doctors can treat for infectious or contagious diseases of any magnitude with manifest success, but before this simple, unimportant general ailment they must sit with folded arms. And meanwhile we suffer on.

"Well," somebody suggests, "try quinine."

We do, and our woes are multiplied. The cold remains as obstinate as ever, but in addition we have a frightful headache, nose-bleeding, and general inside-out expression of interior.

"Well," advises someone else (like other things advice is cheap and abundant in proportion as it is valueless), "try keeping to one room for several days; atmosphere always 60°, and be careful to avoid draughts."

Thank you! and leave our "one room" tender and "*nesh*," to take the first fresh cold that chances to come our way! Besides, to shut off duty-steam for some days, to sacrifice everyone and everything to self and a cold, our busy, sociable, everyday life won't hear of it—might as well tell a lunatic that a visit to the moon would be beneficial to him! It might, or it might not, for he would never have the privilege of trying it.

"Try camphor," suggests some friendly old maid.

So we do. Anything in any way practicable! Don't feel a bit better after the camphor than we did before. Not to hurt her feelings, though, we admit that we don't feel any worse.

"Don't make such a fuss about a cold!" snubs an unsympathetic relative.

So we follow the plan of making light of our ailment, doing our day's work just as usual, going on our common way.

Result—something worse than a cold—an inclination to influenza or bronchitis. We are forced to lay up, nurse and doctorise.

"You should have nipped it in the bud," someone remarks contemptuously.

Capital, as a theory, but unhappily faulty in practice. A cold won't be nipped!

What is our advice, then to those who have taken cold?

Alas, only this! Grin, and bear it; and if you can't grin, bear it without grinning. Being a cold, take it coolly, and if you can't take it coolly, take it as coolly as you can.

Don't look for any sympathy to be shown you. A cold is not in the list of afflictions for which pity should be shown from a friend.

Take all precautions possible without overdoing them. Don't despise an umbrella in a storm, or a rug at a picnic—picnic grass is invariably wet. Don't let your absent fits suffer the fire to go out. Avoid the company of mists and fogs. Exclude draughts as far as may be. Harden yourself, but with moderation; and expect colds more or less to your life's end.

## LORD O'HAGAN.

FATHER Ryder of the Birmingham Oratory, in an exquisite sonnet which this Magazine had the privilege of first putting into print, contrasts "The Two Mementos" of the Mass, noticing how quickly the priest's personal friends pass from the memento of the living which precedes the consecration to the other memento which comes after it.

"And some are living still, but ah! gray head,  
How full is thy Memento of the Dead!"

This second memento seems to be filling up for some of us more quickly than usual. Writing while the mortal remains of our Archbishop, Edward Cardinal Mac Cobe, are resting in St. Kevin's Chapel on their way to their more permanent but not final resting-place in our beautiful Glasnevin—writing, too, while every newspaper brings us war telegrams with tidings of the death of some whose names are familiar to us and of hundreds whose names are unknown—we are more liable to be impressed by the transitory nature of this life which that holy, kind-hearted, charitable, and most priestly prelate, in the opening words of the Pastoral addressed to us, not from his death-bed but from

his coffin, described as "a mere speck between the gulf of nothingness from which we were drawn and the shoreless ocean of eternity to which we are hastening."

It so chances, moreover, that just at this time several have passed away who might separately claim a commemoration in these pages. Father Joseph Lentaigue, S.J., is one of these, and another is Father John Francis Shearman, a most amiable man and most edifying priest, and enthusiastically devoted from boyhood to the mysteries of Irish antiquarian lore. Another name which has a right to a place in our public Memento of the Dead is that of Morgan O'Connell, the Liberator's son, to whose very great and generous kindness our Magazine owes such precious contributions as the great O'Connell's earliest letters and diaries, and many other unpublished "O'Connell Papers" which we have still to put in order for the printer.

During the same night—February 11, 1885—and almost at the same moment as Cardinal MacCabe, Richard Baptist O'Brien, Dean of Limerick, breathed his last. The help he gave to the *IRISH MONTHLY* was, strangely enough, to be its first storyteller. Another constant contributor to the same early volumes of the Magazine has just ended also a holy life by a holy death—Lady Georgiana Fullerton—whose obituary, written by an intimate friend, will appear in our next number, and will enter into more minute particulars than Father Gallwey's "Funeral Discourse" or Father Coleridge's "Memorial Words."

Yet before all these the name prefixed to this note has a right to our preference, both on public and on private grounds, as far as these can be separated in a man whose public character, more than is generally the case, was bound up closely with his personal qualities. Once when a memorial was erected to Lord Belfast, who had shown in his short career an earnest interest in Irish talent and in everything Irish, Lord O'Hagan (then Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C.) spoke of the amiable young nobleman as "the good and gracious Lord Belfast." Our personal feelings towards the good and gracious Lord O'Hagan are such that we dare not trust to our own words, but shall adopt those of the Dublin correspondent of *The Weekly Register*, who writes on the 7th of February:—

"The news of the death of Lord O'Hagan has been received here with feelings of deep regret. Besides the admirers of his remarkable talents and exceptionally brilliant and honourable career, he had troops of friends in his native country who loved the man for his own sake, and enjoyed his success as if it had been something personal to themselves. The good reason for this was that as he rose in the world he never ignored an old acquaintance, still less forgot or ceased to be warmly interested in an old friend, or in even the children or relatives of an old friend. So kindly were his impulses and so large was his heart that people who knew him only a little sometimes ascribed to mannerism what was the outward sign of simple, genuine, good feeling. On the occasion of his

advancement to the peerage the *Court Journal* spoke of his "golden manners," but never were golden manners more truly the expression of unfeigned amiability of character. In practice as in faith he was a strong and fervent Catholic, his charities and kindnesses were innumerable, and in every domestic relation of life he may be said to have been perfect, beginning with the days of which his contemporaries tell, when he was a most tender son to a very devoted mother. Lord O'Hagan was the first Catholic Lord Chancellor in Ireland since the time of James II."

Gratitude bids us add that Lord O'Hagan felt a kind interest in the fortunes of this little Magazine, and proved in a very substantial way his generous readiness to become its Mæcenæ, if it had needed a patron, as literary enterprises used to do, and if it had not found its best and sufficient patronage in the favour of Irish readers (and some others) at home and far away, in whose hearts these sincere and simple words may help to excite an affectionate interest in the memory of the first Catholic Lord Chancellor since the Penal days, and in the future of the boy of years so tender as hardly to know yet that he bears the title of Thomas Townely, second Baron O'Hagan.

## WINGED WORDS.

1. Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every bookworm, when in any fragrant scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it.—*Coleridge*.

2.

"Elegies,

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,  
Sparkle for ever.—*Tennyson*.

3. I weep when I consider what I am, but I weep still more for having lived so long without weeping.—*St. Teresa*.

4. O my God, what shall I do in order not to *undo* all that thy grace has done for me?—*The Same*.

5. The happiness of our lives depends much less on the actual value of the work done than on the spirit in which we do it.—*The late Prince Leopold*.

## AN IRISH MELODY.

IN ENGLISH AND LATIN.

## I.

*The Minstrel Boy.*

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind him.  
 "Land of song!" said the warrior bard,  
 "Though all the world betrays thee,  
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
 One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring that proud soul under;  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its chords asunder,  
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery!  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
 They shall never sound in slavery."

## II.

*Translated by J. G.*

FERTUR in arma puer, sublimi carmine Vates,  
 Mors quâ bacchetur conspiciendus erit;  
 Accinxit lateri genitor quem gesserat ensem,  
 Atque humeris habilem magna sonare lyram.  
 "Pieridum tellus," miles sic ille canorus,  
 "Prodiderit patriam cætera turba suam,  
 Hic tamen haud deerit qui te custodiat ensis,  
 Hujus nec citharæ destituere modis."

Magnanimum telis valuerunt sternere vatem,  
 Non valere hostes subdere corda jugo;  
 Et pia testudo tacuit, tacitura per ævum,  
 Fregit enim chordas ipse Poeta suas,  
 Talia vociferans; "Nec tu violabere vinclis,  
 Cui Mars est semper, cui celebratus Amor;  
 Fortibus atque bonis fiunt tua carmina solia,  
 Ne decores ullo carmine servitium."

## MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERNEVIL," "ELDERGOWAN,"  
"THE WALKING TREES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

SITTING forlorn in the old house, alone in the world, Marcella looked back amazed over the events of the last few months of her life and felt as if all living was a dream, and nothing real which humanity can touch or behold. Up to the night when she had sheltered and protected the stranger whom she now knew as Bryan Kilmartin, her existence had in its hard monotony been real enough, but the many strange vicissitudes through which she had passed since then, looked now to her memory like the flying phantasmagoria of clouds over the head. The stern fact remained that her father was gone, and that she should have neither care for, nor protection from him more in this world.

She returned at once to her old life of sewing from morning till night to keep body and soul together, and as she stitched in solitude her thoughts often went back to Mrs. O'Kelly, and she wondered with a sore heart why rich people should be so whimsical and strange, so kind one moment, so cruel the next. She had believed that Mrs. O'Kelly had loved her, and yet she had allowed her to face her terrible sorrow alone, to struggle with poverty at such a moment, to nurse her sick and bury her dead without help or sympathy from a friend. What a little part of the generosity that had dressed her so finely, amused her, taken her about the world during those unreal weeks would have sufficed to have eased and soothed the suffering of the last ten days. It would have been better she had never known her, thought Marcella, in tears; better she had stayed by her father during those last weeks of his life, more wholesome for herself if she had never tasted the sweets of refined living and of gentle company. The only good she had gained, thought the girl, as she plied her needle, with tear-dimmed eyes, was that she had been allowed to see her hero again, had heard something of his life, had learned his name, and had been

honoured by the clasp of his hand. It seemed to her now, looking back on that enchanted season of enjoyment, that this wonderful episode in her life had been permitted to her solely for the sake of that one half-hour's conversation with Bryan Kilmartin at the ball.

Why such a strange conviction should cling to her she did not know, only she felt inexplicably that she should yet have some further means of serving him, that she was to have something more to do with him, or for him, before she died. She was too young to know the folly of relying on in presentiments: though presentiments do sometimes come true.

She was startled out of her long retrospect by the sound of an approaching foot on the stair, followed by a summons on her door. Rising quickly to open, she almost expected to see Kilmartin again on the threshold, come to tell her what further she could do for him. But it was not Kilmartin who stood before her expectant eyes, only meek old Father Daly from Distresna.

Marcella had never beheld him before, but seeing that he was a priest, she, as a matter of course, invited him to enter and sit down.

He laid his hat on the corner of the old loom, looked at her kindly and critically for a moment, and then extending his blunt, honest, feeling old hand (for hands express as much as voices), said:

"Shake hands with me, my dear. There is no one to introduce us; but as you and I are bound to have much to do with each other through life, we will begin to be friends at once, if you have no objection."

Marcella thought for an instant that the strange priest's mind was a little astray, or that he had mistaken her for someone else. But he soon corrected that impression.

"Your name is Marcella Grace," he said, "and you have lately suffered a great loss. Nay, my dear, God wipes the tears from all eyes; and sure I am you have already wept more than is good for you. Now, how am I to talk to you if you go on crying this way?"

Marcella, whose flesh was weak from scant food and sleep, but whose spirit was willing, righted herself at once and asked what her visitor wanted of her.

"Sit down, my dear child, and listen to me, for I have a good deal to say. Some time ago you had intercourse with a lady, a cousin of your mother's—Mrs. O'Kelly, my friend, my poor friend—God be merciful to her!"

"Sir, you do not mean ——"



"That she also is dead? But I do, my dear. God has strange ways of dealing with us, and sometimes troubles come oddly in bunches. 'It never rains but it pours,' says the old proverb; but after God's rain there is always some harvest for the soul. Now, my dear, I will allow you to cry for five minutes, but you must not be longer, for I have a great deal to say and to do. My poor old friend had a true affection for you. She told me to tell you she was sorry she had been hasty with you. She died with sorrow in her heart for your trouble, but she did what she could to make amends, so she did."

"And I have been thinking her changeable and unkind," said Marcella, trying to control her grief. "But what—how——?"

"I will tell you all about it. Sometime ago we had a bit of a misunderstanding, my poor friend and I, about rents down in the country, and about making her will, and because I was displeased about one I would give her no advice about the other, God forgive me. And I went away in a huff——"

Here Father Daly paused and remembered the old lady's angry cry, "Don't come back here until I send for you!" but he said nothing of that.

"About a fortnight ago," he went on, "I got a telegram in the country asking me to come in a hurry to comfort my poor old friend. She had had a stroke of paralysis, and she had only a few conscious hours before she died. Fortunately, and thanks be to God, she was able to make use of her time."

Marcella listened in silence. All this conveyed to her but one thought. Her good friend had died without receiving the grateful thanks which were her due, and meanwhile the recipient of her bounty had thought of her with a reproachful heart. How can such piteous misunderstandings ever be put straight when death and eternity have interposed between soul and soul?

"She told me about you, my dear, and how strangely you had come across her as if Providence had sent you. She owned she was wrong in being displeased at you for hurrying away to your father, and she would have followed you next day only 'twas then the hand of God was laid on her. Poor soul! she blamed herself right and left as we all will have to do *then*, my dear, and may as well begin now. And the end of it was she left you her love; and along with it she has bequeathed you all she was possessed of in the world."

"I prize the message dearly," said Marcella; "it puts me right again. I thought I had lost a friend, and now I have gained

one again, though so far away as heaven. Thank you with all my heart, Father, for coming to bring me that word."

Father Daly looked at her inquiringly.

"I don't think I have made you understand me," he said. "You are now Mrs. O'Kelly's heiress, my child, with houses and lands, and an income of two or three thousand a year."

Marcella coloured to the roots of her hair, and threw back her head and looked at Father Daly with a puzzled expression.

"Have I heard you rightly?" she said, in a low voice. "Do you not make some strange mistake? Oh, sir, don't you see that it is so very, very unlikely?"

"Nothing is so likely to happen as the unexpected," quoted Father Daly, buttoning his coat, "and this is not so unlikely after all. You are her nearest of kin, in the first place, and she was very fond of you in the second. At all events, I can assure you that there is no kind of mistake. And now about practical business. You can laugh, and cry, and wonder about it all when you have time, but in the meantime you must have somebody to listen to you. It will not suit you to continue longer in this house, my dear, than is absolutely necessary. I have thought about all that, and I have made some arrangements. As the lady of Distresna you must have proper surroundings at once, and there is no use in taking the world into our confidence unnecessarily as to where you have hitherto had your home. In all humility we must always remember it ourselves; but it was Mrs. O'Kelly's wish that nothing should be said to take from under your feet the little platform of worldly respectability on which she had been at pains to set you up. Not that you must ever deny the truth, but the world has no claim on our voluntary confidence.

"This being so," continued Father Daly, brushing his hat with his coat-sleeve, and looking at the crown of it intently, so that he might not intrude upon Marcella's natural emotions at such a moment, "I have taken some steps for your comfort. Here is money which you will want to wind up your affairs—your own money, mind; nobody else's;—and if you are ready to leave this to-morrow, I will take you to a place where, I will answer for it, you will soon not be sorry to have gone. Some clothes, and all that, can be sent after you."

"Where?" asked Marcella.

"Well, I am going to take you to a friend of mine in the country, for the present. I thought you would not care to go to Merrion-square just now, and Crane's Castle would give you but a

cold welcome unless it got longer notice. With Mrs. Kilmartin you will be happy and safe until such other arrangements as you please can be made for you."

"Mrs. Kilmartin," murmured Marcella, again with the feeling that she could not have rightly heard or understood.

"She is a dear friend of mine, and was a friend of Mrs. O'Kelly till—well, the world parted them. She lives in a very retired spot and is an invalid, and a great deal alone, as her only son is necessarily much away from her. I wrote to her in haste, telling her the state of the case, and this morning I received her reply. She will expect us to arrive to-morrow evening."

Having given her a few more detailed instructions, Father Daly went away and left Mrs. O'Kelly's heiress to realise this newest and most extraordinary of all the changes in her life.

Her friend as well as her father gone from this world, and in their place fortune, ladyhood, position in life allotted to her.

Her first impulse when alone, was to fall upon her knees and wrestle in prayer with the great wonder, and the strange alternations of pain and joy that now, after her first bewilderment had passed away, seized and shook her. With her hands clasped above her head she remained long in the attitude of supplication without power to put her thoughts into ordered words, hardly knowing what she asked to receive, or to be saved from, only keenly conscious that God was aware of it all, and would overshadow her with the wings of his care. Then rising to her feet, and standing in the middle of the old familiar room, she looked round on the poverty-stricken hearth, the old loom, the rotting timbers, and said to herself that all this evidence of her old life was passing away from her, and after to-morrow would be seen no more. Only this morning she had feared that she should never be able to escape from its sordid, haunted forlornness to cleaner and less dreary, even if almost as poor, surroundings, and now it seemed to her she could not leave it without a pang. The old crazy sticks and stained walls were all that remained to connect her with whatever love she had known in her life, and in leaving them for ever she seemed to cut herself adrift from those she had for ever lost.

Her experiences till now had inclined her to "trust no future howe'er pleasant," and yet as her thoughts, after an interval of sorrowful looking back, sprang on to to-morrow, the eagerness of youth leaped up in her, and she smiled radiantly through her tears. It was true, true as that she held what seemed to her a small dowry of golden sovereigns in her hand, that she was hence-

forth to have money, freedom, nice living, gentle and genial companionship, power to relieve those who suffered still as she herself was now to suffer no more. She was to go forth into a beautiful world, with flowers on her breast and a golden wand in her hand—and then her wide vision of the splendours and delights of a possible happiness gradually narrowed down to one dazzling point, as she remembered that to-morrow she was—strange to tell, and hard to realise—to be a guest in Bryan Kilmartin's mother's home.

With the impulse of youth to believe unflinchingly in what it has already accepted by instinct as noble, she had never paid the slightest heed to Mrs. O'Kelly's denunciations of this man, preferring to think that he was right, and his former friend in the wrong, having from the first adopted his cause, whatever it might be, as the just one. Mrs. O'Kelly had described his mother as crushed and undermined in health by the wrong-headedness of her son. This Marcella had never believed, but now she should see. Happily she should presently see.

Then she began to make her arrangements for the final break with her past. With characteristic fidelity to what she had undertaken, she finished the piece of sewing on which she had been engaged when interrupted by Father Daly with his wonderful news, and took it to the shop which had employed her. Strange it was to her now, the old familiar counting out of pence into her hand—her hand which was to have henceforth the spending of sovereigns. Coming out of the shop she gave the price of her tear-stained labour to the first poor-looking creature she met, and passed on hugging the blessing which she had bought with the alms. Next she made some purchases, a few necessary articles for herself, and various little presents for humble friends who had been kind to her in her trouble. She paid her small debts, and said her last good-byes, telling all those poor creatures whom she visited, that friends having sent for her, she was leaving Dublin, but giving no clue to her future whereabouts. Nobody was surprised. Marcella had grand relations and, now that her father was gone, of course they would look after her. The neighbours promised to pray for her, wished her God speed, and she was gone.

She met Father Daly at the railway station, and at the ringing of the bell for the train, and the shriek from the engine, the curtain finally fell on the early struggles of Marcella Grace, to rise again shortly on the joys and tribulations of the heiress of Distresna.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SHADOW OF A CRIME.

BRYAN Kilmartin sat in his chambers in Dublin turning over an anonymous letter in his hands, and pondering its contents. It told him that the police were watching him, that he was suspected of complicity in a recent crime, that a strong case was being made out against him, and that he had better fly the country while yet he had time.

"A precious document!" he exclaimed. "I shall not take the slightest notice of it," and then tearing it into shreds he walked to the window and stood looking out, without seeing the things at which he gazed.

His thoughts were busy with the events of that night when he had fled through the streets of the Liberties of Dublin like a criminal from justice. The horror of the scene he had fled from lay in dismal colours before the eye of his mind. A fellow-creature whose steps had been dogged from street to street, done to death without a moment's warning, a man whose hand he had often touched, the sound of whose voice he knew, lying on the pavement in his blood while his murderers escaped. He heard the cry of the police and their footsteps following, as, overwhelmed with dismay at his position, he, Bryan Kilmartin, did what he had never done before in his life, ran from pursuit, and sought for a hiding-place and sanctuary. His brow burned as he remembered all that had occurred, and then having mastered a sort of silent passion of shame and regret, he turned abruptly from the window, took up his hat, and left the house, as if he would escape from his painful thoughts by movement through the open air.

Passing across Merrion-square he looked up at a house from which he had only a few days ago followed the funeral of an old friend, one whom he had always looked on as a friend in spite of the sharp reproaches with which she had of late kept him in mind that she held him in disgrace on account of his politics. And what were these politics which so dishonoured him, he asked himself? He believed that Ireland might be made and ought to be made, by her own exertions, a peaceful and contented country, that education should be encouraged in, and famine should be banished from the land. That was about the whole in a nut-shell. Probably his friend, an emigrant now herself to that new world

where no rents are paid and unbought leases are held in perpetuity, was wiser this moment than she had been a month ago, and would willingly exonerate him from much with which she had not scrupled to charge him. How quickly she had taken her departure, poor old lady, and what had become of that strangely interesting girl, the young relative who had appeared under her chaperonage just before her death? As this girl's face and voice came back to him, he remembered that it was not only her own peculiar attractions which had so fascinated him, but also her curious resemblance to that other girl who was so associated with his adventure on one fatal night, the events of which had just now been so present to his mind, and to which his thoughts still so easily went back.

The sordid aspect of the rooms, the poor garb of his protectress herself came before him again, and he reproached himself for not having tried to do something to better the condition of those under whose roof he had been sheltered from a real misfortune. True there might be some danger to him in returning to the spot, in at all connecting himself with the people, whoever they might be, who lived in that house. If he were in reality watched by the police, as he had been informed, it might tell against him were he observed to hold any intercourse with those who had harboured him, who might be suspected of having screened him from justice on that occasion. Yet in a matter of this kind it were cowardice to be over prudent. He had already discovered that the owner of the house was a weaver of poplin, poor and old; might he not benefit him a little if only by buying his manufacture?

The man he had never seen; the girl he was assured would keep his secret. He felt a sudden and strong desire to do something at once towards discharging his debt. In these troubled times a man like him could not be sure of the circumstances in which he might find himself to-morrow. Better to do at once whatever seemed urgent to be done. Under the influence of this impulse he directed his steps towards the Liberties, and took his way through some of the most historic parts of Dublin. Here, along these quays where the westering sun turns even the mud of the Liffey into liquid gold, makes the dome of the Four Courts redden in the clouds, and fires the spars of such shipping as clusters between the shadowed spans of the bridges, ran the "rebels" of '98 with caps of pitch ablaze on their heads to plunge madly into the waters for an ending of their torment. About this spot were enacted the last pathetic scenes in the short life of the enthusiastic

boy Robert Emmet, the Chatterton of Irish politics. Along this route he strode, sword in hand, leading on the ragged regiment which was all that appeared in the flesh of the imaginary armies with which he had expected to win Ireland for the Irish, and there his gibbet stood, the scaffold from which his heroic young soul escaped to where there are neither famines, nor oppressions, nor possible mistakes or miscalculations for the ardent and freedom-loving spirit to fall into. In yonder house Lord Edward Fitzgerald was trapped, wounded, and caught, to be dragged to Kilmainham prison to die of his wounds. On this streetway Lord Kilwarden met the untimely fate that broke Emmet's heart. And so on through many a thoroughfare till the causeways grew narrower and dirtier, till "Patrick's" lowered above the pedestrian's head, and the big bell boomed the hour over squalid houses and unwholesome alleys. Time was when the passer-by might have turned into the great cathedral to say a prayer for the living and the dead, but living and dead may now lack a neighbour's suffrage long ere Patrick's threshold can be crossed thus unceremoniously by a knee that would bend, and a soul that would pray. And this way lies Weaver's-square.

Kilmartin glanced keenly around him as he entered it. Yes, that was the house, that large one at the end of the street. It looked dark, desolate, deserted. Could it be possible that anyone lived within those walls? He spoke to a boy who was passing, and asked for information of the inhabitants of that particular house.

"There's nobody in it now, sir. The ould man is dead, sir; and his daughter's gone away. The people do say, sir, that she's gone away clane out of Dublin to her friends."

"Dead; gone! Gone to her friends. I hope she has friends. I trust she has real friends," was Kilmartin's thought; and then he reproached himself for not having sooner made an effort to know something about her. Prudence told him however, that things were better as they were. The less the girl knew of the man she had rescued the safer perhaps for him. Let all good angels guard her in that spot of earth, wherever it might be, whither the exigencies of fate had driven her, with that shadow of habitual endurance on her earnest brow, and light of ready pity in her tender and sympathetic eyes. As he turned away from the street, the thoughts sprung from his interest in the girl, as an individual, gave place again to others which touched on the question of his own personal safety.

"Should anyone have watched me into the house," he thought, "and with such testimony be ready to help to establish a possible case against me, what would be the effect in the matter of the girl's sudden disappearance? Is there not a likelihood that I should be suspected of removing her?"

And as he walked on, his mind ran on the curious tricks of fate, to speak in worldly phrase, the strange dives and twists that circumstances will make at times as if precisely for the purpose of forcing white to look black, and black to look white. Unfortunately we are not always in the mood to see in these the arrangements of Providence, able to round the crooked zigzags of our way into fair curves and beautify barren wastes of travel to our sore feet. And it seemed to him now, that if out of the very threads he had himself spun, of loyal purpose, a net was being woven around him to his destruction, then the consequences of the freaks of accidental circumstance would certainly be hard upon him.

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## CHAPTER X.

### HOMeward.

KILMARTIN had just returned from London, where he had gone to try to stir up a little interest among members of Parliament on the subject of the Purchase Clauses of the Land Act, which were in such a state that all sale was blocked while some of his tenants were eager to buy what he would be as well pleased to sell. Finding even greater difficulty than he anticipated, he had returned sooner than he intended, and so had probably crossed in the channel his letters from home which as yet had not followed him here. The result of this morning's reflections, suggested by the receipt of that anonymous letter which, contemptible as he held it, yet had left its sting behind it as such things do, was that he made up his mind to run down into the country at once, see his mother, and arrange his affairs with a view to a possible surprise. In these days there was no knowing when a man might be lifted out of the midst of his affairs, at any amount of inconvenience to himself and others dependent on him, to be practically annihilated at a moment's notice, and for an indefinite length of time. He was ready to acknowledge that this might be all very well, if the individual so lifted were a mischievous individual, but he did not think that he,



Kilmartin, would, in the event of his being so pounced upon and done away with, prove to be the right man in the right place.

The next morning he took the train as far as the train would carry him westward in the direction in which he wanted to go, and about the middle of the summer day, mounted on horseback, to travel the fifty miles which still separated him from his little Connaught kingdom.

Whoever knows Ireland well knows the beauty of the land through which he passed, while the sun traversed the wide horizon from east to west over his head, taking the light from the lakes and giving it to the hills, stealing the colours from the mountain-tops to spread them across the moor, and ever reversing the picture again as the breeze stirred and the clouds shifted. The beauty of this island of ours is the beauty of light and colour in incessant change. The valley has walls dark and blue as sapphire, and is itself a reservoir of iridescent glory, but while we look, the walls have become pure gold, and the hollow land between has mysteriously yawned, deepened, and been flooded with gloom. The elfish mists that sit on the purple peaks and wind themselves about the grey crags, descend before we have time to determine their shapes to lie along the edge of the dark pool, and creep among the flickering reeds, and transform the wide brown lines of the monotonous bog into the paths of a shimmering supernatural dominion. We have one moment a royal richness of ambers, purples, crimsons, and golds of every variety of lustre, all spread at our feet like Aladdin's treasures, and the next we are swathed in a winding-sheet of gruesome grey, and move through a world, poor, cold, windswept, and rainbeaten. Even in the unbroken weather of a summer day, our ærial changes are so swift and ceaseless that the land we move through seems alive and with motion; what was quite near is suddenly far away, and what was distant comes as rapidly smiling towards us. So much of our landscape is water, lakes, rivers, bays, linked together by wet vernal vegetation, and so constantly does every cup of a moss-girdled lakelet, rag of a pool with its torn fringes, and strip of a widening and narrowing stream, snatch at the clouds above it and hold a piece of the blue sky for ever in its breast, that half our earth is literally heaven, and we often seem to walk through a sort of mid-air region, with moonrise and sunset, not only over our heads but under our feet.

No wonder, if in a country so over-ridden by freakish mists and deceiving waters, so eternally the highway for processional splendours of shifting colours, so hopelessly the grim sport of

funereal clouds and shadows, we encounter at every turn wraiths and fairies, ghosts and elves, that peer at us out of the lakes and the caves, and come down to us from the hollow places of the mountains.

Natural enough if we see them sitting on the edge of the pool when the blue shadows of dusk are beginning to turn brown, or hear their bells ringing for evening as the sun goes down in fire behind the thorn trees, or meet them veiled and pensive, gliding across the lapwing's track on the dun moor, or descry the spears of their lances glinting under the moon at the back of the river-side thicket.

Small blame to us, if we suspect them of creeping through the keyholes to sit on our hearths while we are asleep, or waken early to hear the horns of the elfin hunt blowing, echoing thinly over the dawn-empurpled crests of the hills!

Bryan Kilmartin loved every huge boulder that hung out of the mountain over the path he travelled, every diamond-like splash of water that blinked at him, as he passed by bog and over moor, every forlorn tree that seemed to mourn a defunct forest at some desolate angle of the high-road. The whole company of elves and fairies were as well known and as dear to him as the flag-lilies in the river, the fluttering pennons of the reeds, and the grotesque shapes of the bog-wood just unearthed out of the reeking peat-moss.

Sometimes as he had poked about in the gloaming at home, while the plover wailed, and the bat flapped across his eyes, and it seemed quite rational to expect to see some rarified creature, with a certain semblance to humanity, step out of the clefts in the rock, or from under the screen of the waving bracken, he had told himself that if Irish waste lands were all drained, and Irish rents were low, the delightful eldritch population of these lovely but famine-breeding wildernesses might arise and emigrate *en masse* to some now weirder region, some spot of earth where mists still exhaled from wet mosses growing nothing but brilliant weeds, and their fumes still got into the vision-seeing brains of hungry and languishing humanity.

At the first sprinkling of corn, wine, and oil, no doubt the fairies would mount their phookas and disappear, and though their landlord (for he accounted himself such to those of the tribe who lived in his brackens, or under, or over his barren gray rocks), would grieve for the elfin exodus, yet willingly would he unbar the gates of the morn that let those go forth who require no food

but the dewdrops, to make way for the footstep of the sower and the reaper, for the hand that would plant the potato where the nightshade had spread, and make two blades of grass to spring where only one had hitherto grown. But at present the parting between landlord and elfin tenant did not seem imminent, for as yet the landscape still reeked with water, and the children of humanity were not fed.

Towards the end of his journey, he passed through all the wonders of sunset, while threading one picturesque valley after another, crossing gorges in the mountains, and skirting along a glen here, and open moorland there. Like a guiltless soul through the ordeal of fire he passed unscathed, amid flames that threatened to consume the green vales and melt the mountains to their base. First it was a golden glory which fell from the heavens, blinding bright, and then amber became rose, and rose became crimson-red, till the fires behind the darkling mountains burned themselves out, and paler tints came out to cool the burning earth and air.

Just as the cooler amethystine glow began to sweeten the atmosphere, he rounded a shoulder of steep mountain, and a scene of wild grandeur and beauty greeted his home-coming eyes. There, on a little island, set low in a dark lake, rose the gables and chimneys of his mother's house. He could see the smoke from the hearth where presently he should sit, the boat lying still on the beach in which he was about to cross to the island dwelling. From the further shore a huge mountain rose, rugged in outline, and so darkly purple in hue as to seem almost black, and against this looming background the whitened buildings on the little island twinkled. On the side of the lake by which he was approaching it, a range of hills, less stern than the more distant ones, slanted to catch the remnant of sunset light, and as the two lines folded together in the distance beyond, the island appeared to be set in a triangular *cul de sac* of water and mountains. On one side, towards which the chief windows of the island house were placed, the protecting mountains swept apart, revealing a magnificent sketch of distant country, moorland dyed every shade of tawny brown and gold, alternating with darker blots of bog and vivid streaks of green, and all shimmering in waves of light away to the uncertain borderland of cloud and mystery in which soared, with their beaked points, delicate crests, and long curved shoulders the mountains which are known as the Pins or Bens of Connemara.

He threw his horse's bridle over a post of the little gate that

guarded the path leading down to the water, and, springing into the boat, laid hold of the oars. A bugle lay in the stern, and picking it up he blew a blast that went ringing across the lake and came back in a shower of echoes rippling like musical laughter round the margins of the lake.

A few minutes' pulling with the oars brought him near the shore of the island, where he saw a figure standing watching his approach, whose outlines puzzled and surprised him. This was not the tiny form of his invalid mother, who rarely crept from her couch and could not have come so far from it without help, even to answer her son's bugle-call by meeting him at the landing-place, neither had it the extensive and elderly proportions of the faithful housekeeper who had followed her mistress in her reverses of fortune to this lonely retreat, nor was it as slight and childlike as the little assistant handmaid who made the third female inhabitant of the island. And yet the figure was familiar to Bryan. With extreme astonishment he gazed at it from a distance of about twenty yards, and it seemed to him that he was looking on the girl who had been so much in his thoughts the day before, whom he had been seeking in Weaver's-square, and who had disappeared with his secret in keeping, had left Dublin, and "gone to her friends." There were the very outlines of her figure, with its dark draperies, and that was the attitude in which he remembered her, alert and eager, the head thrown a little backward, the arms hanging by her sides with unconscious grace. As he stared at her she turned slightly, as if she would go away, and doing so, looked exactly as when she had gone before him leading him to the closet. Involuntarily he signed to her to remain, and asking himself by what extraordinary chance he found her here, and what fortune to himself her presence portended, he with a few strokes of the oars pushed home the boat between the rocks under her feet.

Marcella obeyed his signal and held her ground, till springing up the rocks he stood by her side.

Then she smiled and held out her hand, and Bryan saw with a confused sense of having been oddly tricked by his imagination, that it was not his benefactress of the Liberties after all, but poor Mrs. O'Kelly's interesting niece, who had so strangely made herself at home upon his island.

"You are surprised to see me here, Mr. Kilmartin—that is if you remember me at all. We have met once before, at the Patrick's Ball."

"I remember," said Kilmartin, thinking it would be strange if

he did not, all things considered. His mind was still occupied with the resemblance between the girl beside him and the girl who had befriended him, and with the curious chance which a second time had brought the one before his eyes while the other was in his thoughts.

"I have lost my friend," continued Marcella, in a low voice, anxious to account at once for her presence; "and Father Daly carried me off in a hurry, here, to Mrs. Kilmartin, who was kind enough to take me in till Crane's Castle be ready to receive me. Your mother does not expect you this evening, sir, and it was by accident that I met you on the rock, having heard your music——"

Bryan perceived at once how natural was the situation after all, and was surprised at nothing but the little word "sir" which had slipped out upon Marcella, in momentary forgetfulness of the drilling which poor Mrs. O'Kelly had given her. He looked at her with increased interest, as for a moment she became more closely identified in his eyes with the Liberties' girl. However he laid the little peculiarity of speech to the account of her foreign rearing. Had not her aunt told him she had been educated abroad? He quite forgot now that Miss O'Kelly herself had contradicted that statement.

Marcella, keenly aware of her slip, turned aside her head to hide the blush which a sudden fear that she was betraying herself called to her face. She had a double reason for desiring to hide for ever the fact that it was she who had sheltered this gentleman from the pursuit of the police. To her own desire to spare him a possible humiliation, and perhaps a sense of uneasiness at her possession of his secret, was now added the wish of her dead friend that the extreme lowliness of her antecedents might remain unknown to all save Father Daly. The priest had simply said to Mrs. Kilmartin that the girl had lately lost her father, who had been in anything but prosperous circumstances. Through a feeling of delicacy Mrs. Kilmartin had, in condoling with her guest on her bereavement, forborne to speak in any way which would seem to call for more particular explanations; and Marcella hoped the fact that she, now their friend and guest, and their future neighbour, had by accident come to know an unpleasant secret of Kilmartin's life, might for ever remain in the obscurity in which circumstance had enabled her so far to bury it.

"Do I understand you to mean that Crane's Castle is for the future to be your home?" asked Bryan, having first expressed his pleasure at finding that his mother had been enjoying Miss O'Kelly's companionship in her lonely retreat.

"Yes. Does it not seem strange? It seems that I have simply stepped into Mrs. O'Kelly's place."

"She has made you her heiress?"

"And I already feel the burden of the responsibility. Father Daly has assured me that you will help me with my people."

Kilmartin looked grave.

"I am not sure that it was fair to you, under the circumstances, to bring you to us," he said presently. "Of course Father Daly acted for the best from his point of view. But there are many sides to the question. My mother and I have struck out a peculiar line of conduct for ourselves in these troubled times, and have thereby incurred the censure of our own class. Whether we have done much good by our efforts to get on what we have considered the right track remains to be proved by time. Meanwhile we live, as you see us, remote from the world and in a very simple way. And I question much if one so—so fitted to mingle in society as you are ought to have your lot thrown in with ours while yet you are in perfect ignorance of the possible consequences to yourself of such an accident."

"You mean that Miss Julia O'Flaherty will not care to make an intimate friend of me. She has been here, and, down on the rocks yonder, gave me a very solemn warning. I shall not grieve much about Miss Julia O'Flaherty."

"There are others of a much better order whose acquaintance-ship you might not like to forfeit, and who would naturally feel interested in the heiress of Distresna."

"Lady Villiers Blake, and Mrs. De Lacy Ffrench, for instance. Your mother has described to me all the advantages which would result to me from their sympathy and patronage. They have not taken me into their homes, however, when I was friendless and homeless, and with the friends who have done so I will choose to remain."

"They have not had the opportunity. They are motherly women with daughters of their own, and their countenance would be desirable for you out in the world, even if you think you can get on without it here. My mother is incapacitated both physically and by circumstances from ever doing you such service, and you will be singularly lonely in that respect if you persist in identifying yourself with us."

"I have not led such a life as ought to incline me to desire the fashionable world to which these ladies would introduce me. I simply know nothing about them, and Providence has sent me to

you. I shall not step out of the path in which Father Daly has, whether fortunately or unfortunately, set my feet. I believe you to be good, I know that you are kind, and I choose to belong to you if you will let me."

Shadows had fallen as they were speaking, all the sunset flames were extinct, and in the solemn purple twilight a few quivering stars had sprung into keen life above the crown of the great mountain overhanging the lake. As Marcella, her face and figure grown less distinct in the dusk, spoke the last words, a look of resolution straightened her curved lips and an expression crossed her smooth brows which again brought his protectress of the Liberties forcibly before Kilmartin, and her words, "if I had not believed you good I would not have acted as I have done," seemed repeated in his ear. It was the gathering shadows, he supposed, that gave her for the moment that mournful look which had struck him so forcibly in the humbler girl, and which was happily not characteristic of the heiress of Distresna. He had not yet, he told himself, got quite accustomed to the fact of the existence of this strange resemblance, or he should not have started so visibly as now he did, causing Marcella to glance at him inquiringly.

"Nothing," he said. "Only you are so very like—another person whom I have known. I think I told you so the first and last time I met you."

"Yes," said Marcella, controlling her alarm. "Likenesses are curious things." She thought of how she must try to be as unlike her old self in manner and speech as possible, and involuntarily withdrew her hand from her breast, where under her dress lay the ring that Kilmartin had given her.

And just then the little handmaid from the house came running to tell Mr. Bryan that the mistress had recognised his bugle-call, and was waiting impatiently for his arrival in her room.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### INISHEEN.

THE interior of the home at Inisheen (the little Isle), consisted of a few rooms and passages all on the same floor. The outer walls were of a great thickness, the chimneys stout and low, the windows small and square, the porch strong as a little tower, having two doors, one on each side, to be opened or shut in turn as the wind

shifted. Set as it was in the middle of the wind-haunted lake, it had the look of a little fortress, and such it was to the inhabitants when they stood siege in it against the wintry elements. The three or four acres of green turf which surrounded the dwelling and sloped towards the rocks were studded with clumps of low growing trees and bushes, and a thick mat of ivy clung to every wall of the house from base to eaves. All varieties of sea-birds, gulls, puffins, curlews, and wild geese, made their nests in the rocks, or came in long flights from the sea, which, though invisible from Inisheen, was not far away, and their shrill cries and pipings as they swept the lake like trails of mist gave notice when there was a storm at hand.

There were only two living-rooms at Inisheen, and the drawing-room walls were two-thirds lined with books, the shelves for which had been set up by Bryan himself, when stress of circumstance drove him, with his mother, to put into the little island as a harbour. A few eastern rugs on the floor, some material of the same kind draping the short, deep-seated windows, with a pretty supply of foreign ornaments and curiosities, gave elegance and colour to the little interior, where fire as well as lamps burned on that summer night as a protection from chills and damps which, dropping down from the mountains and exhaling from the lake, might be seen any time from dark till dawn floating like wraiths upon the bosom of the waters. A harp stood in one corner of the room, and among the few pictures which the bookshelves had left space for on the walls were an engraving of Robert Emmett, speaking in his own defence upon his trial, and another of the old Irish House of Commons, containing a multitude of small figures, many of which were portraits.

Marcella was sitting at a table, turning over some precious etchings; Mrs. Kilmartin was reclining on her couch, her eyes eagerly following the movements of her son, who walked about the room while the conversation turned on the future treatment of the discontented tenantry of Distresna.

Mrs. Kilmartin was a small, slight woman, looking more like a withered child than a woman who had matured and grown old. She was all white from head to foot except for her blue eyes and pink lips. Her hair was snow-white and dressed prettily on the top of her head, her face was delicately pale, and her gown and shawl were both of some soft white woollen material.

"We are not responsible for bringing her here, Bryan. Mrs. O'Kelly confided her to Father Daly, and Father Daly carried her



off here at once to me. We have laid no plot to influence her movements. She is twenty-one years of age and capable of managing her own affairs. And indeed she has shown aptitude for the business and some originality in striking out a course for herself. My dear, will you tell Bryan what you have already been about?"

Marcella put aside the etchings, and leaning her elbows on the table, and clasping her hands under her chin, looked towards Bryan with a frank smile. She felt instinctively that he was less likely to identify her with the Liberties girl, so long as she smiled, for she had observed that it was generally when she looked grave or sad that he turned those puzzled inquiring glances on her which conveyed to her keen apprehension that the scene of his introduction to the secret closet was present to his mind. On that eventful night of his concealment, Marcella had certainly not smiled at him. A patient courage, an uncomplaining mournfulness had been expressed then by the eyes and lips which were irradiated now with a steady gladness which was by no means assumed. For, still lost as she was in delighted surprise at the change of fortune that had transferred her to this peaceful, refined, and romantic home, and placed her as a centre of interest between her hero and his mother, smiles came to her more naturally than they had ever done before in the course of her short life.

"I have been visiting my people with Father Daly," she said, "not, however, as their landlord, but only as a friend of his. I begged him to let me make their acquaintance first and try to gain their good will before announcing myself as the future receiver of their rents."

"A happy thought," said Bryan, watching eagerly all the changes of her animated face. "And how have you found them?"

"I have only visited a few as yet. Father Daly is to come for me to-morrow again. In some of the cabins the people were as sullen and reserved as they looked hungry and poverty-stricken. In other places I thought them too civil. They seemed to distrust a stranger, even though she accompanied Father Daly. But in several cases I think I made my way as a friend. Miss O'Flaherty had told me that unless I gave them presents and made them great promises they would hate me. I gave them nothing and promised them nothing, yet, I think, I shall be welcome to some of them when I go back again."

"I do not doubt it. The freemasonry of human sympathy is hardly known to Miss Julia O'Flaherty. It is only too well

understood by our poor Irish cottiers. I am glad you have made so good a beginning, Miss O'Kelly. That you should understand the people you have to deal with by personal experience rather than take them for granted through the counsels and representations of others is just what is most desirable for you. It is better for you to follow neither in my steps nor in Miss O'Flaherty's steps, but to make original footprints of your own. Not everyone is capable of doing so. It requires both heart and brains, though most people think all that is needed is a rent-extracting machine. Indeed, so strained and warped from the true uses have the relations between landlord and tenant become, that even at the best a landlord's is hardly a desirable position. For my own part I have gradually withdrawn from it till I find myself now as little of a landlord as possible on the acres my forefathers owned, and for this I may thank my forefathers themselves, who, as some irreverent wag said the other day, sold my birthright for a mess of *poteen*, and figuratively speaking, gave their souls for a fox hunt. Not that I am an enemy of the hunt; on the contrary; but there are more ways than one of breaking a man's neck by means of the sport. I will show you to-morrow, Miss O'Kelly, if you and Father Daly will give me a seat on his car when you are going your rounds, the house in which your humble servant was born, once a jovial house, an open house, a reckless, rack-renting house as any in old Ireland. The roof is now falling in and the chimneys extend their cold arms to heaven as if crying out against the ruin that has descended upon it. Only that I had a mother—well, you will know my mother by-and-by—who preferred a straight conscience and simple living to ancestral halls and all that kind of thing, I should this moment be patching at that family roof-tree, and sending the smoke of unholy feasts up those gaping chimneys. As it is, we have slackened rein on the necks of our tenantry, and in many instances given them the bit in their own teeth. We have here in this island sanctuary, set up our few remaining household gods; and as in our case it was not too late to mend, we have enjoyed infinite peace since we ceased to hold up our heads among the great ones of the earth. Our plan has worked well, I think, though I do not pretend that in trying to do what is best for my people, I have succeeded in satisfying them all. In every community there is more or less of a sinister element which blows like a contrary wind against the prow of all well-meaning efforts. However, I have been content to struggle on in the teeth of such difficulty, remembering how the demon was first evoked in

this country, and knowing how hard it is to lay a demon, once he has been evoked. Remembering, too, how early in life I myself was misled with too much ardour and cherished a delusion, and had almost descended —— ”

“We will not speak of that,” said Mrs. Kilmartin, with a swift motion of her hand.

“No, we will not speak of that,” said Bryan. “I already owe Miss O’Kelly an apology for my egoism. My only excuse is that I have been led into it through my anxiety for her in her present position. She is placed as I was, somewhat, and is called on to act. I hope she will neither have to run the risks I have run, nor miss her opportunity of doing whatever good she may. I feel that she ought to have the benefit of every one’s experience.”

“I have already had several varieties,” said Marcella. “First, poor Mrs. O’Kelly instructed me carefully from her point of view, next Miss O’Flaherty gave me a great deal of information, as did also Mr. O’Flaherty during the day I spent at Mount Ramshackle. From Mrs. Kilmartin I have heard a great deal that has placed my difficulties plainly before me ; and now Mr. Kilmartin —— ”

Bryan wondered why she smiled at him so incessantly while she spoke, and in the fascination of her smile he now almost forgot the subject of her speech. He did not know that it was to guard his secret, or rather her own secret knowledge of his secret that she smiled, dazzling his eyes with bright glances so that he might not see behind such glamour the melancholy Marcella of the Liberties.

“She must be happy here,” he thought. “She must be feeling happy with us. Would to God she could always stay ! ” and then almost shocked at the vehemence of this wish which was a revelation to himself, he answered quickly :

“I hope you will use all these experiences only as so many lamps to guide your way. I have no doubt your own womanly instinct will find you a path for yourself which nobody has trod before you.”

But after they had separated for the night, and all the lights were out in the house, he walked down on the rocks where there was always a murmur of music at night, a faint sweet clashing of sounds in the air, even when storms were still, a mingling of splashing water, whispering reeds, and the cries echoed from shore to shore of wild birds, among the rocks, or riding late on the circling waves that girdle Inisheen. And as he went he thought :

“An impoverished man, one perhaps fatally marked by misfor-

tune, to think of taking possession of the future of a creature so full of life, and freshness, and promise? No, I must not dare to dream of her."

Marcella, meanwhile, followed him with her thought, and asked herself what was that evil from which he had with difficulty been saved, of which his mother would not suffer him to speak? And holding fast the ring round her neck, she fell into a troubled sleep.

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"LOVEST THOU ME?"

BY MRS. F. PENTRILL.

"LOVEST thou Me?" the risen Jesus said,  
 And Peter humbly bowed his guilty head;  
 With shame he thought of that sad Passion morn,  
 When his dear Lord had stood, contemned, forlorn,  
 And he, the chosen 'mid the chosen band,  
 A servant's idle taunt could not withstand.  
 "O Lord," he cried, "thou knowest that I love!"  
 But still did Jesus ask, his faith to prove,  
 Till Peter thrice the same words had repeated,  
 While every time the Lord a new trust meted,  
 As if to show how fully he believed  
 If Peter much had sinned, still more he grieved.

But we alas! how often do we sin  
 As Peter sinned—Ah! when shall we begin  
 The long atonement of his latter life?  
 The love, the labours, all the endless strife,  
 Against the Powers of Evil: and at last  
 The shameful death, o'er which himself he cast  
 An added shame, refusing e'en to die  
 As his Lord died; choosing his head should lie  
 Downwards in humbleness; with parting breath  
 Thus sealing grief that ended but in death.

## ON THE WYE.

BY HENRY BEDFORD.

A FEW days intervening between our departure from Cornwall and our joining some friends at Lowerstoft, the question arose how shall we spend them. We are leaving the wild, grand, tempest-torn cliffs behind us and have before us another and very different coast where we are due, but not just yet. From the Cornish Land's End, with its wild uplands and precipitous cliffs, to the eastern shores with the dykes and fens of Suffolk, is the longest straight line that can be drawn in England, and that three hundred and sixty-seven miles we have to travel, but surely not without a break. The change, in these days of rapid travelling, will be too abrupt, and will jar upon the quiet frame of mind which home-travelling implies, and so we resolve upon an intermediate state, a kind of *via media*, which nature fortunately suggests, and thus, as is but proper—at least in vacation time—we resolve to follow nature, and therefore at Bristol we leave the *Flying Dutchman*, and turn aside for a few quiet days on the Wye.

So between the wild coast of the south and the tame shores of the east, we select the beautiful river, which is neither wild nor tame, as a connecting-link, which somehow weaves into one chain the ancient traditions of the far distant past, and the modern ideas of the insistent present; for has it not its venerable castles and its bran-new mansions, its ancient Welsh names applied to the freshest and youngest railway stations; its grim solitudes invaded by noisy engines, its very ocean rampart undermined by a railway tunnel? We left the railway, we said, at Bristol; but in truth it was only a change of line; for it is no easy thing now-a-days to get away altogether from these necessary evils. Some seven-and-thirty years ago, when we first visited the Wye, it was as guiltless of railways as was then the Rhine, with which it is so often compared; now it is almost as much strait-waistcoated as that more renowned river; indeed, on maps of small scale, the Wye is well-nigh blotted out by the broad black lines which iron it down, and tie its pleasant towns together by links that bind it to the main lines and hold it, as it were, in hand for impatient tourists who have no time to spare. Well, we must confess, we are more frightened than hurt. The old pleasant roads are still there, wind-

ing along by the side of the beautiful river ; now strolling amid the deep shadows of the grand trees that skirt the shore, or under the cliffs, which, when not crowned to their summits with the richest verdure, are rearing their ruddy heads high above all, but ever coming out of the pleasant shade, when a bend of the Wye, a ruined castle, or a venerable abbey is to be seen to the greatest advantage. Are we wrong in thus giving life to the roads, when we cannot help regarding them as our guides and companions in pleasant rambles ? They are silent when we would be alone, but they are lively and talkative enough when we would shake off contemplation and live again amid the living nature through which they so cunningly lead us.

True, the railway is there, wherever you want it, and indeed when you would at times wish it away ; but you can avoid it if you please, and wander where it can hardly follow, and so you are the master and not it, which cannot always be said. So we philosophically resolve to use it in time of need, and to turn our back upon it when we can do better without it. From Bristol it carries us to the New Passage station, which is at once a terminus and a landing-place ; so it pulls up abruptly with a yell and a snort on the Bristol Channel and discharges us and the rest of its freight into a small steamer, which quickly carries us across from Gloucestershire into Monmouthshire, which is safer than saying from England into Wales, as we and many others are somewhat hazy as to where one country ends and the other begins, which was not made clearer when, very soon after making the passage across, we find ourselves in Gloucestershire again. While we are writing, that line of demarkation is becoming still more faint, the New Passage station will cease to be a terminus, and the train will perhaps hardly condescend to recognise its existence, as it dashes on, on its own hook, as our American cousins say, not indeed into but under the Bristol Channel, or River Severn (whichever you please to call it here), and pushes its own independent way into South Wales with passengers for the Wye, or out of it with iron and coal from the busy mines which, while they disfigure the country make it so rich and profitable to its inhabitants, who wisely prefer Cardiff, Merthyr, and Swansea to Chepstow, Rhaglan, and Tintern.

The tunnel is about a mile and a half long, but its real under-river passage is not more than a mile. When we were there a great battle was raging between science and nature—the one pouring its spring water copiously into the tunnel from a deeper one of its own making underneath that which science was constructing, the

other pumping out the intruder and stopping its mouth most uncivilly but resolutely with clay and puddle. Which will triumph? We discussed the *pros* and *cons* with two experienced and learned engineers; but time has since settled the question, and not for the first time science has won the victory, and Wales is tied by another link to the land which was once her own. Thus are journeys shortened. What took us more than two hours in the far distant past now occupies less than one, while in the near future (as the phrase is), a few minutes will suffice; but in the process the pleasant voyage from Bristol to Chepstow is gone; and that meant a sail down the romantic Avon into the Severn, across its broad waters and up the Wye to Chepstow. The breezy passage across the abounding Severn will soon be no more, and a stifled run through a dark tunnel will show the traveller nothing, but (what he seems to prize more) will hasten him to his destination, which may be other than what he intends, should the land-spring clear its mouth once more beneath, or the strong tides of the Severn work their way from above. In either case the old proverb will not hold good, *in medio tutissimus ibis*.

However much of Welsh blood we may have in our veins, we promise to spare the impatient reader (the long-suffering, patient reader has become extinct in the struggle for life and the survival of the strongest, we suppose) the infliction of Welsh names. So we content ourselves, once for all, with a specimen and point out as objects easy to be seen if difficult to be named *Twymbarlthom*, *Myndd-maen*, *Mynydd-alt-arfaid*, and *Mynydd-Uicyd*, respectable hills of ancient family and undisputed lineage. Fortunately for people with ordinary powers of articulation, the more famous spots of the Wye have names less trying to the jaws. While we are digesting as best we may these Welsh names, and wondering what conjunction of consonants would suffice for Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, if these modest hills require so many to do them justice, we are looking out, and not successfully, for the Wye. Here are the abundant waters of the Severn pouring themselves with a surprising width and depth of volume into the Bristol Channel; but what is that to us just now? The Wye is our river, the river to which we are on pilgrimage, and so this grander shrine is as nothing in comparison. We land and are soon railed along the shore, and then inland to our own river, and pause on its banks as Chepstow, which is indeed Wye-land in miniature; for here is the river with its picturesque bridge, its lofty viaduct, its romantic town, and stately castle. But what of the river? In truth, the

Wye, here at least, is not a pellucid stream, flowing as it does between muddy banks. Turbid are the waters, as they must needs be, where the tide rises occasionally some sixty feet, but water colour in itself is not displeasing when it is a token of strength and volume.

Of necessity, Chepstow is picturesque; for it must stand on a hill, otherwise it would long ago have been washed away, and for the same reason its bridges are grand and sturdily beautiful, with that beauty which comes of strength and life-long triumph. So we climb up the steep streets, pass under an ancient gateway, and come suddenly upon the grand old castle which has its history of centuries written on its massive ruins. How grandly it stands on the brink of a cliff that overhangs the river, while on the land side it is guarded by a deep ditch. As we wander through its four courts, which rise one above the other on the still rising ground, and speculate upon the uses of the several parts which are sufficiently distinct to assist our search, and yet so overgrown and dilapidated as to leave room enough for imagination to have full play, we hardly care to know the details of its history and content ourselves with the rude outlines which tell so well their own tale.

To say that Chepstow Castle belongs to the Duke of Beaufort is to say that it is kept in perfect preservation. No attempt is of course made at restoration; it is too completely a thing of the past to be revived, and to galvanize it into a sham life, or to convert it into a modern residence, is about the last thing the princely and right-minded owner would think of doing. The Duke of Beaufort is a power in Wye-land, fortunately for the lover of antiquities, and with a munificence guided by refined taste and a full appreciation of his duties as inheritor of this and other ancient castles, knows what to do and has the means of doing it.

The church at Chepstow has a curious modern history which it would doubtless tell in loud and angry accents could it give tongue as its bells do. In good old times, when the De Clares built it in Stephen's reign, it was the chapel of a Priory of Benedictines. It gloried, as well it might, in its Norman porch and tower, as it afterwards did with Early-English nave and aisles. Through troublesome times it held its own; even Cromwell spared it when he dismantled the neighbouring castle; so it was left for a rector of our own day to get a Wyatt to adopt it to modern requirements at the expense of the bishop of the diocese. I will not mention names, not even to show which Wyatt of the building family of church restorers (falsely so-called) of that name perpetrated the



outrage. But what the three wise heads together did was this. They pulled down the two aisles of the nave, and added, at its east end, two incongruous transepts and a choir, thereby destroying its fair proportions, and leaving in place of the grand old priory chapel the gaunt skeleton of the aisle-less nave, and mocked its shrunken body with these unbecoming head and shoulders. This is, as a guide-book says, "the first piece of church architecture of the afterwards eminent firm of Wyatt and Brandon."

After our Sunday duties, spiritual and corporal, had been discharged—the latter including an excellent dinner at the Beaufort Arms, and the former an intellectual feast which the good priest provided us in the shape of a sermon, than which we have seldom heard a better—we spent the long summer afternoon and evening in a pleasant ramble to the Wyndcliff, the most renowned of the many points of beauty which Wye-land has to display. There is a regulation walk through a park which extends most of the way between Chepstow and the cliff, on whose varied charms most visitors dilate; but being Sunday, the gates are closed, and so we wayfarers have, like other tramps, to keep to the road, which here indeed is anything but a penalty. Shut in by lofty hedges, which are crowded by fine overhanging trees, the summer heat and glare are tempered down almost into a dim religious light, which is grateful alike to mind and body, while the windings of the well-kept road and the absence of workday traffic make us almost doubt if in truth we are outside the beautiful domain. If points of view are less frequent, the effect of the grand prospect reserved for the end of our ramble is made still more striking, and so on we wend our pleasant way until the road branches off past a small hamlet, a path diverges over the bright meadow and we enter upon a woodland climb which is evidently our way to the Wyndcliff. Up we go in the winding way, now to the right, now to the left but ever upwards: glimpses are opening but quickly closing again, as though jealous of our anticipating what is in store, until at last we suddenly stand upon the summit of the cliff and the scene lies before us. No; not quite so, for the trees partially close in the view; so that we have to descend a short way down the face of the cliff until we reach a summer-house on a well protected platform which juts out like a balcony and reveals the whole prospect.

The scene is certainly very striking. The cliff rises nine hundred feet above the Wye; it is a precipice, barren, treeless, and nearly perpendicular for several hundred feet, then it suddenly passes into a richly wooded ravine, which swells out until it

combines near its base with the luxuriant woods which shut in the high road on both sides. The view is extensive and novel ; for it has two rivers, the Wye and the Severn, to wind their waters amid the fertile lands and to contribute each its share, and those so different, to the general effect. Close beneath flashes the Wye, sweeping its now brightening waters around the headlands and between the cliffs that strive to stay its course ; wild in its rapid dash, and playful in its sudden curvings, a spoilt child of nature, our own Wye we call it and feel it to be ; while in the near distance the majestic Severn sweeps its abundant waters in a broad channel, and seems in its occasional near approach to keep a matronly eye upon its wayward child. Surely nowhere are waters so closely united, and yet so distinct ; so full of life, and yet with characteristics which individualize them, that one can never be mistaken for the other ; while beyond these exquisite combinations of abundant foliage, rich meadows and water, just where it is most needed to complete the home picture, spreads the line of coast, with historic castles on the heights, and all backed again by hills which grow almost into mountains, or at least serve the purpose of such, in framing and completing the charming picture.

The descent is by a winding path which creeps around the face of the cliff, now clinging boldly but guardedly to its surface, now penetrating the rock itself, piercing a way through what seems a natural cavern, and by flights of many rustic steps working a devious path amid the thickly clustered trees that clothe its lower heights, until it leads to a moss cottage where the wearied traveller finds repose.

The next day we rail to Tintern, and review our ramble of the previous day, seeing the Wyndcliff from the opposite side of the river. Before long Tintern Abbey comes suddenly into view, the train dashing along and high up one of the cliffs that here close in the Wye ; and then as suddenly plunges into a tunnel which makes the glimpse of the venerable abbey more than ever like a vision. Our short railway journey had so far brutalised us that we absolutely wished for a station at this sacred spot, and growled when we found, on once more emerging into sunlight, that it was more than a mile from the abbey. When we grew into a better frame of mind, on leaving the train and walking through the beautiful country, and the pretty village which still clusters around the venerable ruins, we began to appreciate the right feeling which carried the line amid the trees and through the cliffs, beyond the sacred precincts. If the train must come, at least let it move

silently, and, so to say, walk on tiptoe here. What can be said of Tintern Abbey which has not already been said?—of its well-chosen position, in a bright meadow formed by a bend of the Wye; of its noble proportions, so simple and yet so exquisitely beautiful; of the loving and reverential care with which it is preserved, and which seems to guard each fragment as though it were a choice treasure. The same names are continually recurring in these parts.

The De Clares, who built Chepstow Castle, were the founders of this Cistercian Abbey—and of course Strongbow is named in connection with both; but more it must needs be with the castle than the abbey. And passing from those twelfth century times to our own, we owe no little to the present inheritor of both, the Duke of Beaufort's care being remarkable alike in abbey and in castle.

Much, very much, of the abbey remains: its principal features are not only well defined, but are in excellent preservation. Where columns have fallen in the nave the bases yet remain to mark their site. The east and west ends, with their grand and beautiful window-tracery, are perfect. Indeed it seems as though, were the ivy stripped off, the tower rebuilt, and the roof renewed, but little more would be needed to make the church what it was when its last abbot and his twelve brethren left it under the rude hand of the oppressor. And yet we question if many of its visitors would wish to see Tintern Abbey thus restored. That religious should once more do their holy work on the banks of the Wye every Catholic must desire and hope, such restoration is a consummation devoutly to be wished; but to repair and renovate these venerable ruins, to make these dead bones live, to patch the present on to the past, and so to strive to reconstruct a Tintern which is neither ancient nor modern, but a confusion of both, would, at least to our seeming, be a spoiling of what is beautiful in its decay without any that can be called an equivalent gain. No; let us build our churches and monasteries as best we may, profiting by the lessons we may learn from these and such like venerable remains; but let us not lay even reverential hands upon the fragments that time has left us of the ancient religious edifices of the land. They are a part of the national history, a page, like many others, to make the heart glow with an honest pride in what has once been, and to make the cheek blush at the indignities which have been offered to our Holy Faith. They tell their own tale and teach their own lesson, which we may be sure will not, the one be forgotten nor the other lost. Few visit such spots without in some degree leaving

them the wiser and better for the visit. The past speaks eloquently in them, and numbers will listen in reverence to that past who would turn coldly away from the voice of the present, reason how it may. Anyhow, let the past do its work, and then, and not till then, will the present speak effectively.

There is a charming hotel at Tintern, "a cottage of gentility," set in the midst of flower-beds, as bright and blooming as any of them in right of its rose-clustered walls and ivy-clad gables—a pleasant resting-place for those who wish to see Tintern aright by visiting it in the pale moonlight. For ourselves we linger not, generally finding it a mistake to remain long amid such scenes; for in truth, except for an artist, they are soon exhausted. Besides we have a castle to visit, before we take up our quarters for the night at Monmouth. So the train once more receives us, and we dash along to that birthplace of Falstaff's Prince Hal, and hasten still onward to Rhaglan Castle, which gave his title to another warrior, the hero of Sebastopol, that brave and modest Lord Fitzroy Somerset, whose fair fame was for a moment darkened by the ignorant misrepresentations of a newspaper correspondent.

Rhaglan Castle, says the historian, is situated in that part of the ancient country of Gwent called Cantret Iscoed, and in the crommwd of Tref-y-Grug, and worthy is it of all these high-sounding names, for it is indeed a splendid ruin. Castles here and elsewhere may be divided into ancient and modern, but with a further distinction of the term modern, which we would call ancient-modern and modern-modern, did we not fear confusing our reader with what look like fine distinctions, but which are not without a difference which we can easily illustrate. Goodrich has its ancient castle, and within a stone's throw of it another of yesterday. But here Rhaglan is itself both ancient and modern, being in the twelfth century, like Chepstow and Tintern, the possession of the De Clares, and was held by Richard Strongbow, who was not only Earl of Pembroke and Lord of Chepstow, but Lord of Rhaglan too. Its modern character connects it with the times of the Rebellion, with Charles the First, who often stayed here, and with that learned and valorous Marquis of Worcester, whose name has a place, and that no mean one, alike in the records of chivalry and of natural science. But modern castles before the time of the Commonwealth were very different from those now built. They were not indeed the grim edifices which men raised for war, and almost for war only. Everything else was no longer made subor-

dinate to strength, though strength had to be duly considered. They were characteristic, as their predecessors had been, of the times in which they were built. The laws were better observed, were more rigidly enforced, so people lived in greater security and breathed more freely ; yet was there still a sense of danger, and men had not yet forgotten how not long before they had to trust very much in themselves and to feel that their house was their own only when it was a well-fortified castle. So modern Rhaglan was first a residence and next a castle, but still after all a fortified residence. So we find it strong enough to resist a siege, but withal a pleasant mansion with noble courtyards, a grand and well-lighted baronial hall, rich carvings, and a broad terrace, with spacious staircases and marble fountains. It still has its three huge pentagonal towers, its lofty portal, and close at hand, the special feature of early days, the massive hexagonal citadel, the Tower of Gwent. How grandly these noble and varied features blend together rising up from the broad moat. It is in its way a thing of beauty, of manly, valorous, and yet also of feminine delicate beauty. It tells alike of the stern courage, and the careless gaiety which marked the period in which it flourished, and in which it fell ; for, in 1642, Worcester surrendered his sword to Fairfax.

And Cromwell, in very wantonness of power, in spite of the capitulation, blew up two angles of the Gwent Tower, and left it, as it has ever since remained, a picturesque ruin, rich in natural beauty and in memories both gay and sad, of that recent past which seems so rapidly fading away to take its place among the earlier traditions which still linger around Rhaglan. We return to Monmouth, of which we have hitherto seen but the railway station, and find it pleasantly situated in a wide plain at the junction of two rivers, the Wye and the Monnow. Hence its name, for the latter river used to be called the Mone ; and of course the town stands where this river pours itself into the Wye, and is Monmouth : It is surrounded by lofty, well-wooded hills, and indeed stands upon anything but level ground ; so we climb the high street, look with as much reverence as we can, and with as uncritical an eye as possible, upon the leaden statue of Harry of Monmouth, Prince Hal, the hero of Agincourt, Henry the Fifth, which you will, for each name tells of one who in so many ways was and is the idol of the English people. Of course, Monmouth had its castle where the prince was born ; and equally, of course, Cromwell battered it down soon after Rhaglan fell. Little remains are now to be seen, and these are too uninteresting to reward a visit.

Once more upon the rail, which pleasantly skirts the bright waters of the Wye, and seems to resolve itself into a tourist line that seeks and reveals the varied beauties of the charming valley. Ere long—for all the distances are short on this miniature line which respectfully humbles itself before the grand old ruins amid which it winds—ere long we leave the train and climb the heights to Goodrich Castle. A steep climb we find it, when we venture from the road and work our way over corn fields which are almost Alpine in their character to the entrance of the castle, which is buried among the trees. Here we are once more amid the buildings of the De Clares; back again into the eleventh century of Chepstow and Tintern, when strength was everything, and when the refinements and splendour of Rhaglan were unthought of. Here it stands, perched upon the crown of the woody precipice, a feudal fortress, shut in by its barbican, and frowning grimly down upon any enemy who should venture near its lofty and massive walls. More is left for the imagination to fill in than at Rhaglan; for here the simple outlines are nearly all that remains. A striking feature in a large hall stands a solitary pillar of great height supporting a single pointed arch and nothing else. It could scarcely be a flight of fancy or a mere architectural puzzle where all around is so real and solemn. We give it up, and turning lose ourselves in a grim chamber which commands the portal by a narrow opening and yet seems to have been a chapel. If so, it is significant enough of the danger that surrounded devotion, and preaches a sermon upon the somewhat vulgar text:—"Put your trust in Providence and keep your powder dry."

We gossiped with the ancient guardian of the castle and with his guardian and wife, who had thus the charge of two venerable ruins, and were surprised to hear that the most frequent visitor is the Duke of Beaufort who, though not the possessor, seems to take as much interest in Goodrich as in his own Chepstow and Rhaglan.

Almost within a stone's throw of Goodrich Castle stands Goodrich Court. On as bold a height, and with towers and pinnacles, turrets and portal, drawbridge and moats, as imposing and indeed much more imposing than the grand old castle it mocks; for Goodrich Court is a sham, not indeed a lath and plaster stage scene, but nearly as unreal, and certainly much less respectable. It is a thing of yesterday, a modern house masquerading, a nineteenth century erection aping one of the twelfth. Why this pretentious thing should be planted here, when in a fashionable suburb it would be in keeping with other affectations around it, while here it serves

but to flout the ruins gray, it is difficult to imagine, for its proprietor and designer, Sir Samuel Meyrick, was a man of taste. His specialty was the collecting of ancient armour and arms; and when we visited Goodrich Court, in other and now distant days, it was to see this renowned collection. The nation years ago became possessed of it, when it was transferred to the Tower of London, and so this modern antique offers no attraction to the tourist, and the resident family have it peaceably to themselves.

Sightseeing is an appetising pursuit, especially where there is much climbing involved; and so the remembrance of two small hotels near the station draws us down to the picturesque village, where there are scarcely two houses on the same level. But signs are but pictures, and promises of entertainment to the eye are doomed to be broken to the hope. Neither hotel can furnish bread, not one pennyworth of bread, to all the sack or beer they can provide. The baker, it seems, has not yet arrived from Monmouth, and we are left lamenting. So on we walk, thoughtful and hungry, prepared (but in no philosophic temper) to muse on the vanity of human wishes.

But now we see a beer-shop, and that provides us with a modest repast which neither of the hotels could supply. We think better of humanity, and walk on to Ross:

“Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross.

Well, Pope has forestalled us, and we sing nothing of the many good things Kyrle the philanthropist did with very limited means, save that one of the trees of the fine avenue he planted in the churchyard has wonderfully vindicated his memory when a certain vicar tried to damage it. It seems the trees were not only beautiful but valuable, and so his reverence cut down one or more near the church, and sold the timber for—let us charitably assume—the benefit of the poor. But Kyrle’s tree was not to be despatched so easily; it was cut down outside the church, but rose up again within. The roots threw up suckers which worked their way under the walls of the sacred edifice, and shot up into life and vigour, and have grown into one or two trees in the midst of a pew, under whose shade the pious people sit and listen to the singing of the mixed choir of people and birds.

Ross, or more correctly Rhos, is, as its name implies, a moist meadow. Very swampy are the environs, but the town itself runs up a high street which leads to others still higher—indeed it is all ups and downs—while at its highest point, and overhanging the

road on the edge of what is almost a precipice, so high and steep is it, stands Barratt's Hotel, the home of honeymooners and the delight of all visitors. Charming walks and drives to the wood-crowned heights above, and along the shore of the beautiful Wye ; boating on the bright crystal waters, excursions to other castles of which we have not time nor space to tell ; a railway-run to Hereford and its restored cathedral, another to Gloucester and its like attraction, with Cheltenham close beside : these are attractions which, added to those we have pointed out, make a visit to the Wye a bright and varied holiday. To those who are passing to London through Bristol, or by Milford Haven from Ireland, it offers a pleasant break in the journey, and will well repay the time devoted to it.

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## DE ARTE POETICA.

### AN AMERICAN LAY.

*Palæmon. Tityrus. Corydon.*

- P. COME, Tityrus, explain to us, for surely you must know it,  
 The mark whereby the modern eye doth recognize a Poet.  
 And, Corydon, they say you're on a footing with the Muses,  
 The art rehearse of making verse that praised by our Reviews is.
- T. First you may sing of everything in Ocean, Air, and Land ;  
 Of pictures and of politics, of plants and planets—and  
 In fact of anything at all you do not understand.
- C. Would you this clever age of ours should take you for a Bard ?  
 Then be your grain of meaning small and let the shell be hard :  
 And lest you should be understood be much upon your guard.
- T. 'Twere better so you nought should know of what you speak about ;  
 For though you may your meaning hide right artfully no doubt,  
 Yet if you *have* a meaning,—why ! some one may make it out !
- C. To have a meaning do I hold to be the better fun,  
 And then to scatter words until there seemeth to be none ;  
 And mark the puzzlement of those your artfulness has done.



- T.* Nay! nay! 'tis sport of higher sort to know there is no sense;  
And then of something meant to make elaborate pretence,  
Until the reader thinks he must indeed be very dense.
- C.* The model of my muse shall be the crafty-witted fox,  
That makes his cunning nest among the crannies of the rocks,  
And bids the hunter dig for him through adamantine blocks.
- T.* As Chubb or Milner doth compose a thief-defying box,  
So for the mintage of my muse I forge a score of locks;  
And if a burglar pick them,—then he'll find a paradox.
- C.* It much imports to have besides a philosophic view;  
If, save that with its genesis have Germans got to do,  
You furnish to your labyrinth no manner of a clue.
- T.* Æsthetic canons to enforce it doth avail no less,  
If only what those canons be you cannot make a guess,  
And if you adequately do your state of mind express.
- C.* Remember though your grammar grow occasionally clear,  
With comprehensibility that need not interfere:  
'Tis triumph manifest if *then* none can your thoughts come near.
- T.* The substance to your own device you well may leave alone;  
If only you do not forget the richness of your *tone*:  
And if the flowers of speech you use be all in hot-house grown.
- C.* And when you spread your wings, instead of thinking where you're going,  
Leave, leave your course unto the force of any winds are blowing:  
Winds, I assume, that breathe perfume and like Sirocco glowing.
- T.* So, so, but do, and critics you will rate as now they rate us.
- C.* Do, do, but so, and you will know what's meant by our *affiatua*.

J. G.

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## LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

FREDERIC Ozanam, writing to his friend M. Lenormant, says :  
 "I know not what God may ordain for us henceforth, but I know that in choosing our friends for us He has done quite enough for the honour and happiness of our lives." Those who were privileged to have Lady Georgiana Fullerton as their friend, may well echo these words. She was one of God's chosen souls—one of those richly endowed beings who now and again stand amongst us, and who, when they depart, leave a void behind them never to be filled.

Lady Georgiana's name is, of course, widely known. She was the author of some twenty volumes, besides contributing various short articles to different periodicals. And those who know her writings to a great extent know her also, for she poured out her soul in her books.

The story of her life can be briefly told.

Lady Georgiana Leveson Gower was born in 1812, on September 23rd, the eve of "Our Lady of Mercy." She left England as a child to spend the years of her girlhood in Paris. Her father, after having filled the post of English Ambassador in Russia, held a similar position in France.

Lady Georgiana's early life was a happy one. She tells us this herself in her "Verses :"—

"And years flew by like a few fleeting hours,  
 Days full of happiness too great for earth."

She was one of a family circle where mutual affection reigned supreme, and had its roots so strongly planted that the wear and tear of time, even the difference in religion which often breaks the closest bonds, brought no shadow on its brightness. And her marriage, in 1833, to Mr. Alexander Fullerton, only added a new tie without disturbing any of the old ones. It did not separate her from her family. The inevitable breaking up did not come till 1841, when Earl Granville ceased to be British Ambassador in France, and Lady Georgiana sadly wrote :—

"Farewell, old house!  
 Of thee a final mournful leave I take,  
 Long as my life, and on this parting day  
 My eyes o'erflow."

Before this epoch, Lady Georgiana had become a mother. Her first and only child was a son, the joy and pride of his parent's heart.

In 1842, Mr. Fullerton was received into the Church, and in 1846 his wife took the same step. Her nature was one which felt to its very depths those throes of anguish which most, if not all, converts have to endure as they pass through the dim vestibule of doubt and fear which leads to the threshold wherein dwell light and peace. The landmarks of a childhood's creed are rudely removed, the supports of a lifetime shake and tremble, the old belief is obscured or lost, the Faith is as yet hidden in shadows.

Let her own eloquent words describe this suffering in her verses addressed to "Mother Church :"

"Oh, that thy creed were sound, I cried,  
Until I felt its power,  
And almost prayed to find it false  
In the decisive hour.  
Great was the struggle, fierce the strife,  
But wonderful the gain,  
For not one trial or one pang,  
Was sent or felt in vain,  
And every link of that long chain  
That led my soul to thee,  
Remains a monument of all  
Thy mercy wrought for me."

Lady Georgiana never lost her first fervour. Her life became identified, so to speak, with the life of the Church. She found ever fresh joy in its services. "How few Holy Weeks there are left to me!" she said once in her simple childlike way. "Even if I live to be very old, I could not have more than twenty." Alas! she scarcely enjoyed half that number; but she has lost her regret now in the joy of the eternal Easter.

A few years after her conversion came the crushing sorrow of her life. Her only child, the delight of her eyes, the idol of her heart, was snatched from her by accident. It was not vouchsafed to her to hear a farewell word, to give a last fond kiss. While absent from her—all in a minute—his young life was quenched.

It is true to say of her that from this blow she never rallied. The sword entered her soul and remained there till the end. The grief was so deep no one ever dared to touch it, even by words of sympathy. The tears she shed in secret none may know; but we

may be sure of this—they were among those tears which God has now with his own hand wiped away.

There are some who, possessing a keenly sensitive nature like Lady Georgiana, never rally from a crushing blow. They devote themselves to their grief. They live with and for their sorrow. Not so with her. Hiding the sword in her heart, she rose up and went forward. Even a heart break could not make her selfish, and from the sad hour which saw her bereaved, her sympathies widened—her love of God deepened—she began to walk in the path that leads to sanctity. Thirty years were to pass ere she should go to him who could never return to her; and at their close when she is taken from us, we who knew her gather together and say: “She was a saint.”

Lady Georgiana had always been charitable to the poor—it was a family tradition, deepened and increased in her by the influence of the Catholic faith. But now into this wounded heart of hers there came the *love of the poor*—a rare gift, and one which in her grew and fructified till it became a passion, the ruling passion of her life.

She thought about the poor, and toiled for them. She followed closely in the footsteps of Him, who “though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor.” She literally stripped herself of all she had, that she might relieve the afflicted, and she laboured with her pen as if she had to earn her own bread, and in this way she did earn the bread of the poor. “I feel so rich,” she said, “when publishers pay me.” The riches were soon dispersed among her numerous charities.

It is a trait in her character that she was at the same time ever ready to help on Catholic literary ventures—and would then give her productions for nothing.

Her brain was ever busy in devising schemes for these beloved friends of hers, the poor, and thus she became on the most intimate terms with various religious orders whose duty leads them to assist the suffering, and she gave them every assistance in her power. It was by her means the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul were introduced into England; and she was actually the foundress of an Institute devoted to the service of the miserable, “the Poor Servants of the Mother of God Incarnate.”

It gave her great happiness when this last named Order crossed the channel and made a foundation in Ireland. She wrote to one of the Irish Bishops as follows:—

“I have watched every step of its progress, and I can truly

say that it was with deep emotion and tears of joy that I heard of the hope of its being admitted into your country, my Lord, into that Ireland which Sister M ——— loves so much because she knows it, and which I love without having seen it. If God grants me the happiness of hearing of our 'poor servants' working in Ireland and affording assistance and consolation to her devoted priests, I shall feel, small as has been my personal share in the work, that I have not lived quite in vain."

This seems a fitting place to speak of her love for Ireland, her deep and enthusiastic love. She longed so to tread its shores, to breathe its air, to gaze upon its picturesque ruins, to kneel at its ancient shrines; but this was not to be. She never saw Ireland, but she felt deeply for her wrongs, grieved over her woes, sympathised with her joys. And though she never set her foot on Irish soil she was a true friend to many a son and daughter of Erin. As concerns them, it was specially true that she "delivered the poor man that cried out, and the fatherless that had no helper." Chiefly as concerns them it was that she "comforted the heart of the widow, was an eye to the blind, and a foot to the lame;" and from many an Irish heart "the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her."

Let me again quote her own words :

"An Irish face with dark blue eyes,  
Alas, we sometimes meet those eyes  
So innocent and bright,  
In our polluted London streets,  
And sadden at the sight.  
Some few there are who pass unscathed  
Through scenes of sin and woe,  
Keeping their Irish hearts unstained  
As their own mountain snow.  
Yes, you can die as martyrs die  
Sons of the saints of yore,  
Who fell when Erin's fields were stained  
With her own children's gore."

Lady Georgiana felt for the poor wherever she found them, but her chief solicitude was for the Catholic poor of London, who are with very few exceptions entirely Irish. As long as her strength allowed her, she would go personally among them; and well do I remember the look of peculiar peace and joy that shone upon her face when I met her returning from one of these excursions. She was very tired, but in those days would walk instead of taking cabs, that she might save money for her poor.

When health would no longer permit this personal service, she took a deeper interest still in the labours of others among the poor. She was very fond of the little London house of the Institute, which she had founded, because it stands in a very narrow "court" literally buried among the poor. "It is so delightful," she said on her last visit, "to be right among the poor."

That visit was made on the feast of the Espousals of Our Lady, and after paying it, she went into the Catholic Church close by, and knelt down to pray. I watched her, and "saw her face as if it had been the face of an angel." Her whole soul seemed to have gone out to God. I ought to have known then she was not long for earth, but life without her always seemed an impossible thing. That day two years I stood by her open grave. As ill health increased upon her, and she was obliged to *submit* to the use of comforts, her heart yearned more especially over the sick poor, and she took a special delight in the hospital opened at St. Helens, Lancashire, by the Poor Servants of the Mother of God.

"I forget," she writes, "whether I told you of my joy and gratitude at the account of the hospital. It is a peculiar pleasure to me at this moment." She then goes on to speak of her failing health, but says the doctors do not think that she is in any danger, but that she must lead an invalid life. She adds: "I have only to be too thankful for the comforts lavished upon me, but whilst I contrast my lot with that of the poor, how soothing it is to think that the *Sisters* are giving *them* relief and comfort."

This letter is dated the 23rd of January, 1884, and again I recall that funeral day, when the sun came out with wonderful radiance through the silvery mist, and the choir sang *In paradisum* as we bore her to her grave.

When the hospital was opened after its migration from small beginnings into large and commodious premises, she wrote from her bed of sickness:—"I am thinking so much of next Sunday and Monday. You will be all those days exceedingly busy; perhaps your niece would have the charity to write to me how it has all gone off. Really, to have the Cardinal and Father Clare surpasses all one's hopes. I am so glad that those who did so much for your small humble beginnings should witness this development of the grain of mustard seed."

Until her health broke down, she was a familiar figure in the Jesuit Church in London, dressed very simply in black, but in no

*outré* or peculiar way that would attract attention. She was never conspicuous: rather she escaped notice; strangers were often surprised when the quiet, unassuming figure was pointed out to them as that of the celebrated authoress, the leader and originator of so many good works.

Her first care in life was her home-duties; and neither her charities nor her friendships were ever allowed to clash with these. But she never lost time, and had a wonderful facility for adjusting what might have looked like conflicting claims. For Lady Georgiana had an immense circle of friends. Her sympathy was so deep, her judgment so solid, that people of all classes and positions in life clung to her and leant upon her; and she was the model of a friend, loyal to her heart's core, fulfilling the words of Holy Writ: "He that is a friend loveth at all times."

When she took anyone into her large motherly heart, it was for ever. When the spirit was oppressed, when stupid blunders had been made, when faults had been committed, when the strange waywardness and changeableness of human nature displayed itself, she was always the same. She knew the great secret of real love—how to wait for those who stumble and lag behind on the uphill road of life.

Once speaking of a person who had given her an infinity of trouble, she said with a tender smile: "Yes, she is my *enfant terrible*."

She was essentially motherly; she never dictated nor forced her opinion upon anyone; rather she was the one to yield. In the first work she gave to the world, "*Ellen Middleton*," she describes a character that always seemed to me a picture of herself. "The tenderness of her manner, the emotion which her countenance betrayed, were all so totally different that I felt as if a being from another world had come among us. There was something heavenly in the expression of her countenance—there was something original in every word she uttered; in her gaiety there was a bubbling joyousness—an intense enjoyment in enjoyment—that was irresistibly attractive. There was so much originality in her understanding, and so much simplicity in her character—she was so in earnest about every employment, she required sympathy, and what she so much needed herself she amply yielded to others. I never met in my life with anyone who entered into the feelings of those about her, as she did."

But later on the character loses its resemblance, for the writer

says that "she followed with ardour whatever was the impulse and fancy of the moment," and this was precisely what Lady Georgiana did *not* do.

Any notice of her, however brief, would be very incomplete if it omitted to dwell on the character of her deep spirituality. For many years, until in fact her health totally failed, she was in the habit of making the "Exercises of St. Ignatius" under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, generally her own spiritual director, Father Gallwey. She was essentially a "Child of St. Ignatius," with an enthusiastic affection for the great Society which he founded.

No one who knows well the "Exercises," and also knew well Lady Georgiana could fail to remark how they had moulded her mind and character. For in her all was done in order and in proportion; she exercised strict self-control over herself; she knew how to use for the greater glory of God the advantages of her high rank and position, her acquaintance with the most celebrated men of her day, while at the same time no one was a more hearty contemner of the world. She was thoroughly and entirely unworldly. She saw not with the world's eyes, she never weighed with the world's measures, she despised the world, and as has been revealed to us by her spiritual Father in her funeral sermon, she "loved and embraced with all her heart what the world hates." She actually bound herself by vow to practise evangelical poverty.

Nor must we forget the contemplative side of Lady Georgiana's character, her spirit of prayer, and her practice of the interior life.

"I wish," she writes, "I was no older than you. It frightens me to think how little time I have left at most to redeem the past. Make the best of yours, not by increased activity, but by absolute surrender of self to God."

She was on intimate terms with many of the enclosed Orders, and was bound by bonds of close and devoted affection to the "Religious of the Sacred Heart," in whose beautiful convent at Rochampton she was a familiar figure. She was a "Child of Mary" of the sodality directed by these nuns; she was much attached to this Congregation, and at the time of her death was its President.

I need not speak of her humility. I shall have failed in my object altogether if I have not shown that humility was the atmosphere in which she breathed. She was humble, without any



apparent effort ; nothing pleased her better than to pass unknown and to be made of no account.

Obedient as a child to those who had authority over her, she was ready to yield her will and judgment to her inferiors.

"When people make suggestions," she said one day, speaking of literary composition, "I always feel so inclined to adopt them ; they seem to me so much better than my own ideas."

Again she writes : "It is an act of renouncement of my own understanding to comply with your desires and write to—— which I have done. It seemed to me so absurd that *I* should ask for his consent."

It was once said of a remarkable woman, that "to know her was a liberal education." I think I may say with truth that to know Lady Georgiana was a spiritual education.

The loss of her son was by no means the only sorrow of her life. Indeed her warm, ardent affections were wounded on every side. Her brother-in-law died almost suddenly. When she hastened to the side of her only and beloved sister to console her, it was too late : Lady Rivers had herself departed. One of her nieces went, full of life and hope and happiness, to spend her honeymoon in Switzerland ; the young bride was killed by a lightning flash while on a mountain ramble with her husband. None of her sister's four sons, though bright blooming children, lived to grow up.

She felt keenly the unexpected death of her dear friend Cecil, Marchioness of Lothian, who copied her virtues and went with the courage habitual to her as a pilgrim to Rome in 1877. She reached the Eternal City, and died within its walls.

And among her friends was that true-hearted Irishwoman, Elizabeth, Marchioness of Londonderry. One of the last sorrows of Lady Georgiana's life was the death of this friend, so eminent for her good works. She writes on the 31st of last August :

"Lady Londonderry is much worse, and the end near. I had never hoped to see her dear beautiful face again ; but, oh ! the end of this long friendship and common work is painful, even though I shall not linger long after her."

Lady Georgiana fulfilled the long tale of three-score years and twelve, yet she never grew old in heart. She kept to the last all the enthusiasms, I might almost say the romance, of her youth.

She never grew tired of people or things. The triumphs of the Church, heroic acts, the success of a good work, stirred all the pulses of her heart; she was for ever discovering new beauties in the "vineyard upon a fruitful hill," the holy Church of God which she loved so passionately, and for the sorrows and joys of her friends her sympathy was ever welling fresh from her heart. She took a special delight in giving pleasure to others: "Now give the Sisters a little treat," she would say. "Mind, not a *retreat* but a *treat*." She liked school feasts and entertainments of all kinds for the poor. Specially did she like to send the London poor to see green trees and breathe fresh country air.

Memory recalls her face shining with delight at a certain "Garden Party for the poor," in 1881 in the convent grounds of the Mother-house of the Institute which she had founded, when three hundred old and young of her beloved poor were gathered around her, while a military band discoursed sweet music. And memory recalls the sound of her joyous laugh, when his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, also present, told her "she was teaching the nuns to be worldly." At intervals she would creep away from the merry throng into the little chapel to adore her Lord in the Tabernacle; and then when the time came for her to leave for London, she said, "Oh, what a perfect day! I have enjoyed myself so much."

Every little mark of attention or affection elicited from her such an ardent response. The last time she was in London I happened to take her a little basket full of passion-flowers. "Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "you don't know what passion-flowers are to me." Was it an omen I should give her a passion-flower the last time I saw her on her feet just when the "passion" of her life was about to begin?

She went to Bournemouth, for the winter as we thought, but she never returned. For nearly a year she was nailed to her bed of suffering—a long, slow martyrdom during which the intellect burnt as bright as ever, and the heart grew only more tender.

The precious hours spent in that sick-room will never be forgotten.

While perfectly resigned to the will of God, she had no longing for death, she was too unselfish even for that, she knew how desolate she would leave her home, she knew the wound, never to be healed, her death would implant in the hearts of others.

But God wanted his child whom He had tried and found worthy for Himself.

And so the end came, her last earthly thoughts for others, her last glances upon the crucifix, the last sounds in her ear the story of the Passion of her beloved Lord. She passed without a sigh.

The pall-bearers at her funeral were "Children of Mary," and a large number of ladies of that Sodality followed her to the grave.

The Requiem Mass was sung, and the funeral sermon preached by Father Gallwey, in the chapel of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Rochampton; and, in compliance with her own special request, she was buried in the convent cemetery.

For many life will never be the same without her. But one desire of her ardent, generous heart has been fulfilled, she wished to "do something that would live after her," and we humbly trust that in the future as well as in the present, there shall be given to her "of the fruit of her hands, and her works shall praise her in the gates," while the members of the Institute she called into existence have the right to say: "Hail, and farewell, good Mother! Live in God, and do not forget your children."

F. T.

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#### AT DAYBREAK.

THERE came a voice at midnight through the rain,  
The knocking of a hand upon my door,  
"Open, my heart!" the sweet voice pleaded sore;  
"Open! how long wilt thou deny my pain?"  
And I but stirred, and turned to dreams again,  
Heavy with fumes of poppy and mandragore,  
And while all night tempestuous winds did roar,  
Broken with tears the voice cried on in vain.

Now I awake at dawn and understand,  
"Down, thou wild heart! He yet may wait," I say;  
And I unbar the door with trembling hand,  
Only the rose-gold hills that front the day,  
Only dark leagues on leagues of forest-land.  
Lo! I am grown a-sudden old and gray.

K. T.

## THE CANONICAL HOURS OF THE PASSION.\*

*At Matins.*

FALLEN man to raise and rescue from the demon's deadly power,  
 Christ the Son of God was taken captive at the Matin hour  
 By his chosen, his disciples, left abandoned and alone,  
 To his foes betrayed, delivered; all forsaken by his own.

*At Lauds.*

At the hour of Lauds did Caiphas doom the Lord of life to die,  
 Awful was the word arraigning God Himself of blasphemy;  
 By the crowd insulted, spat on, blinded, smitten, vilified;  
 By the chief of his apostles, Peter, was he thrice denied.

*At Prime.*

At the hour of Prime they lead Him unto Pilate's judgment-hall,  
 Sent from thence to wicked Herod; made a mockery by all.  
 By the Jewish custom Pilate freed a prisoner at their choice,  
 Not for Jesus but Barabbas did the people raise their voice.

*At Tierce.*

At the hour of Tierce they scourge Him, clothe Him in a purple vest,  
 While a crown of woven thorn is on his sacred forehead pressed,  
 "Crucify him! crucify him!" is the cry that fills the air;  
 Then they lay the cross upon Him unto Golgotha to bear.

*At Sext.*

At the hour of Sext all patient is He stretched upon the tree;  
 Through his hands and through his feet the nails are driven cruelly,  
 Vinegar and gall the potion which they give his lips to taste;  
 In the midst between two robbers is the cross of Jesus placed.

*At None.*

At the hour of None expiring, "Heli, Heli!" is his cry;  
 As his spirit He commendeth to his Father, doth He die.  
 Then the very earth did tremble and the sun his light denied,  
 Came at length the Roman soldier with a lance to pierce his side.

*At Vespers.*

At the hour of Vespers, Jesus from the cross was brought below:  
 Thus did Life itself, by dying, life upon the dead bestow.  
 Under earth his spirit enters, where the souls his coming wait,  
 That He may from pain release them, shattering the prison gate.

*At Complin.*

At the hour of Complin Jesus in the sepulchre is laid,  
 And, with spices for embalming, is in linen folds arrayed.  
 With a stone is closed the entrance, and the tomb is sealed and barred;  
 All the night in watch around it sit the soldiers of the guard.  
 Thus obedient to the Canon, we these hours devoutly sing,  
 Unto Thee, our Saviour Jesus, unto Thee, Eternal King!  
 That as Thou in pain and torment for our life didst deign to die,  
 We, partakers of thy Passion, may partake thy crown on high.

O.

\* See Mone, *Latéinische Hymnen des Mittelalters*, vol. i., p. 110, &c., where several versions are given, some of considerable length. The striking feature is, of course, the division of the time of the Passion into the canonical hours;

## HORÆ DE PASSIONE DOMINI.

*Ad Matutinam.*

UT homo resurgeret mortis a ruinâ  
 Dei natus captus est horâ matutinâ  
 A suis discipulis et notis relictus  
 Judæis est venditus, traditus, afflictus.

*Ad Laudes.*

Horâ laudum Pontifex dicit mortis reum  
 Sontem ut blasphemix damnat Ipsum Deum,  
 Plagis, sputis, alapis, totus sordidatur,  
 A Petro apostolo Christus ter negatur.

*Ad Primam.*

Horâ prima ductus est Jesus ad Pilatum,  
 Inde destinatus ad Herodem sceleratum.  
 Unum vincitum redimit populus de more:  
 "Da non Jesum sed Barabbam" clamant in furore.

*Ad Tertiam.*

Horâ vero tertiâ diré flagellatur,  
 Purpurâ induitur, spinis coronatur,  
 Crucifigi petitur quod mox demandatur;  
 Crux ad locum Golgotha sibi ferri datur.

*Ad Sextam.*

Horâ Sextâ patiens cruci applicatur,  
 Extensis manibus et pedibus clavatur;  
 Cum aceto sitiens et felle potatur,  
 Pendens cum latronibus, cum eis reputatur.

*Ad Nonam.*

Horâ Nonâ dominus Jesus expiravit,  
 "Heli" clamans animam patri commendavit;  
 Terra tunc contremuit et sol obscuravit,  
 Ejus latus lancea miles perforavit.

*Ad Vesperas.*

De cruce deponitur horâ Vesperorum,  
 Mori sic disposuit vita mortuorum  
 Ut suos redimeret a pœnis tortorum  
 Descendens ad inferos fregit portas horum.

*Ad Completorium.*

Horâ Completorii sepulturæ datur,  
 Conditur aromate, sindone circumdatur,  
 Monumenti ostium cum saxo signatur  
 Milites custodiunt ne furtim tollatur.

Has horas Canonicas cum devotione  
 Tibi, Jesu, canimus piâ ratione,  
 Ut, sicut tu passus es pœnas in agone,  
 Nos, angoris socii, simus et coronæ.

## NEW BOOKS.

A SHORT paper in our December Number was entitled "Katharine Tynan's Poems," and it ended with the hope that, after the specimens we had given of this fresh and exquisite Muse, our readers would join with us in turning the title of the article into a prophecy and a prayer, namely, that Miss Tynan might soon collect into a dainty volume her poetry now scattered over many periodicals in Dublin, London, and New York. The prayer has been granted and the prophecy has been fulfilled much more speedily and satisfactorily than we had looked for. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Company—the eminent London Publishers of Lord Tennyson, Aubrey de Vere, and most of the distinguished poets—are to be sponsors also for "Louise la Vallière, and other Poems, by Katharine Tynan," which, issuing about Easter from No. 1 Paternoster-square, will thus be brought at once within the ken of critics who could not be expected to see much good in them if they came from Nazareth or Sackville-street.

"Memoir and Letters of Jenny C. White del Bal, by her Mother, Rhoda E. White" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son), is a very interesting and edifying work of the same class as Madame Craven's *Recit d'une Sœur*. "Little Jenny White" was the daughter of Rhoda Waterman and Judge James White of New York, whose mother was Gerald Griffin's eldest sister. Readers of the excellent biography which Dr. Daniel Griffin of Limerick published of his amiable, holy, and gifted brother will remember that nearly all their sisters settled in America. Fifty pages tell us the simple story of an American girl's life from her birth in 1835 to her marriage in 1863; and then her own letters fill three hundred pages and tell all that remains to be told. Her husband was a Spanish gentleman, Bernardino del Bal, with whom she settled at Santiago, an old Spanish town of New Granada, near the Isthmus of Panama. Her efforts to promote religion in her new home were most earnest and edifying; and the glimpses we get of herself and her surroundings make the reader feel an affectionate interest in her memory. For she is a memory. She died after four years' exile; for so it seemed to her, in spite of a good husband and her two little children. Her mother has fulfilled well her pious task. It is a comfort and an incentive to be reminded that there are holy souls like this working out their term of probation in every corner of the world.

The author of "Tyborne," and of many other excellent and edifying books has added to our religious literature, under the title of "A Marvellous History," a biography of Jane de la None, foundress of the Sisters of St. Anne of the Providence at Saumur. It is published by Messrs. Burns & Oates, and dedicated "to the Lady Georgiana

Fullerton, in memory of many years," while the profits of the work are devoted to Holy Cross Hospital, St. Helens, Lancashire, of which an interesting account is furnished in an appendix. Gracefully written, skilfully broken up into short chapters with taking names, this well-printed volume does more justice to its subject than any similar biography that has fallen into our hands for a long time. The writer in one place almost expresses surprise at St. Anne being chosen as Patroness for the holy enterprise of this valiant woman of nearly two hundred years ago. Apart from St. Anne's own claims, Saumur is near enough to Auray to account for any honour bestowed upon her whom her devoted Bretons call with affectionate familiarity *la bonne Vieille*.

Another book by the same author as the preceding—who is a proof of the saying that the busiest people have most leisure—"Lost, and other Tales for Children" (London: Burns & Oates). The "other tales" are "Lottie" and "Miss Tea," and each of the three is very wisely not translated but only adapted from the French. This attractive little volume is the latest addition to the Granville Popular Library.

We are delighted to see that "Uriel," the exquisite tale which is familiar to most of our readers, is duly appreciated in the genuine literary world, of which one of the best accredited organs of criticism is *The Spectator*. This thoughtful journal describes "Uriel" as "a well-written story of common life, with the element of the picturesque and even the romantic, more than commonly developed in it. There is just a touch of controversy; but it need not offend, or spoil for any reader a pleasant book."

Why has not that earlier story by the same gifted writer—"The New Utopia"—appeared in a form proper for circulation in our lending libraries? But we have in vain asked a similar question with regard to "Wafted Seeds," which is hidden away in bygone volumes of *The Month*. When it takes a new lease of life in an independent volume, we shall place it very high in the list of harmless novels which we are often urged to compile.

It would be impertinence to praise, and it is only necessary to announce, Mr. Lilly's long-expected volume of "Characteristics, Political, Philosophical, and Religious, from the Writings of Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster" (Burns & Oates). Many will marvel at such an exhibition of deep thought on so many abstruse subjects which would seem foreign to the tastes of one who is so pre-eminently a man of action as Cardinal Manning.

The English kings, many of whom were good for nothing else, serve the useful purpose of dividing the history of England into chapters convenient for schoolboys' lessons. The absence of these divisions makes Irish history less easy to follow. Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., (Belfast, London, and New York) have recently brought out a "History of Ireland for Schools," by William Francis Collier, LL.D. Dr.

Collier is a Protestant but he was evidently instructed to confine himself to a clear and impartial statement of facts, and he has on the whole done his work very well. The publishers have done their part admirably. The arrangements of type, dates, &c., will help the learner, and excellent illustrations stud the pages, representing Irish places, persons, and things of special interest. This is a meritorious work and deserves encouragement.

Another contribution to the knowledge of Irish history, of very much higher dignity and worth, is Mr. Charles George Walpole's "*Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland*" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) The Author, an English Protestant barrister, has manifestly studied all the historical materials with great diligence and in a very impartial and conscientious spirit. The two editions which have in a short time been bought in England must have given to many Englishmen for the first time a clear and fair idea of the course of Irish history. Mr. Walpole's manly, unaffected style makes his narrative very agreeable reading, and the maps of Ireland at different dates help us to follow the march of events. Even for Irishmen who want to know something of their country's story, this is perhaps on the whole the most serviceable handbook to put into their hands.

Those whom it concerns will be glad to have in a handy sixpenny volume, of which the Dublin publishers are M. H. Gill & Son, "*The Irish Tonic Sol-faist: a course of graded exercises on the Tonic Sol-fa method of teaching to sing, edited on the plan of Mr. Curwen's Standard Course of Lessons by a Priest of St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, for the use of Irish Catholic Schools.*" This title-page speaks for itself and to some purpose. An intelligent outsider can only add that the Vincentian Father adapts this system to a great many Irish songs which we trust this handbook will help to popularise. The musical tastes of our people have not been sufficiently encouraged. "Give me the music of a good speech," O'Connell used to say, grudging the time taken up with singing and band-playing. Yet a fine song or a noble burst of music could stir souls as effectively as excellent oratory; and it remains true that those who could influence such matters in Ireland have not yet attached sufficient importance to the musical education of our people of all classes.

A French Jesuit, Father Frederick de Curley, has linked with the name of the first Mother Superior of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque a devout study of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of a minute and novel character. His pious industry has gathered every particular discoverable about Mary Frances de Saumaise and her family; and her intimate relations with the Virgin of Paray-le-Monial are set forth in a manner which will henceforth associate her name as it deserves to be associated with those of Blessed Margaret Mary and the Venerable Claude de la Colombiere, S.J.



In the "Notes on New Books" in our January Number, we gave some account of Father Delplace's *Histoire des Congrégations de la Sainte Vierge*. We have received from the United States an excellent translation of this work, under the title of "History of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary; a Memorial of the Tercentenary Jubilee, 1584-1884 (Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co.). It is well translated, finely printed, and encased in the most tasteful binding that we have ever seen on an American book. "Our Children of Mary" at home ought to procure a copy for each of their libraries.

Father de Curley, S.J., in his preface to that "*Etude Nouvelle sur les Révélations de Paray-le-Monial*" which we introduced to our readers a moment ago, remarks that the Devotion to the Heart of Jesus appeared in all its vividness on the scaffolds of the Convention and on the battlefields of La Vendée. This observation might have been suggested by a beautiful and holy book in which Father Petre Pouplard, S.J., tells the story of Victoria de Saint Luc, one of the *Réligieuses de la Retraite* at Quimper in Brittany, who was guillotined as such in 1794, ten days before the fall of Robespierre himself. The charge that was pressed against her most violently was that she had, even in her prison, made and distributed little pictures of the Sacred Heart, to which devotion she had always been tenderly attached. A branch of this Order, which has pursued its work for two centuries in spite of revolutions, has recently found an English home at Summerfield, Sevenoaks, Kent. This pious biography is made none the less agreeable to read by being printed with fine type on fine paper.

Once in recommending earnestly the Association of the Holy Childhood, we mentioned that Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclicals of 3rd December, 1880, and 19th March, 1881 (appropriate feasts, St. Francis Xavier and St. Joseph), had joined it in his praises with the Propagation of the Faith, so well known to all, and with the work of the Eastern Schools, about which we knew nothing. One of our readers who then shared our ignorance has lately had the charity to share with us the information he procured from the Director of the *Œuvre des Ecoles d'Orient*, rue du Regard, 12, Paris, whence is issued an interesting bulletin of the work. The object is to promote the Christian education of children in Asia Minor and other eastern countries, and also the formation of a native clergy. The needs of such countries are often as great as those of heathen countries, and there is more preparation for fruitful labour amongst them. But whatever outlet we may choose for our zeal, we must strive to make our zeal swell and swell so as to require an outlet. We for whom the precious and dear-bought heritage of the faith is part of our patriotism must cherish the apostolic spirit which befits the children of St. Patrick, St. Columkille, and St. Columbanus.

Three scientific pamphlets by Dr. George Sigerson of Dublin, may

be mentioned in the order of their suitableness for the general reader—for whom they are not intended. The first is "The Need and Use of Village Hospitals in Ireland" (Dublin: Fannin & Co.) reprinted from the journal of the Statistical Society of Ireland: the second bears what for us outsiders seems the strange title of "Consideration of the Structural and Acquisitional Elements in Dextral Pre-eminence with conclusions as to the ambidexterity of Primeval Man;" and the third consists of "Contributions to the Study of Nerve-action in connexion with the sense of Taste." An awkward person is sometimes accused of having two left hands. Just the reverse of this is the "ambidexterity" claimed for primitive man in the second of these learned brochures. The curious facts accumulated and cleverly discussed would have delighted that enthusiastic champion of the left hand, the late Charles Reade. Dr. Sigerson's style has none of the heaviness that too often marks the treatment of scientific subjects.

It is the eve of St. Joseph's Day; and this puts us in mind of *The Messenger of St. Joseph* which in another month will have completed its second year. It is therefore a convenient date for sending a postal order for five shillings to the Rev. Prosper Goepfert, Rockwell College, Cahir, Co. Tipperary, in return for which St. Joseph will send many useful and pleasant messages every month for a year to come. Sundry improvements are promised for the third yearly issue of this pious magazine, which from the first has been supplied with clever and interesting papers. But even in the March Number the proof-reading is defective.

*Ellis's Irish Education Directory* (Dublin: E. Ponsonby) is now in its fourth year of issue. It is edited still by its originator, Mr. William Edward Ellis, Barrister-at-law, formerly secretary to the Board of Intermediate Education. Each new issue adds many improvements, and it is now a work of the highest utility and interest, which can be consulted with pleasure and advantage by the general reader, but must be indispensable for those who in various ways are mixed up with competitive examinations. An extraordinary amount of information is condensed into this cleverly arranged volume; and we have the testimony of the highest practical authorities to the accuracy of the innumerable particulars that have been collected concerning the educational establishments of all kinds in Ireland, and many outside of Ireland. Some twenty pages at the beginning are filled with a minute alphabetical index which will guide the reader to any portion of the contents in which he may be specially interested. The educational advertisements alone must be a great service to pupils and their parents as well as to the managers of the various schools and colleges. The editor shows great anxiety to be perfectly impartial. He is a benefactor to the cause of public education in Ireland.

"A Full Course of Instruction on the Religious Programme for

Schools in Down and Connor, by a Teacher" (Belfast : Allen & Son), compresses a vast amount of excellent matter into forty pages. We have not examined it closely, but our eye has fallen on one or two statements which seem to us questionable. The extremely difficult nature of the subject makes the need of ecclesiastical supervision greater than usual ; and we are therefore surprised at not finding an *Imprimatur* prefixed.

From San Francisco all the way comes to us a very elegant little quarto, "The Cross of Monterey and other Poems, by Richard Edward White." No London firm could produce the volume more daintily, and the gems are worthy of the casket. Mr. White has the thoughts and diction of a poet, and he knows the technical details of the poetic art. We prefer "The Masterpiece of Brother Felix," to the poem to which the foremost place is assigned. Mr. White's sonnets are very good. One of them, which Mr. White places last, perhaps as being his best, we quoted in a "Pigeonhole Paragraph" at page 109 of our ninth volume, having met it in the cleverly edited *Boston Pilot*. *Ex pede Herculem*, and we rejoice that this beautiful volume justifies the compliment we paid to the first fourteen lines we ever saw from the pen of an unknown writer.

The two most important books of this month—we speak of course of those which have presented themselves before our critical tribunal—have come so late that we can at present do little more than name them. They are both biographies of a very different character indeed. Who has not heard of St. Thomas of Canterbury? And who has heard of Father John Hand? "The Life and Martyrdom of St. Thomas Becket" by the Rev. John Morris, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates), is a masterly work. In its new form it is half as large again as the first edition which has been out of print for twenty years. Father Morris has very remarkable qualifications for such a work. We remember the admiration expressed by the late Dr. Russell of Maynooth for his "Letter Book of Sir Amyas Paulet" which he pronounced to be a specimen of perfect editing. As the historian of the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, he has neglected none of the recent additions to the sources of knowledge, and he has weighed and arranged his materials with consummate judgment and skill.

We Irish Catholics are too fond of sneering at our French brethren for writing lives of everybody. We carry the opposite policy too far. It is surely very well that there should be some record of the devoted priest who founded the Missionary College of All Hallows, Dublin. Dr. McDevitt, one of the present Professors, has discharged his loving task with great diligence and the result is a portly octavo which will be specially welcome to the alumni of All Hallows now doing the work of apostles all over the world. When a new edition of this edifying biography is called for, we should counsel greater simplicity and condensation as befitting the record of so simple and so brief a career.

## THE CRAZE OF FASHION-FOLLOWING.

BY FRANCES KERSHAW.

**A** STRANGE, inexplicable thing is Fashion—therefore we are not going to attempt an explanation of it; but own that we would join heartily in such an essay, could we but come at last to define it, and in so doing, to explain a large and unworthy part of it away!

In the first place, to be logical, following implies leading. Query—Who or what leads the Fashions? French theatres and ballet-dancers, with disreputable milliners in the matter of dress; extravagant books in matters of taste, or an extravagant past; the upper ten thousand in the matter of times; lively court-dames in the matter of funerals; mournful widows in the matter of marriages; and, for alas! here is Fashion even here!—the last pages of a lately admired memoir in the matter of death-beds.

Why follows Fashion? Nobody knows. You live in the air, and breathe it—unconsciously you live amid Fashion, and breathe it, like air—unconsciously. Look for reasons in such a craze as Fashion, and the thing would vanish instantly—not the crumble of an ash remaining—a very ghost of ghosts!

Who follows Fashion? All that portion of the world which has an objection to being left in the rear of society. Human nature is more like a sailing vessel than a steamship. The force which moves us is outside ourselves, in no wise proceeding from within. And Fashion is the wind which fills the sails of human nature—a shifting, unaccountable breeze!

What does Fashion do for us? An old Scotch minister commenced his sermon one day by stating that “we are not all alike.” Fashion contradicts him, and declares that she will make us so. She takes us to task at once on our outsides—rubs, scrubs, and polishes us finely—salving our pimples, and filing our corns; placing our corpses in sacks, and leaving us to learn how to walk in them. Fashion would tone down all the colourful variety of this lovely life of ours to the monotonous shades of a photograph. Fashion would drown all individuality in a terrible, heartless uniformity. It would provide us all with the same social spectacles, and expect us to suit our eyes to them. Fashion holds us in leading strings, and teaches us to walk backwards. Coleridge says that “the deepest and strongest feelings of our nature combine with the obscure and shadowy, rather than with the clear and palpable.” This argument, we, Fashion-following folk of this nineteenth century, go far to demonstrate. By some odd freak of Fashion, we have our heads turned over our shoulders. Instead of

going ahead and looking ahead, as our forefathers did, we persistently look behind us, and that as far as the low horizon will permit us, into the dark ages or the dawning ones of civilisation. We own that this unusual position is not a comfortable one; it cramps us considerably at times. But, oh dear! it's the Fashion—we must grin and abide by it; that is, if Fashion suffers grinning! Fashion prescribes a great burst of applause periodically at the recent immense strides the world's intellect has made: discoveries of science, feats of physical skill, &c.; and bids us meditate proudly upon how our dark ancestors would have stared, and had reason to stare, if, suddenly confronted by our nineteenth century civilisation! But in the same breath Fashion prescribes a careful gaze to be fixed on the very nods, winks, and arm-pillows of our staring ancestors, and bids us find our models in them! We, of this nineteenth century, are recommended to turn from our own present civilisation (with which, providentially, we must occasionally occupy ourselves—or woe betide our noses on the stony way! woe betide our peace of mind and body as we are jostled against by the forward-going world at large, while we are in the Ancient Greece!) for a poor mimicry of classic life—a state reminding us strongly of the bottle which once contained Mr. Stiggins pine-apple wine, “nothing left but the cork and the smell”—so-called æstheticism! Alas, alas! we are *intense*, we are *utter*. We are *intensely* silly; we are *utterly* mad! Are we to return to the times when witches were conscientiously incarcerated, and pricked with pins to prove their demoniacal possession? Are we to contend for a revival of the “hot stakes” and “cold chops” our ancestors enjoyed for the sake of their faith and for the lack of it? Are we to exchange the modern steamship for the ancient eight-oared galley? Or our forks for our fingers, on the plea that they were made first?

We are weary to bear with such shackles of Fashion. We feel a wondrous sense of relief and gratitude, when anyone will whistle out of tune, or walk out of step, or do anything that the rest of the world isn't doing!

“If all the world was apple-pie,  
And all the sea was ink;  
And all the trees were bread and cheese;  
What should we have to drink?”

says an old nursery rhyme; and we feel like getting very much to the state of things at last. Fashion is tending considerably to this point.

Under Fashion's influence we are losing our hearts, and sentimentalism by rule can hardly fill their place—at least while we have so much humanity left in our nature! Still we *are* machinising as fast as we can, just as all the world about us is machinised now-a-days, so perhaps even that time may come at last! When we hear Bottom's prologue for Snug quoted now: “I am a man as other men are,” by

the Fashion-follower, we do begin to feel somewhat doubtful as to his verity. We spy a sort of wheel, and spring, and steam, in his composition, which used not to form a part of the human frame—an absence of flesh and bloodism!

The fact is that we are in great need just now of a skinning down to essentials—bones and sinews; then of producing our flesh and blood by a natural process. We need more reality and less sham in our lives. We need to be more real to ourselves. We are Berkeleyians in practice, who need the Scotch minister's knocking of the head against a bedpost, to drive common-sense into us, and a good deal of Fashion out of us. We need more of what our Teutonic brethren call "*selbst verständigkeit*;" we are so apt to sink individuality in numbers, to "*herd together*," to work in "*gangs*." There is an old nursery "*sprichwort*" which, with slight transposition illustrates this state of things. "*A society for everything, and everything in a society.*" We have societies of all sorts: friendly, debating, benevolent, dress, educational. And the worst of the practical working of these societies is, that they almost invariably fail to reach the exceptional cases which might receive some benefit from them. One finger will often perform the work a whole hand may not. And who shall say that the world wags on a whit the more cleverly for them?

Somebody says that "we are in a forced, cramped, fettered, unnatural state." So we are. Even a moral crinoline would induce some expansion and relaxation of our lives as they are now—tied and bound by the chains of fashion.

Still, like most bad things, fashion is not without its good points. Norman Macleod said, "There are some men who, if left alone, are as cold as pokers; but like pokers, if thrust into the fire, they become red hot, and add to the general blaze." To such as these the following of fashion (at a respectful distance) gives stamina and power. To the weak-minded, headless, will-o'-the-wisps, it is a much-needed safeguard and support. With those devoid of taste, it in some sort supplies the want. Fashion is the nurse of our childhood and old age, and a useful guide occasionally in our mature years. Its use is in binding society together, working evenly wheel within wheel; itself a common standpoint and standard of habit. Like many things; it is good in its place. It is when distorted, abused, and worshipped, followed blindly for the mere sake of something to follow—that it becomes a craze—an immense social nuisance, as totally evil as its opposite craze of eccentricity.

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## MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERNEEVIL," "ELDERGOWAN,"  
"THE WALKING TREES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XII.

## DISTRESSNA.

HE who has never ridden on an Irish jaunting-car, a tidy little car with good springs and cushions, drawn by a fast trotting horse, has not travelled so along Irish hilly roads or through Irish green boreens—has missed one of the pleasantest sensations in life. No other vehicle mounts the rugged hill so boldly and easily, and rattles down again so joyously into the hollow of the capricious highway or by-way. No other vehicle affords such easy opportunity for friendly chat between two travellers who sit well back on either seat of the car, leaning towards one another with each an elbow on the "well" cushion. But it is almost as difficult to those not to the manner born to sit a jaunting car as to sit a horse. A certain almost unconscious grasp with the knee and poise of one foot is necessary to give the rider that birdlike sensation of skimming through the air at will which is so utterly unknown to people who drive in carriages.

Father Daly, Bryan, and Marcella, all being to the manner born, pursued their way through the hills as lightly as the breeze blew, till, at a turn of a road, a poor woman suddenly appeared and courtesying in the middle of the path, requested Father Daly to come with her on a sick call.

"Well, and who is ill now?"

"Och, yer riverence, it's the ould man himsel'."

"Are you sure he hasn't got the toothache like the last time I went and found him bravely?"

"Oh, sorra fear, yer riverence, but he's bad this time. It's convulted altogether he is, an' not expected since six this mornin'."

"Over-eat himself, I suppose," said Father Daly, in a tone that gave a pathetic meaning to the seemingly heartless words.

"That's about it, Father Daly," said the woman, understanding.

"I believe he's ready for the road, so. Poor Barney was always a good warrant to love God Almighty," said the priest, solemnly, using the idiom of the people the better to make himself understood.

"Thru for you, Father Daly, but ye see the terrible state of the politics has druv his prayers a bit out of his mind, an' he's off his religion this while back. An' though I don't mane rightly to say he doesn't love God, still he doesn't pay high encomiums to him the way he used to do, yer riverence, an' he doesn't insinuate afther Him."

"Well, well, I'll go and talk to him a bit, and we'll make that all right again," said Father Daly.

"I'm going off here to a place up the mountain where the people live chiefly on air, and sometimes it disagrees with them," he added, to Marcella. "Sometimes it disagrees with them," he repeated, muttering to himself, as he slid gently down from the car, being no longer of an age to jump off.

"Do you mean that it is a case of starvation?" asked Marcella, eagerly. She knew enough of the pains of want to be quick at guessing what was meant.

"Something of that, something of that. What I would call the slow hunger if I were a doctor and could invent a new disease; not a new one either, but one that belongs to Ireland, as cholera belongs to the East. There now, that will do," as Marcella took a little basket from the well of the car and handed it promptly to Pat. "And now, Bryan, my boy, take the reins yourself and finish the drive, and you can call for me at the Windy Gap when you're jogging homewards. If I'm there an hour too soon it does not matter. Sure I've my breviary in my pocket, and I couldn't read my office in the middle of finer scenery."

And the priest and Pat having set off up a footpath slanting along the face of the overhanging hill, Kilmartin and Marcella continued their journey together.

In spite of his self-warning of the night before, Bryan felt a keen delight in the chance that had given Marcella to his sole-keeping for several hours. As they spun along the level roads or walked slowly up the steep hills, the thoughtful look on his face relaxed, and his eyes shone. They two were alone in the brilliant weather, among the blue mountains, breathing the freshest, most exhilarating breezes of heaven, and he found the solitary companionship surpassingly sweet. Nothing draws two spirits, if they are already sympathetic, more closely together than to be placed



side by side in some impressive solitude of nature, where under her spell all that is noblest and best in one heart rushes to meet what corresponds with it in the other. Dropping his well-grounded presentiments of coming misfortune behind him like a mantle that impeded his course, Kilmartin went forward through the sunshine with something of the feelings one would give to a soul newly and unexpectedly arrived in Paradise. As wild, subtle, and penetrating as the odour of the mountain heather on the wind that filled his nostrils was this new influence which overmastered his melancholy humour with its potent delight. Yet so strong was his habit of reserve and self-control that the only sign of the new joy awakened within him lay in the swift changes in his eyes and on his mouth as he flicked with his whip and looked up the enpurpled bluffs and braes, and away into the infinite glories of sky and highland ahead, thrillingly conscious of the nearness of the fair face half turned to him from the other side of the car, yet only allowing himself an occasional glance at it. At last on the top of a hill he stopped the car, and said:

"Now, Miss O'Kelly, if you will stand up for a few minutes, I will show you the lie of this side of Distresna with regard to the lands near it—my own and Mr. O'Flaherty's. I say my own, for though almost all that we can descry from here has passed from my hands into those of peasant proprietors, it is the most precious of all my possessions—I look on it as the very apple of my eye. I am watching with I cannot tell what eagerness to see how the scheme will work."

"Up to the present how has it worked?" asked Marcella, who stood on the footboard of the car, holding the rail with one hand, and with the other shading her eyes from the strong sunlight as she gazed down into the variegated valley in the direction indicated by Bryan with his whip.

"Look through this," he said, giving her a field-glass, "and your own eyes will suggest the answer. To this side, where you see white walls and new thatches, and here and there the absence of offensive heaps by the door, and the beginning of general neatness about, there are some of my small peasant proprietors. Over yonder where you see smoke coming out of the hill-side through an old broken basket—that is Distresna, and you will find many of your tenants burrowing thus in the earth, like moles."

"Why?"

"Because, they will tell you, (that is, if they have courage to speak) that the traditions of the country and all the experiences

of those who within their own memory have made the trial, go to prove that anyone who makes a show of decency and neatness in his dwelling has his rent raised without fail, before he has had time to reap any benefit himself from his own improvements, and only that he may be forced to clear out and make room for a richer tenant."

"But you had not—you would not have treated them so!"

"I am sorry to say that in my father's time it was done, and they naturally expected me to act like others of my family and class. I found them quite unbelieving and unmanageable on the old lines. On the new ones—well, already the best of them look on me as their friend."

"And yet, does it not seem a pity to let the old relations of landlord and tenant quite die out?" said Marcella. "It seems to me such a good relation if every one did his duty."

"With an 'if' what cannot man do? Take the universe to pieces and rebuild it again," said Kilmartin. "Unfortunately men with power too often think more of doing their will than their duty, and in world-forgotten places like this every owner of a few hundred acres has been accustomed to look upon himself as a sultan. As for myself I thought the matter out and put it thus: many men have probably had as generous thoughts in the beginning of their career as those that come to me. How do I know that later in life I shall not have become so attached to some form of selfishness or other that will show me things in a different light from that in which I see them now? I will put it out of my own power to be a persecutor of my fellow-men, even with the most plausible reasoning on my side. I confess that a hereditary liking for the position of landlord has stood in my way, and, even now, if I can possibly save the mastership of the remnant of my property, I feel that I will do it. But not unless I can by this means effect as much improvement as by the other. I will have no slaves living under my rule."

Marcella did not reply. In her heart she leaned to the side of landlordism. It seemed to her that it ought to be so easy for the rich and powerful to take care of the ignorant and poor. She, herself, in her consciousness of a state of general ignorance which she innocently thought must be very peculiar for one in her position as a lady, felt ever inclined to turn to those above her in education and rearing for example and guidance. She was aware too that her exceptional experience of the tribulations of the poor ought to give her (when educated, as she now hoped to be), a par-

ticular advantage in the efforts she might make to raise the condition of those over whom she had been so strangely and wonderfully placed. She felt a strong desire to try her own powers of working good before throwing the reins out of her hands that had as yet hardly grasped them.

"You do not advise me to follow your example, to turn my tenants at once into peasant proprietors?"

"I advise you to do nothing till you shall see further for yourself. For one thing, many of your people are incapable of becoming proprietors until the present state of the law of purchase is amended. You would have to lend money, a certain proportion of the money (to buy your own land), to your purchasing tenant, and afterwards take a mortgage on your own land (yours no longer) as your only security for repayment. In almost all cases this is what I have done, and at the present moment I find it anything but an enriching procedure. In reserving a part of my property, stopping my sales, I act under necessity, as I have no more money to venture, and so feel no scruple at persisting in the rôle of landlord, to a certain extent. For the rest we shall see. Now, Miss O'Kelly, at which of these underground edifices do you wish to pay a visit?"

By this time they were wending up a by-road, so rutty and uneven that they had had to alight, and walk, one on either side of the horse's head, while the car jolted over stones and into hollows.

"I want to see a Mrs. Conneely who lives about here. I talked to her on the road the other day and promised to come to see her. Ah, there is the young man who was with her. This must be the place."

A shock head was protruded from the hole under the hill, and a voice said:

"Sure it's the young lady hersel' that's come to us. Me sowl! but I knowed she wasn't wan o' the forgettin' sort!"

At the same time the wail of an infant in pain was heard from the underground cabin.

"Is the baby not better?" asked Marcella of the owner of the shock head, who, having withdrawn it for a few moments, put it forth again.

"Musha, it's in heaven any betterment 'll be that is for it," said the lad, pulling his wild forelock as he stepped out of the hole and invited the lady in. "Only don't for yer life tell that to the mother o't, Miss."

Marcella could at first see nothing in the cabin, for the smoke

which the basket in the chimney-hole failed to carry successfully aloft, but presently she descried a woman on her knees before a kind of cradle made of a *cleeve* (turf-creel), set upon two long dry sods of turf, and heard the reiterated word, half a caress, and half a moan of agony:

*"Acushla machree! Acushla machree! Acushla machree! machree!"*

Marcella waited for a few moments and then put her hand on the woman's shoulder. There is as much difference of expression between one light touch and another, as between gentle tones of voice. The meaning conveyed by the tips of five fingers may be cruel or tender, callous and cold, or exquisitely sympathetic. Marcella's touch found, without jarring, the chord most susceptible of sympathy in the mother's suffering heart.

"What is the matter with him? What can we do for him?" she whispered, kneeling beside the poor woman, and stealing an arm round her.

"Och, it's only the hunger, Miss—he can't ate the yellow male, an' I've nothing else for him. We haven't had a tint o' milk these three days."

The next minute Marcella was warming some milk that she had brought in the car, and was presenting it to the mother, who, after making an effort to speak, had fallen forward again on the cradle, embracing the little white set form it held with both her lean brown arms.

"I think it is only exhaustion, and this may not be too late," she said. "Let me try," and gently putting the dazed creature aside, Marcella lifted the child in her arms, and, sitting down on a broken stool, began to moisten the infant's lips with the natural nourishment. The pale lips moved and received the fluid, and after a time the eyes opened and seemed to look for more. In a quarter of an hour the child was unmistakably better. Marcella remained yet another half hour nursing, feeding, caressing it, while the mother knelt speechless watching her, no more daring to interfere than if it was the Holy Mother herself who had come down out of heaven and taken her child's case out of her hands. The tall lad with the shock head stood by, his great hollow eyes fixed on Marcella, a look of eager appreciation of the scene on his pallid face. Finally, when the child seemed to fall into a natural sleep, Marcella restored him to his mother's arms.

The poor woman pressed the babe convulsively to her breast, as she took the seat from which her visitor rose, and, not attempting

to speak her thanks, merely lifted the hem of Marcella's dress and put it to her lips.

"I will leave you this bottle of milk, and to-morrow I shall send more. Mike will come for it, perhaps," said Marcella, looking in the youth's face as if making a personal request.

Mike's ready, "I will, Miss," nearly choked him. He brushed his hand across his eyes, and escorted the lady from the cabin, and then glanced at her with a kind of reverential rapture as she stood on the grass, looking up and down for Kilmartin, who, having witnessed something of the foregoing scene in the cabin, was now making a meditation upon it at a distance, as he fed Father Daly's little fast trotting horse.

The pig, who had been another witness of the scene within the cabin, now also came forth to see the lady off.

"Why do you not sell *that* rather than be hungry?" asked Marcella of Mike, as the animal stood grunting at her, whether in reproach or thanksgiving, who can tell?

"Is it the pig, Miss? Sure that's the rint. He's all we have betune oursel's an' the cowl'd mountain side. Whin he goes sure we'll all have to folly him, barrin' he goes into the lan'lord's pocket."

Marcella smiled broadly at the notion of Mike and the pig in her pocket.

"I am going to buy him from you," she said, "and you can keep him for me till the landlord wants him. I will give you the price of him to-morrow when you come. Best market price. Honour bright. And by the way, who is your landlord?"

Mike was so struck dumb not only at this announcement of her intended purchase, but by her peculiar idea of her rights as a purchaser, that he made no answer, only turned crimson up to the roots of his hair.

"Who is the landlord, Mike?" But Mike could not even hear the question, so wildly was the pig still running through his head.

"It's too much, Miss," he blurted out at last. "Sure you don't know how much that baste is worth. The half year's rent's inside of him."

"Seven pounds, Mike."

"Oh musha, Miss, not so much as that." And then, utterly abashed by such magnificent generosity, he hung his head, while his thoughts whirled riotously in the expectation of coming affluence to the family.

"But you have not told me yet, Mike, who is the landlord."

"Sure she's dead, Miss, an' the agent's turned off, and sorra wan owns us this minute, for the new landlord's a lady too, an' we haven't seen her or heard tell of her, an' maybe niver will. But the new agent 'll be down on us for the next gale of rint. An' av coorse he'll be harder than the last one."

"Why should he be harder? And how do you know there will be an agent?"

"Ladies always has agents," said Mike, "and the next agent is always worse than the one before. That's all we know about it yet, Miss."

"Well, Mike, we'll march our pig to meet him when he comes, and we needn't be afraid of him for awhile, anyway," said Marcella, laughing. "But how have you managed up to this?"

"Ye see, Miss, me brother-in-law, that's her husband" (jerking his thumb towards the cabin), "is away in England workin' at the harvest, an' he'll bring a bit o' money home wit him. Meself would ha' been wit him only for the faver I've just riz out of, Miss. I'm the last of a long family meself, an' only for bein' sickly I'd be in America like the rest o' them that sends a pound now and again to help to stop the gap. Sure only that the weather does go dead again us we'd always have potatoes and turf, and could go abroad to airn the rint. But whin the rain rots the potatoes, and there's no dryin' for the turf, an' the yalla male's that dear—och we'd need to be angels wit wings, and no atin' at all, to get on wit it."

"Now what do you think, Mike? Would you not be better off if you were away entirely, all of you! To a country where it's easier to get something to eat?"

"Faix, Miss, an' maybe we would. Only I'm thinkin' the ould hills would be lonesome witout some of us. An' there's a power o' us gone already ye see, Miss. There's a power o' us gone already."

Mike did not know what a weighty truth he had uttered. Surely enough the accumulated masses of exiled Irish are proving themselves a terrible power.

The desire to hear the praises of Kilmartin here constrained Marcella to ask a reason for the superior appearance of some of the houses down yonder in the valley.

"Sure that's Mr. Bryan's land, Miss, an' isn't he makin' their own owners of the whole o' them! It's what they call *pisant propriety*, Miss; maybe ye have heard of it?"

"He has been good to the people. Do they like him for it?"

Mike lowered his voice. "Sure Miss, they love the ground he walks—barrin' them"—he broke off and looked around him cautiously. "Them that we needn't be mintionin'. There's some that has an ould crow to pluck wit him, an' I'm feared they're on for pluckin' it."

The change in Mike's face was even more remarkable as he spoke his last words than were the words themselves, and as Marcella noted this, her own eyes took such a scared expression, that Mike said suddenly, as if a light had dawned on him :

"Maybe he is somethin' to ye, Miss. I mane, *maybe he has you bespoke.*"

Though the words were audacious, the anxious delicacy of Mike's manner of saying them forbade all offence. Marcella coloured, but said frankly.

"Mr. Kilmartin is a friend of mine, but that is all. Nobody has me 'bespoke.'"

Mike's countenance brightened. What was it to him, poor lad, what gentleman might have a claim upon the beautiful lady who was as far removed above himself as the stars are above the little bog pools that occasionally reflect them? Yet somehow it pleased poor gaunt, shock-headed, ragged Mike, that this creature of his sudden worship belonged as yet to no man, had, as he might imagine if he liked, no fixed place among the "ginthry," and could wander at her own sweet will among the mountains, as likely to have come down out of the clouds as to have come up out of the lowlands.

Nevertheless, with the quickness of perception of his race and class, he had read in Marcella's eyes that Kilmartin's safety was dear to her; and he said, as Bryan himself was seen leading the horse and car to meet them :

"Tell him to take care o' himsel', Miss, for there's thim that's set to hurt him. Ax him to take a trip to see Amerikay."

There was no time to question him as to the meaning of his ominous words. The next minute Marcella was looking back from her seat on the car, at the wild figure of Mike, as he stood gazing with reverential eyes in the direction towards which her face was set, long after he could see it no more.

With a cold shudder she felt that in return for her exertions a thorn had been planted in her heart, and one which it would be hard to eradicate. She felt indignant at Mike for suggesting what could hardly be true. Had not Kilmartin's fault in the eyes of his friends been only too great a sympathy with the disaffected

people, and had not it been made clear to her that any danger threatening him (and, thank God, it was blown over), had loomed from a quarter directly opposite to that now so strangely indicated? How could she convey such a message to Kilmartin's ear? And yet she must not dare to sleep without communicating it to him. As they moved on, Bryan noticed her changed and dejected looks, and said:

"You must not take the sufferings of these poor people too much to heart. Happily, you have the power to alleviate it."

In saying this he was thinking of a power distinct from that which mere money had placed in her hands. But Marcella's thoughts did not follow his words, being quite filled with the idea of his danger, and, thinking her tired, he remarked that it was now too late to pay further visits.

"You gave so much time to that baby," he said, "that if we do not now get on quickly Father Daly will be reading his office in the Windy Gap till it grows too dark to see, even with spectacles."

"But we can easily get home before dark," said Marcella, anxiously, and Kilmartin, wondering at the sudden change in her spirits urged the horse to a faster trot. As they spun along the road in silence the girl's mind was distracted with doubts and questions. Ought she not to put him on his guard at once, and yet why should she spoil the drive which he was so evidently enjoying, and bring back the cloud of care to his eyes which were shining on her now with a happy tenderness? She hated to be the messenger of evil to him; and, after all, did she not utterly disbelieve in the vague warning which she had got to give him? Of course it must be given. She would not take the risk of withholding it. But there was no need to think of it now, not till these beautiful moments of travel and companionship should be displaced by the inevitable future, and pushed back to the greedy past gaping for them.

Kilmartin, having felt the mountain-air grow keener as they ascended the pass leading to the road by which they were to return towards Inisheen, wrapped her in a woollen shawl, and then set himself to beguile her fatigue with stories of the country through which they were passing.

"Over yonder, Miss O'Kelly, is the old home of the Kilmartins, the house in which I was born. Does not it present a wild spectacle, a striking instance of the thrift of Irish landlords, for you see when that roof-tree began to decay rents were paid, and



those who received them ought to have been able to keep the wolf from the door. In that old house what dreams I have dreamed. As a lad, I felt that there was something terribly wrong in the existing state of things, and I wanted to redeem Ireland. My mother, as you have discovered, has warm national blood in her veins. Some of her family fled to France long ago and joined the Irish brigades there. Almost all of her people are exiles through political causes in the past, and she, God bless her, fed me on Irish history and poetry, while my father, good easy man, thought of little besides his hunt and his hunt-dinner, and his flowing punch-bowl. The consequence was that I even went beyond my mother in ardour for the Irish cause, and at seventeen, rushed into the arms of the Fenians."

Marcella, uttered a little cry of dismay.

Kilmartin smiled. "You needn't be frightened," he said, "I am not a Fenian now. My mother discovered the matter and appealed to my father, and I was sent to Cambridge, and afterwards to travel. In the course of a few years I had learned to think; and, though my enthusiasm for Ireland was no way cooled, I saw the folly and wickedness of dreams of war which had not the remotest chance of success. Since then I have turned my attention to the consideration of more rational ways of benefiting my country than those proposed by Fenianism, which, though it began with a bold scheme for war, has, I am sorry to say, degenerated so far as to identify itself with societies for assassination. I shook myself free of it with some trouble and at some risk, but over yonder, Miss O'Kelly, in that romantic little green hollow between two purple hills, is the spot where we used to drill. Convert as I am to sane and peaceful aims, grown old in wisdom and experience, I can yet feel the thrill of an exquisite sense of daring and danger, the strong rapture in the vivid hope of one day marching to battle for Faith and Fatherland to win a triumph which was to be followed by the blossoming of the wilderness and food in plenty for the famishing. All the heroic patriots of antiquity were my models, and I may well regret the passing of the youthful fervour of spirit that brought me yonder in the silence of a moonlight night, my gun on my shoulder, my heart beating like a martial drum, and my mind fixed on the determination to risk individual destruction for the sake of the future of my race."

Marcella was silent. From all this revelation she had gained a few ideas. In the first place, he had really been a Fenian, and in the second place, by renouncing Fenianism, he had incurred the

enmity of that formidable body. From which side now did his danger proceed, a danger of which he himself was perhaps this moment in ignorance? Was it as a former Fenian, an offender against the law, or as a seceder from the secret society that he had become a mark for vengeance at unknown hands? His escape from the police on that memorable night seemed to point to the one, and the warning given by Mike implied the other. If a mingling of the two might be imagined —

Here a sharp turn of the road brought them into the Windy Gap, and Father Daly climbed upon the car. Then Marcella made an effort to rally her spirit, and related the experiences of the drive to his reverence.

Father Daly rubbed his hands in delight. "Capital!" he cried, "capital! What will become of the poor creatures with joy when they find whom they have got for their landlord?"

The priest returned with them to Inisheen for the night, and after dinner, at his urgent cry for a little music, Mrs. Kilmartin's harp was carried to the side of her couch, and she sang for the little company.

"Only Bryan and Father Daly would listen to an old woman's song," she said to Marcella; "they have so long been accustomed to hear me, that they will not allow either the voice or the harp-strings to be cracked. As for you, my dear, you will have to try to be patient."

"Give us the *Wild Geese*," said Father Daly. "Miss O'Kelly, the song which Mrs. Kilmartin sings for me every time I come here, was translated from the Irish, long ago, by an ancestress of hers, whose lover had to fly the country, and whom she never saw again."

The little white-haired lady sitting up on her sofa, touched her instrument as if with fairy fingers, and a wild flowing melody that sounded to Marcella's ears like fitful weeping trickled over the harp strings.

I had no sail to cross the sea,  
A brave white bird went forth from me,  
My heart was hid beneath his wing:  
O strong white bird, come back in spring!

I watched the wild geese rise and cry  
Across the flaring western sky,  
Their winnowing pinions clove the light,  
Then vanished, and came down the night.

I laid me low, my day was done,  
I longed not for the morrow's sun,  
But closely swathed in swoon of sleep,  
Forgot to hope, forgot to weep.

The moon through veils of gloomy red,  
A warm yet dusky radiance shed,  
All down our valley's golden stream,  
And flushed my slumber with a dream.

Her mystic torch lit up my brain,  
My spirit rose and lived again,  
And followed through the windy spray  
That bird upon its watery way.

*O wild white bird, O wait for me,  
My soul hath wings to fly with thee,  
On foam waves lengthening out afar,  
We'll ride toward the western star.*

*O'er glimmering plains through forest gloom,  
To track a wanderer's feet I come,  
'Mid lonely swamp, by haunted brake,  
I'll pass unfrighted for his sake.*

*Alone, afar, his footsteps roam,  
The stars his roof, the tent his home,  
Saw'st thou what way the wild geese flew  
To sunward through the thick night dew?*

*Carry my soul where he abides,  
And pierce the mystery that hides  
His presence, and through time and space  
Look with mine eyes upon his face.*

*Beside his prairie fire he rests,  
All feathered things are in their nests:  
"What strange wild bird is this, he saith,  
Still fragrant with the ocean's breath?"*

*"Perch on my hand, thou briny thing,  
And let me stroke thy shy wet wing:  
What message in thy soft eye thrills?  
I see again my native hills,*

*"And vale, the river's silver streak,  
The mist upon the blue, blue peak,  
The shadows grey, the golden sheaves,  
The mossy walls, the russet eaves."*

*"I greet the friends I've loved and lost,  
Do all forget? No, tempest-tost,  
That braved for me the ocean's foam,  
Some heart remembers me at home.*

*"Ere spring's return I will be there,  
Thou strange sea-fragrant messenger!"  
I wake and weep; the moon shines sweet,  
O dream too short! O bird too fleet!*

"It is too long for a song," said Mrs. Kilmartin, having finished. "No one but Father Daly would willingly listen to more than three stanzas. The length of 'Silent, O Moyle,' is the length for a perfect song." And she sang Moore's exquisite melody.

"Delicious!" murmured Father Daly, with a long sigh of enjoyment. "Now, Bryan, where is your fiddle?"

An instrument was produced and handed first to the old man, who played an Irish planxty of Carolan's, mad with fun and frolic. Afterwards the fiddle was passed to Bryan, in whose hands it became the violin—

*"That small sweet thing,  
Devised in love and fashioned cunningly  
Of wood and strings."*

Bryan touched it with the skill of an artist and in a little theme of Beethoven, made it give forth the soul of the musician. Marcella, whose nerves were already overstrung, was almost wrought to tears by the divine tenderness of his music. Over and above Beethoven the cry of the Wild Geese was in her heart. "Tell him to go a trip to see Amerikay," said Mike. Was he too destined to be a wanderer far from the land he loved so well, or be sacrificed to some cruel alternative? She could not dare to sleep without delivering her warning, and wrote a few words in pencil on a page in her pocket-book, while Mrs. Kilmartin and the priest were talking, and Bryan was still playing.

As they separated for the night she put it into his hand unobserved, and greatly astonished he held it folded in his palm until he found himself alone.

Having read the few urgent words in Marcella's large rather unformed handwriting, he looked at first more glad than alarmed, then asked himself was it fancy or conceit that led him to discern an accent of piteous fear for his safety in the imaginary voice in which the written message was delivered. Would she greatly care if he were hurt? If so, it were almost good to be hurt.

He remembered her sudden fit of dejection after quitting Mike, and the suggestion that anxiety for him had caused it, came to him with so much sweetness that it was some time before he could cease to dwell on it and give his attention to the warning itself.

Then, "I am not surprised," he reflected, "but I stand my ground. The danger does not blow from the quarter Mike apprehends. It may be that it were better if it did. But at all events I stand my ground."

Then studying again the simple words on the scrap of paper in his hand, he forgot the cause of his getting them in the joy of their possession.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### MARCELLA, A LANDLORD.

FOR some time after this Marcella's hands were full of business. What with taking measures to make Crane's Castle habitable, and continuing her visits to her tenantry in company with Father Daly, or Kilmartin, or both, she had little idle time. With a few bold assured words Bryan had almost set her mind at rest on the subject of danger to him, so that she was able to give at least a good part of her thoughts to putting her affairs in order, and laying a foundation for a future happy understanding between her people and herself.

Gradually the poor dwellers on the green spots between the bogs and the barren stretches of mountain came to look for the visits of the smiling lady who was "that kind, you wouldn't think she was a lady at all," and the pinched weather-beaten faces would brighten at her approach, and the little brown bare-legged children in their scanty garments of crimson home-spun flannel would come capering like wild goats along the rocks to meet her. By degrees all the cases of hardship, the evictions, and rent-raising were laid before her. Sitting at the cabin fires while the old granny in the corner smoked the tobacco the lady had brought, and Marcella, herself, helped to drink the tea which had been transferred from her own pocket to the little brown tea-pot on the hearth, she became acquainted with all the ills to which these

suffering creatures had been subjected, that her rent-roll might show an increase rather than a falling off in wealth. Since Mrs. O'Kelly, five years ago, had shaken the dust of Distresna off her feet (offended at some complaints that had been made of what she sincerely considered her most benignant rule), and departed from Crane's Castle never to return, the agent had been gradually screwing up the rents, trying to extract a little more and a little more money out of bog and rock; and at the same time the seasons had been wet and cruel, turf had not been dried, and potatoes had failed, and a good part of the hard-earned rent, earned in America, England, anywhere, had been spent on the insufficient yellow-meal on which the defaulters all but starved. There had been several evictions within the year before Mrs. O'Kelly's death. In some cases the ruined families had disappeared from the country, in others they lived among their neighbours, while a son or daughter had gone as a sort of advanced guard to America to try to earn some money which might get them reinstated in their holdings. A few dwellings better than ordinary, showing signs of improvement at the cost of much labour, were pointed to as warnings to the wise man not to improve. Out of these the rash and adventurous improvers had been cast to repent of their folly, the young in exile, the old in the poorhouse.

As Marcella listened and observed, her heart was stirred, and she remembered that she also was a child of the people. If through her mother she was descended from the gentry who had so mis-managed and misruled these poor, through her father she was one with them. The power to alleviate their wants and their miseries had been wonderfully placed in her hands; the will should not be wanting. With unflinching patience she studied their various cases, learned their views, perceived and appreciated their temptations.

With the landlord on the one side, irritating and crushing them, and on the other, the secret societies pressing them to put themselves in the hands of a power that declared itself able and willing to right them, was it surprising if the more desperate among them fell blindly into complicity with crime? The only wonder was that the bulk of them kept free from it. Can one be astonished that the Fenian's promise of a warfare that should bring glorious changes over the face of the country, should have enthralled the more sturdy and fearless of the youth, taught them to shoulder a gun, and enticed them to the secret meeting-place in the heart of the moonlit glen? On these things Marcella mused and pondered. If Bryan, as a lad, had been inspired to rush out from his mother's

side in his comfortable home, to strive to right the wronged, how much more those whose aged parents or little children were wasting before their eyes in the very grip of the wrong?

Well, she would have no more Fenians, no more slaves, no more starvation, no more eviction. Her rent-roll should be to her but as a calendar of good deeds done. In one spot of Ireland at least, prosperity as great as the poverty of the land would permit, should reign. To Crane's Castle should come all who needed help or comfort. With their babies in her arms, their children about her knees, she would know how to talk to the mothers and fathers.

In the meantime the people were full of anxiety about their new landlord, and Marcella was often questioned as to whether she had heard anything about that person, or, more important still, anything of the appointment of an agent. They had learned that Crane's Castle was getting cleaned up and put to rights, and this looked as though the agent, if not the lady herself, intended to live on the property.

In all probability, they thought, the rents would be raised, as a first step, by the new management. How many of those who now clung with passion to their hearths and homes, poor and humble as they might be, would, in a few weeks hence have received the order to go forth, an order which to many was a veritable death sentence. Marcella could tell them nothing, only begged them to hope. To ask them to be patient was unnecessary. Nowhere in the world is such Christian patience to be met with as in an Irish cabin.

In the meantime Crane's Castle was getting thoroughly swept and garnished. The cobwebs of years were blown away, the mouldy old furniture was polished up, pretty new things arrived from Dublin to make the place more comfortable and habitable than it had ever been before, and at last it was ready for Marcella to take possession. A lady of good family, one of the many Irish ladies whose slender income, being derived from a mortgage on land, has vanished of late years, had accepted the position of companion to the heiress of Distresna, and was ready at any moment to obey a summons to the spot. All things were in proper trim when Marcella unfolded her little plan for the conclusion of the play she had been enacting for the benefit of her people.

On a bright Sunday morning in July, it was announced by Father Daly, from the altar in his chapel at Ballydownvalley, that the new landlord, who, as they knew, was a lady, a relative of the

late Mrs. O'Kelly, would meet her tenants at Crane's Castle on a certain day in the following week, and would receive their rents in person and hear their complaints, if they had any to make. Now the people upon whom this news fell like a shock, had never known Marcella by any other name than Miss Marcella, and had not the faintest suspicion that she was a personage of importance. A moaning murmur from the women at their prayers greeted the announcement, groups stood late in the chapel yard that day discussing the expected event, and old and young returned to their cabins in the afternoon with a load on their hearts. They had not a doubt among them that the new state of things would be worse than the old, and even Father Daly's silence as to the lady's character and intentions had an ominous meaning for them. If he had been able to say a good word for the new landlord he would surely have done so. All his sermon was about patience and confidence in God, just such a sermon as he had always preached to them when the turf would not dry, and the potatoes failed, or when anybody died of the slow hunger, or was evicted.

On the appointed day they were all in motion on the road to Crane's Castle, that is all the heads of families, or the member of a family who was to act as spokesman for the rest. Crane's Castle stood about a mile from the lake of Inisheen with its face to seaward and a mountain at its back, a quaint ancient building with thick grey walls and small deep-set windows, and a general look about it as if the crows had been building in its chimneys ever since they came out of the Ark. Indoors a mighty change was already noticeable, a few richly coloured rugs on the tiles of the great square vault-like hall and a fire burning on the hearth to consume the damp within and without, gave promise of a cheerful interior. Faded and mildewed carpets and curtains had gone out with the dust accumulated upon them, and the once mouldy and gloomy reception-rooms had been so draped, and painted, and garnished, as to have become places to linger in for comfort and repose. In the drawingroom sat Marcella's chaperon, a majestic and handsome woman who plied her embroidery needle with the air of a fallen empress, and never failed to remind all comers that she was "one of the O'Donovans." The last of a dynasty whose subjects had revolted and dethroned her could not have alluded to her misfortunes with more dignified bitterness than did Miss O'Donovan when speaking of the failure of her annuity which had been drawn from a charge upon land. As her case was indeed a hard one (and there are many of such) she was treated with the utmost tenderness by



her friends, and Marcella in nominally accepting her services, was prepared to accord her all that unhesitating homage to which her pride and her poverty laid urgent and constant claim.

Of the library, where until now The Peerage, Burke's Landed Gentry, and innumerable bound volumes of the sporting papers had been the chief ornaments of the shelves, Marcella had chosen to make her own particular sanctum, and here she awaited her tenants on that day in July. All the earliest arrived were invited to take seats in the hall while the first man was called by name to the presence of the landlord.

They knew that library door too well, having never entered it without fear in their hearts. The first who went in now was quickly aware of a change in the place. There were, as of old, the two high-set narrow windows at the end of the room, but in their recesses and catching the sunshine, stood deep-coloured jars full of tall yellow flag-lilies, filling the niches with brilliance and light. In the shadow between the russet-tinted curtains, a lady was sitting. Her head was bent down, and the heavy-hearted tenant could not see her face. The room was full of flowers, the furniture was the same and yet changed, the poor man gazed round the place with a vague wonder in his mind as to whether the new landlord was as different from the old as this beautiful apartment was the reverse of its former gloomy self. Then he looked again and saw Marcella smiling at him from the shadows between the golden lilies in the windows.

"You see it is me whom you have got for your landlord, and you must make the best of me. Now state your case that we may get to business," she said; and Father Daly here appeared rubbing his hands and laughing with delight.

"John Lynch," he said, "confess that you are sold. Go and tell your neighbours what a terrible landlord has come to Distresna."

In a few minutes the room was full of the people pressing round Marcella, begging to touch her hand, pouring out their *cead mille faillthes* and blessings on her head. It was long before the excitement had subsided and business was begun. All that day and many days after the new landlord sat in her place between the yellow lilies, making a picture in the shadowy old room, listening to the cases laid before her, distributing justice, promising help, lowering rents and granting new leases. After all the business was done her rent roll was considerably disfigured, but her heart was more at rest. Were not these poor over-joyed creatures

her actual children? Had they not been given bodily into her charge? Had not Providence ordained that enough sustenance should be derived from the land for her and for them also? Should she store up all the grain for herself and leave nothing for them but the husks? Forbid it, righteous God!

Her next step was to invite the tenantry, men, women, and children, all who could come, to a house warming at Crane's Castle. The great barn and out-houses were cleared for dancing and decorated with heather. Pipers were hired, and a supper was prepared such as the tenants of Distresna had never seen before. Invitations were sent to the gentry also to be present at the Peoples' Bail; but few of them were at home, and still fewer cared to come. Already many heads were shaken over Miss O'Kelly's strange beginnings with her tenantry. But what could be expected of her, seeing she had identified herself from the first with those queer half-Fenian Kilmartins? Yet the dance went on as merrily as though under the patronage of a queen. Marcella danced with her tenants and helped them with her own hands to the good cheer she had prepared for them. The children undertook to teach her the step of the Irish jig, while Father Daly looked on and applauded, and the crowd stood back to watch the performance with delight.

When the step was learned she danced it with Mike, the mountain lad who had frightened her with his unnecessary warning.

"Mike," she said, when the jig was finished, "that was all a mistake—I mean your fear that there was harm in store for Mr. Kilmartin."

"I hope so, Miss—I hope so," said Mike, but his beaming looks of pride and joy at being danced with by "herself" vanished like the sun under a cloud. "All the same, there's people here to-night that I do not like the looks of. There's a party in the hayloft and bad scran to the dance they have danced, nothing but chattin' under their breath and dark looks for anybody else that goes near them. One of them's a stranger in these parts and the others are no credit to them they belong to. But whisht, Miss, whisht! Sure we ben't to take notice o' them. It's Mike will keep watch for himsel' and yoursel', an' if danger comes back on the wind, he'll run before everything else with the news of it."

## IN A GARDEN.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

I KNOW a garden, lone and grey,  
 Winds are wandering there all day ;  
 Sweet hands laid there long ago  
 Seeds of all the flowers that blow.

Sweet hands fenced it round with care,  
 Planned and shaped each bright parterre,  
 Made it fruitful, made it good,  
 Yea, with dew of red heart's blood !

Rained the rains, and laughed the sun,  
 Still the patient hands toiled on :  
 Grew the garden all one plot  
 Roses and forget-me-not.

There, like angels carved in stone,  
 Silver-winged, the lilies shone ;  
 Heart-strings fashioned as a lute  
 With the music standing mute.

Pansies, dusk and velvety,  
 And all other flowers that be,  
 Raised their innocent eyes and smiled  
 All within my garden wild.

In the midst, the water clear  
 Of a little happy mere  
 Laughed to Heaven in baby glee,  
 Rang the glad sound goldenly.

A brown bird, one happy hour,  
 Made his nest in this green bower—  
 Sang and sang till day grew dim  
 From the passionate heart in him.

O but all the place was fair !  
 Sweetest eyes that ever were  
 Gazed across the bowers and through,  
 Saw no other thing to do.

Then the Master to His side  
 Called one: " wilt thou here abide ?  
 With my agony and sweat,  
 Toiling in the noon-day heat.

"I have made it fair for thee :  
Keep it fair for thee and Me,  
Wends my pathway far away,  
I will come another day."

As He turned, and set His face  
From the innocent garden ways,  
Sang my bird in leafage dim  
Lustily in praise of Him.

Grew the time from green to gold,  
Summer's treasures manifold  
Lay upon the lap of June—  
Overflowed her full hands soon.

Her fair arms enclasped close  
Hawthorn, woodbine, faint wild rose,  
Nestling to her bonny breast,  
Later days may take the rest.

In a starlight, strange and sweet,  
Who comes by with bleeding feet?  
On His weary golden head  
Dank and cold the dews are shed.

"I am wounded sore," He saith,  
And a sob is in His breath ;  
"I have borne a grievous load,  
Travelled on a thorny road.

"I am weary nigh to death,  
And mine own are cold," He saith,  
"In yon hamlet by the shore  
I have knocked at many a door.

"I have called all night," He saith,  
"But the village slumbereth ;  
Lights are out and all asleep—  
None my weary watch to keep,

"Dark it is, and night-dews fall ;  
But I know a banquet hall,  
Steeped in warm and radiant air  
In a palace past compare.

"And within that royal house,  
With the gold crown on His brows,  
Stands the King of earth and sky,  
And that great King's Son am I.

"I will seek His fair abode,  
Rest me from my weary load,  
Nay," He saith, "but here should be  
Garden bowers that bloom for me.

' Here a bird in olden time,  
Sang from Matin song to Prime,  
And his pipe was sweeter far  
Than the lutes and viols are.

" Lilies angel-fair of face  
Stood about a peaceful place,  
With their moon-pale wings and sweet,  
Folding them from head to feet.

" While they dreamed of me," He saith,  
" Roses praised me with their breath ;  
Laughed a small mere goldenly  
With a strange sweet joy for me.

" I will rest me here," He saith,  
" Ere I cross yon lonely heath;  
Sweet 'twill be an hour to go  
Through the bowers that love me so."

So He gladly turns aside;  
Yonder swings the wicket wide  
Enters in—O sad surprise !  
Wreck and ruin meet His eyes.

Everywhere His swift gaze goes,  
Broken lily, dying rose :  
Thorns o'ercreep the dark earth's face  
In this strange unwholesome place.

Strong the nettles, rank and tall,  
Poppy flaunteth over all,  
Deadly nightshade hath o'ergrown  
Sweetest flowers were ever blown.

Dead the bird, or singing is  
In some fairer bower than this ;  
Goes the Master on and on  
With His sweet face strange and wan.

With a tremor and a thrill  
Cometh morn across the hill ;  
Rose-gold from her clear lamp shed  
Falleth on the Masters head.

Streameth very still and clear  
On the waters of the mere,  
Grown a marish choked with weeds :  
Tall and slender stand the reeds :

Tall and slender and forlorn,  
Frail against the risen morn.  
Lo ! across the radiant mists,  
Wind that bloweth where it lists

Taketh them with sudden breath,  
O'er each reed-mouth murmureth,  
With a mighty quivering,  
Hark! the reeds begin to sing.

With a sudden wailing cry,  
With a grieving melody,  
Strangely sweet, and shrill, and clear,  
In the golden atmosphere.

Passionate, as though one should take  
Some lost heart grown like to break,  
Wild with woe, and loss, and love,  
And should make a lute thereof.

With his mind on music bent,  
Should lean o'er his instrument,  
Striking out some deathless strain,  
From the straitened heart-strings' pain.

So the wind leans over these,  
While his fingers touch the keys,  
Striking clear wild notes and thin,  
From the breaking hearts within.

One who standeth by the mere,  
Bendeth very low to hear,  
Flusheth the wan mere to flame,—  
Hush! the sad reeds sob His name.

These had held some memory dim,  
In their lonely hearts of Him—  
Some old echo it might be  
Of the lost bird's melody.

Wanes the music, ebbs and dies ;  
Grave and pitying are His eyes,  
And His lips grown tenderer,  
For that desolate music, fair.

So He turns, and takes his way  
Down the garden flushed with day,  
Now, who lieth in the dust?  
He who hath betrayed his trust.

Deep the sleep that holds him bound,  
With dead wreaths his brows are crowned,  
Fumes of last night's revelries  
Bring strange phantoms to his eyes.

Bendeth low the Beautiful,  
Lays His fingers, sweet and cool,  
On the sleeper's burning brows  
Fevered with the late carouse.

Oh! he riseth hastily  
With a sudden anguished cry,  
Falleth at his Master's feet,  
Shrinketh from his eyes so sweet.

Shrinketh from the sad fair face,  
Casts his arms in mute embrace  
Round the blessed feet, that bleed  
From the thorny road they tread;

Lays his shameful face to them,  
Kisseth wild the garment's hem,  
Sayeth nought, his lips are dumb,  
For his shame no words will come

Cowereth he in woe and dread—  
Lo! a soft hand on his head,  
Lo! a sweet voice sayeth low,  
"Sleep! dost fear thy shepherd so?"

"Child! forget thy grieving sore,  
Turn to me, and sin no more,  
Come, heart! there is much to do,  
We will plant the ground anew.

"Here one thought of me," He saith,  
"Hath remained 'mid sin and death:  
Sing thy frail reeds silverly  
A fair mystic song for me."

"Shall mine enemy despoil  
This, made fruitful by my toil,  
Watered with my blood and sweat,  
Working in the noon-tide heat?"

"Nay, indeed, it shall not be,  
Come, sweet heart! wilt strive with me  
Till thy garden desolate  
Hath regained its olden state;

"Till the lone, death-stricken bowers  
Flush with fruit, and flame with flowers,  
And a new bird wings its way  
Here, in some fair future day,

"Who shall learn with patient meed  
From the wailing of each reed,  
How to sing so goldenly,  
That my heart shall gladdened be,

"When grown weary, sore distressed,  
I shall come for sweetest rest,  
To the lovely bower apart,  
Of mine own beloved's heart."

## NOTES OF A SHORT TRIP TO SPAIN.

BY JOHN FALLON.

## PART VI.—SEVILLE ON THE FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

JOY bells fill the air this morning, from the earliest hour : and, as I sally out, I find the universal care is to have the streets, through which the procession is to pass, carefully swept and sprinkled with rose-scented water, then strewn with myrtle leaves and shaded with awning. The cool fragrance is delicious.

Here and there, hundreds of chairs are being clustered and ranged, in every advantageous position, either as private speculations, or to accommodate privileged guests. Gradually, as the moments fly, the streets become lined with infantry, mostly underaged, with their uniforms ill-filled, but evidently the *material* of fine and brave men. Their officers, most of them youthful also, look gentlemen all over ; the profusion of war medals which they wear is a problem to me, spreading across their chests from shoulder to shoulder. In front of the archbishop's palace a squadron of cuirassiers of the guard is drawn up, all splendid men : and a battery of artillery, equally select, is ranged in the cathedral square, to thunder out its salvoes as time draws on.

It was my happy fortune, shortly after I reached the noble cathedral, to witness the far-famed dance before the Blessed Sacrament, a subject of such legitimate curiosity to believers, and of such unreasoning ridicule to agnostics who have not seen, or who have failed to appreciate, the symbolism of the reality. I confess that, for my own part, I had previously imagined something very different from what I now saw. To me the dream was of acolytes, in red soutane and white surplice, waltzing in couples round the sanctuary, to some quaint old measure, more or less appropriate. What was my surprise to see eight small choristers, dressed in the graceful page costume of the seventeenth century, in striped pink-and-white silk, with plumed hats to match, walking a stately minuet with measured steps, to the music of their own young voices and clattering castagnettes, accompanied by the organ's softest tones. And they sing their different parts with truth and boldness, and with all the clear joyous ring of boyhood.

Nor does this take place within the sanctuary, but in front of



an altar erected for the festival on a gigantic scale, near the exit in the west end, and almost over where the son of Christopher Columbus lies buried. Originally this unique dance was performed by six court pages, hence its name: "il baile de los seises" (the dance of the six.) Now the pages have given way to choristers, and the number is increased to eight, but the name, and the costume, remain. I have already mentioned that Seville claims the glory of having been foremost in obtaining for the whole world the separate celebration of this festival apart from that of Holy Thursday. And this historic fact is what this courtly dance is meant to commemorate, even in the teeth of this prosaic age, which scoffs and smiles, but understands not.

The music is simple, and I am glad that I took it down, for I tried in vain to procure it afterwards, either in print or manuscript. It is as follows:



During the first four bars the young pages, four on each side, slowly advance as if to meet, taking two steps to each bar. During the second four bars each side slowly retires backwards to its original place. During the third four bars each side again advances half-way. During the last four bars each side comes over to the opposite, and each page turns sharply round. Strange as you may think it, this simple movement, joyously done, is most effective, and the castagnettes, marked by the dotted accents over the notes, give historic character *and dignity* to the figure, and render it a complete success.

And as it ends, the organs peal forth in all their majesty of

sound, like thunders that would burst the vault of heaven, and the procession begins to move off.

This is the time for us to fly by a side-entrance, to secure seats before all traffic is suspended, and this we do with rare success, of which I shall tell you presently, but first, the procession !

To appreciate it correctly I think you should bear in mind the spoliations and suppressions of convents and monasteries which have taken place in this land, almost within living memory. The various banners of the religious orders, the picturesque variety of their habits, the children whom they reared, the guilds and sodalities which they fostered, the trains of nobles of highest lineage who were proud to follow in their wake in humblest disguise, all that is gone, utterly vanished. You can study it in old pictures, you can read of it in old books, but you will see none of it to-day. What you actually witness is simply this :

The whole length of the streets lined on each side with infantry in file, along the line selected for the procession. Within the space thus kept open, all sprinkled with myrtle leaves, there comes an apparently endless stream of boys, walking two and two each carrying a lighted taper. The first little processionists are tiny ; gradually and steadily they grow, and with them their tapers, as the stream flows on, in hundreds and hundreds, till at last they are full-grown men, with stout tapers as tall as themselves, and with flags and bannerets interspersed, I suppose denoting their guilds. All are dressed in plain black coats or jackets, and white trousers ; and not a single taper but is lighting, such is the marvellous climate. Next come liveried representatives of the municipality, in costume more or less varied, but scarcely picturesque ; and thus ends the lay element of the procession. Judging by the faces, I should say its components belong to the artisan or middle class, but nobility of race is impressed on them all.

Now come long double files of acolytes, in crimson soutane and surplice of white lace, each with a curious diadem of brass, gilt and embossed, encircling his forehead ; each, also, with his hair gummed over and sprinkled with gold dust. Strange and weird this fashion looks, like some relic of the Gothic days !

And now, between the acolytes, the clergy advance, some two and two, some four abreast, some in soutane and surplice, others in gorgeously embroidered limp vestments of mediæval type, the loving and almost matchless labour of an age of faith. Many

are mitred, and all, including the archbishop, hold heavy lighted tapers in their hands, which they use as walking staffs, or croziers.

At intervals, between the clergy, the historic statues of the cathedral, and perhaps of the city, are borne on the shoulders of strong men concealed beneath the ingeniously contrived platforms on which those statues are erected. Thus the dead past revives, and unrolls before you its speaking record of heroes whom the church has canonized. You see St. Leander and St. Isidore, the brother archbishops of Seville, one after another, before the Moors invaded Spain, themselves Gothic princes of the blood, and historic giants in an age of great men. You see their royal and martyred nephew, St. Hermenegilde. You see their grandest pupil, St. Hildefonse (now softened into Alonzo), whom Toledans claim as their archbishop, beloved of heaven. You see St. Ferdinand, who rescued the city from the Moors, after a long and most romantic siege: his bronze effigy is literally weighted with emeralds and rubies, and he looks all over a king. You see Saints Rufina and Justina, like two sisters, sustaining the Giralda with their arms during a hurricane which swept over the city in the year of Isabella's death (1504). And you see other statues, of saints all unknown to me, and several have movable heads, which bow benignantly from side to side, as they are mutely borne along: this is a survival of the realistic tastes of another day; but in this latter quarter of the dry nineteenth century, it looks passing strange.

And now, borne on the shoulders of many men, you see a superb statue of the Blessed Virgin, in silver or gold, it matters little which, for it is literally encrusted with brilliants . . . Then comes the "niño Jesu" . . . and finally the Blessed Sacrament, under a massive canopy of silver, resplendent with diamonds and gems of rarest water. When I tell you that sixteen men are straining in reverential silence, supporting the huge weight, you will agree that I may well call it massive. In front of it acolytes, walking backwards, are filling the air with incense from their golden thuribles. All the huge assemblage kneels low, while softened harmonies swell on the air, till drowned with the loud salvoes from the cathedral front, proclaiming the passage of the Lord of Hosts. A mounted guard of honour brings in the rear: the ranks close in, the crowds break up, and all is over.

Have I created disappointment in thus summarising the procession, such as I saw it. If you can read between the lines, you will fill up the gaps which no doubt you feel—gaps created by the

spirit of Voltaire, and the robberies of his proselytes. Thus you can reconstruct the procession *as it was*, in the days of its former, and perhaps unique splendour. My poor pen has only tried to give you the framework of what remains, such as "mine own eyes" saw it to-day.

To see this procession, no places would satisfy the proud ambition of my young Cambridge friend and self but the most select in the "Plaza de la Constitution," and we took them in honest simplicity, fully expecting to pay for them in gold. What was our surprise, when all was over, to find that coin was not in the question. Like true foreign barbarians we had intruded exactly into the seats specially reserved for the nobility, one of the proudest in Europe, where special cards were the sole passport, and servants gorgeously arrayed in plush and gold were the sole ushers. Elsewhere our mistake would have been all too speedily notified to us. Here not one single one of those perfectly bred Sevilians would allow us to be disabused of our audaciously blissful ignorance, though each precious seat was in most obvious demand, and thus we remained undisturbed till all was over. I dare not venture to describe the fair ones that wandered out from this select circle: such themes are for poets. People in Northern Europe sing of dream faces! Here they are in the reality, dozens and scores of them, rich in the inherited charms of fifty generations, still as the poets of classic Rome tried to paint them, all in vain! If you have studied the ideal faces of Murillo, I can only add that their archetypes are still here, full of fresh life, and light, and joy, and probably thinking of the afternoon's amusements, and . . . an early dinner!

Rambling through the streets, like all the rest, we see people ascending the Giralda, and mount, paying a small fee at entrance. There are no steps of stairs within the old Moorish minaret, but simply inclined planes along the four faces, so that literally you might ride a horse to the top of the Moorish work. When that is reached, a small spiral staircase, exceedingly steep and narrow, brings you further up amidst the Christian addition, to the bells, till your conscience is satisfied that you can ascend no further. Those bells are now pealing in all their might, turning head over heels in their eagerness, all except the big one of all, which merely swings in solitary dignity of its own. The revolving is done by ropes, coiled round wheels of huge diameter attached to the beams. This sounds plain enough, but the acrobatic feats of the bell-ringers are a sight perhaps unique. As each revolving bell

coils upwards, there comes a moment when no more rope remains to spare: then up goes the bell-ringer, as if shot from a rocket, holding on to his hemp like grim death, till he reaches some fifteen or twenty feet in the air and then finds himself perched on the oscillating bell-beam, like a Blondin! He seems as if the least playful effort, or mistake, would send him toppling over a neat little vertical drop of three hundred feet or more, to scatter into fragments through the court of oranges. But of this he never dreams: for oscillating merely to draw breath, with one joyous bound he springs backwards, with the uncoiling rope hard in hand, descending by his own mere weight. If you do not mind, he will come down on your head: then, with accelerating movement, he uncoils, and uncoils, till at last he is coiled and caught up again, and so he goes on, up and down, with deafening zeal, "*por cazar el diablo*" (to hunt the devil).

You fly from the overwhelming sound, but it meets you fresh and renewed at every face, as if all the world were in conspiracy to hunt yourself: and presently one of the bell-ringers pauses, and looks at you smiling, as if to offer you a mount!

Of course you will expect that the view from the Giralda is superb, with the "*huerta*" on every side, the Guadalquivir flowing through, and the Sierra Moréna in the near distance; and people who have the good fortune to see it in early spring describe it as such, when the land is bursting into fresh verdure, like the garden of the Hesperidés. But remember that I am in the full glare of midsummer, and that Andalusia, in this respect, is next door to Africa. The dog-days, thank goodness, are yet far away, but already the spring cereals are all reaped, and the far-famed Guadalquivér, reflecting its surroundings, flows yellow, through a landscape of pale buff. The Sierra Moréna is enveloped in a dry and thirsty haze of white. Of all the thousands who are on foot to-day through the streets, scarcely a soul is visible, for the awnings that overspread the streets now screen them all. Awnings likewise cover the charming "*patios*" of the houses, screening the fountains and plants. All that the eye can see, through the wide breadth of queenly Seville, is a wilderness of yellow and brown, canvass and tiles! Such is the city from the Giralda, as I saw it to-day!

\* \* \* \*

A few hours are now for rest, before the bull-fight.\* The pro-

[\* The following description will be reliabed not less but more by those of our readers who remember Mr. Nathanael Colgan's extremely graphic account of "A Bull Fight at Granada in 1880" (*IRISH MONTHLY*, VOL. IX., p. 491). Ed. I. M.]

priestess of the hotel, half wild with excitement, forgets her siesta, and strikes up lovely Sevillañas, Malagueñas, and Gaditañas, singing boldly at her piano, to her own accompaniment. We, pilgrims, from the northern isles, together with two Oxonians just homeward bound from Nubia, form the appreciating audience, and try in vain to form a chorus. She can sing like Trebelli, and her piano was the beloved of Tamberlik, when that matchless tenor was abiding here.

I regret to note, as a faithful historian, that this fair hostess is already stout and fat, although much under the proverbial forty ! Her mother sometimes drags her unwieldy weight across the marble hall like a ball of tallow, painfully panting in the effort ! While her daughter skips along, like a thing of air, in the full glory of her teens ! . . . In a few short years the daughter will be gradually assuming the ponderosity of our fair hostess : she will be gradually becoming what the mother is now : while the old lady, from sheer expansion, will have " gone over to the majority ! ". Such is the fate of those sylph-like fair ones, whose step to-day " is light as the breezy air," as they bound through the gladsome streets : premature obesity is their too general doom.

But peace to those saddening reflections : the hour of the bull-fight is approaching. We had engaged seats last week, next the " barrera " (wooden barrier which encircles the arena), and had got them " a la sombra " (in the shade), and in the very first row. Five o'clock was the hour fixed, and it was still only three. Notwithstanding all this, the whole world was already in motion : so, imitating contagious example, we got under weigh.

Chariots of another age flew past us as we drove along ; some drawn by six mules, some by eight, all decorated with tassels and bells which shook and tinkled as they galloped along. Soon the " plaza de toros " is reached, a perfect colloseum, only circular. Built throughout of solid stone, the seats rise in concentric circles, tier above tier, and most of the top row is arcaded above. I had ample time to explore the outer precincts before entering : the stables and stalls, the hospital for emergencies, the numerous modes of ingress and egress all numbered ; everything is systematically arranged on the plan of a Roman amphitheatre. Gradually, but quickly, the immense and highly classic interior, made to hold eleven thousand people, becomes densely filled with a mass of expectant humanity, all buzzing and fanning, till not a vacant place is left. Fans, for this occasion, seem in immense demand,

1 paper ones, procurable for a fraction at the entrances, are

eagerly bought even by the *men* of the humbler classes, who have to sit it out in the sun. So that you can picture the sunny side of the arena quite a moving mass of fans, yellow, blue, and red.

Oranges and iced water are the refreshments in vogue; and one of the diversions, during the cheerful interval of expectancy, is to see the oranges flying, with unerring skill, from the orange-seller below the barrier, to some occupant of the middle benches, who has had the confidence, and the skill, to throw him down a *peséta*! . . .

Hush! the *alcalde* has taken his seat in the state box, almost over my head. The clarions sound, and out comes a gorgeous procession, defiling through a side-door into the arena. Foremost is an *alguazil*, dressed all in black velvet and sable plumes, not meant for fight, but looking very brave on his prancing Andalusian. Next come the two complete "*torero*" bands, in separate "*quadrilles*." Each quadrille comprises four or six "*chulos*" (pronounced *tshoo-los*) and a pair of "*banderilleros*," under a "*primer espada*," all on foot, followed by a suite of mounted "*picadors*."

The *picadors*, as their name implies, are armed each with a lance, with a very short spike in the end. They are dressed in buckskin, and their legs are protected with heavy greaves, strengthened with steel bands. In appearance they resemble, more than anything else, the troopers of the time of Oliver Cromwell. So ponderous is their costume that when they are thrown from their steeds (or oftener with them) they require assistance even to rise from the ground.

As for the main body of each quadrille (*chulos*, *banderilleros* and *primer espada*, all alike), they wear the picturesque and well-known *torero* costume, each man in a colour of his own, all richly embroidered in silver or gold. One is in green, another is in pink . . . lilac . . . violet . . . crimson . . . &c. Each *torero* wears a *chignon*! and a hanging plait of hair! the *chignon* is artificial, but the plait of hair is genuine! His face is closely shaved. On his head he wears a small black cap, with flapping peaks, which sometimes remind one of ears! On his left arm is caught a large crimson cloak, with which to attract, or distract, the bull. Lavender silk stockings, with richly buckled shoes, complete the nether man.

The "*primer espada*" of one of the *quadrilles*, on this auspicious day, is *Frascuélo*, a man of quite universal reputation in Spain; even the children have learned to lisp his name. (Yet his

real name is not Frascu  lo, but Salvator Sanch  z. Tauromachian favourites, however, like pet pugilists of the prize ring, must submit to popular re-christening, and learn to glory in it.)

The "primer esp  da" of the other cuadrille is a native of this city, and consequently a warm favourite with the bulk of the people, on the sunny side of the arena. Infer from this that there will be to-day a fierce amount of rivalry between the two cuadrilles.

Quickly the alguazil canters to the foot of the alcald  's state box ; the key of the "toril" (where the bulls are kept) is thrown to him ; with it he gallops across the moistened yellow sand, hands it to the keeper, and disappears. The clarions sound again ; the ring is cleared of all but the cuadrille which is to open the ball ; the gates are unbolted, and out rushes a noble Andalusian bull, black and glistening as jet, not very much larger than a good Kerry, but with immense horns and superb muscle.

For a moment he pauses, to get attuned to the light—his tail stiffens—he sniffs the air—then, with magnificent dash, unknown to our northern breeds, he charges *at full speed* some picador or chulo who has had the luck to attract his attention, and the fight begins.

Picture to yourself bull No. 1. It is a picador that is the object of his first attack. The picador receives him *on the right side* with his lance, *and must only thrust it at the animal's shoulders*. Back darts the infuriated beast, and charges again. One moment, and horse and man are in the air : the next, and both are stretched upon the yellow sand, the poor horse, as if deliberately, between the picador and the enemy. On comes a chulo, with trailing cloak, to distract the attention of the beast, and thus save the fallen picador. Right well he does it, for in a few seconds he himself has to fly for dear life : his feet scarcely touch the soil, he vaults like an Ariel over the high wooden barrier, leaving his crimson cloak behind him : and not one infinitesimal fraction of a second too soon, for in his wake the huge horns come crashing against the wood-work, with loud drumlike reverberation, while he is still in mid-air. This sort of thing brings down the plaudits of the multitude, on bull and man alike, and thus the fight proceeds, an alternation of hair-breadth escapes, and fallen picadors and horses, for six or seven minutes, till the clarions sound again, and the picadors retire. Even the chulos disappear, all, except one or two chosen ones, who with the banderilleros now re-enter the arena.

Each of the two banderilleros now holds a pair of barbed



javelins, with streamers attached. The bull has arrived at that stage, that it is scientifically practicable for an expert to look him almost in the face, just standing a little sideways, and to calculate his movements to a nicety, by the position of his forelegs. A chulo, by means of his trailing cloak, draws the infuriated animal to the centre of the arena. Here one of the banderilleros is waiting to meet him. It is no child's play, for the animal is full of fight, and the least mistake will be fatal. For one moment the banderillero poises his javelins, one in each hand: then, with a rapidity which the eye cannot follow, they are pendant from the shoulders of his enemy, while he is flying to the nearest barrier, which he clears at a bound. His companion follows suit; then he again, with fresh complications of danger and of skill.

For instance I saw one banderillero to-day sit on a chair till the bull came right up to him. One's eyes grew dim involuntarily: next moment the chair was in the air, but the banderillas were in the shoulder, and the banderillero was coolly bowing to the applause of eleven thousand throats. A great many men have been killed, attempting this exploit.

Again the clarions sound; exeunt chulos and banderilleros; enters Frascuélo, cool, calm, alone. He has left aside the long crimson cloak with which he had joined and led his quadrille. He has now a bright Toledo sword, partly enveloped in a short bright scarlet cloth. Cap in hand, he makes a short formal speech in front of the alcalde, then up to the bull he goes. The two seem to know each other, and stand in mutual expectation. A chulo is signalled, to draw the bull into position, that the last act of the drama may be immediately under the eyes of some patron, or patroness, whom Frascuélo wishes to compliment. Even in this supreme moment the bull is full of danger, as Frascuélo has often known to his cost. Still he advances, cool, smiling, and "serene." . . . A few passes with the small scarlet cloak, a few magic steps aside, then, swift as the lightning flash, the steel is buried to the hilt, right between the shoulder blades, and the noble beast succumbs at last!

One great long cheer rends the firmament; fans, hats, and cigars go flying through the air, and down into the arena, while Frascuélo bows his smiling thanks. The fans, on the assumption that they come from ladies' fingers, are tenderly handed back from bench to bench. The hats, sombréros all, are shot up to their owners with unerring accuracy. The cigars are calmly appropriated by the chulos, who have crowded in around their great master and to whom they ought to suffice for many a day.

And now teams of mules, four to each, gaily caparisoned as usual with bells and tassels, enter at a smart gallop. Attendants, in Garibaldian red shirt, attach the ropes to the dead, and away they go at full speed. The sand is raked, the toréros whiff a cigarette, and the clarions sound for a fresh foe and victim. Thus the fierce game proceeds till six bulls are despatched, and twelve or fourteen horses are sent to their last long rest.

Some incidents occurred to-day which struck me as characteristic; let me tell you one of them:

The local favourite had slipped, and was down beneath the horns of his enemy: his doom, to all appearances, was sealed, for his chulos tried all their craft in vain to distract the animal. Out comes Frascuélo, cloak in hand: with fearless art he draws the mantle right across the eyes and nose of the foe, stepping ever away with matchless skill, till he fascinates the animal to the other side of the arena, and given time to his rival to regain his feet, safe and unhurt. "Aplausos y puros à granél!" (cheers and Havannahs in heaps). Such is the sequence of this fresh exploit, while the prince of toréros again retires, smiling, bowing and imperturbed.

The presents do not always take the form of cigars: pocket-books containing bank-notes to a considerable amount, cases of diamond-studs, &c., have been thrown down ere now. Nothing so grand fell from the gods to-day. But a box containing two turtle doves, snow-white, and tied together with crimson ribbon, was one of the gifts. And another, containing a number of live bats, quickly followed, and opened with the shock. Up went the long-eared animals of twilight, careering through the dazzling firmament, higher and higher, till lost to view and recollection, amidst the absorbing vicissitudes of the fight.

Does not this remind you somewhat of the bouquets to a prima donna at an opera, and of the witty favours which used ere now to come down from our Dublin Olympus? and does it not show you that mankind is more or less alike everywhere?

And now, to conclude about the bull-fight of Seville, seen here at its best, and on its grandest day. The "correct thing" for me would be to express my ineffable disgust at the whole performance, sympathy with the bulls, disapprobation of the risks which the toréros run, &c., &c., &c. . . . But I will only say what I think:

The bull, to my mind, gives as much as he gets, and makes his enemies pay well for his death before he dies. His rage, paradoxical as it may seem, is almost obviously a most effectual anodyne to

the few prickly wounds which he receives, before the final one lays him low. Compare him with the salmon, that is "played" by lady's fingers for hours! Compare him with those of his own kind, who are driven into a knacker's yard, without even the option of one last brave stand for freedom; and ask yourself, if you were in his place, which fate would you prefer?

As for the men, the dangers they run are unquestionable, as events yearly and monthly and, sometimes, weekly, prove, just the same as those of steeplechase-riders in England and Ireland: still they get no more than they bargain for, and they are almost too richly remunerated. Frascu  lo, for this day's performance, will get five hundred pounds, out of which he will, of course, pay a handsome dividend to his quadrille, but from which he will reserve the lion's share for himself. This very night, or to-morrow, he will be off to some other large city, to repeat the performance, for an equal fee! As he stands, he clears a larger income than the foremost practitioner at the Irish bar, or, let us say, the Prime Minister of England: and he means to spend it right gaily during the winter, at Biarritz and elsewhere.

No! I pity neither the bulls nor the men; my sympathies are solely and entirely with the horses. Their present treatment is the blot of the bull-ring, and, unless remedied, will be its doom. Nor is it, historically speaking, an integral or essential part of the sport or game, to have twelve or fourteen horses gored and slaughtered in a day! Time was, and not so long ago, when the picadors were volunteers of the noblest blood, mounted on Arab horses who could turn and twist on a billiard table, and fly like the wind. Even royalty disdained not to "condescend into the arena;" it was an ordeal which almost every king of Spain was expected to go through right joyously; and we read that Philip II., dreamy visionary as he was, and even his mighty father, the emperor Charles V., in all the plenitude of his power, deemed such displays by no means beneath them. Even in the medi  val days of the Cid it was so, both on the Moorish side, and the Castilian: and I hope to tell you a legend that will prove this, if you reach with me as far as Madrid.

But of late all this is changed: the picadors, like their mounts, are of the lowest caste, and hence the holocaust. One obvious alternative remains: improve the mounting of the picadors, or eliminate them altogether. One or other, or the doom of the bull-fight is sealed; for one of the redeeming points of our so much censured age is an honest gentlemanly feeling for horse-flesh!

Having heard and read that the fair ones of Seville give tone to this amusement, let me note, as a faithful chronicler, that the "upper ten" of the fair sex were quite conspicuous by their absence. And, as I spoke of fans flying through the air, please remember that most of them were waved, and thrown by men! Returning on foot, I had leisure to see the "paséo" (drive) flashing with bright open equipages, the ladies with small white lappets of lace, to represent the national mantilla, and just a flower in the hair: nothing more! Interpret their abstention as a decree, that the sport must reform or die: a decree enacted by tyrants whose will is law, destined to bind ministry and cortéz alike, without discussion as without argument, without the fuss of a pronunciamiento or the inconvenience of a revolution, but with the calm certainty of absolute and enduring success.

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This evening the streets are again alive with festive throng. The whole population seems on foot, but even in the narrowest lanes there is no crushing. Pedestrians, like horses and vehicles, observe the rule of the road, which here, as in all the other capitals of Europe that I happen to know of, is exactly the reverse of our own.

Here and there, small open-air improvised theatres are giving concerts, or representations in Andalusian idiom. We stop awhile at each, sip an ice, and pass on.

No lights now blaze from the Giralda tower, or from the Cathedral battlements; but the flashing glories of last night, and the varied scenes of to-day, will, I trust, remain with me a remembrance for ever.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS IN THE OLD NATION.

### PART I.

THE *Nation*, established by Davis, Duffy and Dillon in October, 1842, and suppressed by Lord Clarendon in July, '48, introduced various new features into Irish journalism, one of the most notable of which was its Answers to Correspondents. This department was made the organ of communication not between the editor and his correspondents, but between the founders of the journal and the whole Irish people. It is said to have been commonly the first column of the paper read in those days when it was all read with an enthusiasm which some of us can recall. We are told in Sir Gavan Duffy's *Young Ireland* that though it was necessarily written for the greater part by the Editor, all the regular contributors were accustomed to drop a pregnant thought into it occasionally; and that where a poet was treated with rigorous, and apparently unmerited, severity, it was sometimes the writer himself who wielded the lash. But it was chiefly remarkable for fresh suggestions, or rare information on Irish subjects; or weighty counsel to students which are by no means out of date. A set of the old *Nation* annotated by one of the contributors who was in all its secrets, enables us to make a few extracts which will probably please our own readers as much as they did readers of a past generation. They have the additional interest of M.S. notes from the annotated volume whenever they seem necessary; notes which will make plain many things unknown or forgotten at present.

A traveller who has recently passed through Stewartstown, is anxious to have all our villages planted, like it, with a stately avenue of noble trees; and he exhorts proprietors to follow the example of Colonel Close. We must plant our villages with prosperous men in the first place: and then we hope to see the trees—trees of liberty planted by the village fathers. Father Mathew, we know, advocates the universal plantation of fruit-trees on the public roads, for the cheap refreshment of weary travellers—a benevolent and practicable scheme, for their abundance would make robbery improbable, and the mere mischievous destruction of them is not to be anticipated.

"An Inquirer" asks us to furnish some questions for discussion in

a Debating Society of which he is a member. Suitable questions are as plenty as black-berries. To wit—"Is Ireland fitter to become a manufacturing or an agricultural country?" "Whether was Grattan or Flood right on the question of simple Repeal?" "Was the rising of Ulster, in 1641, justifiable?" "At what period did the English Crown begin to have any legal right over Ireland?" "Who was the greatest Irishman that lived on this Island since the Invasion?" "Could the Insurrection of '98 have succeeded?" "Was the Earl of Lucan (Sarsfield) a great general, or only a gallant soldier?" &c. These questions will send the students to the history and resources of their country—the fittest subjects for investigation; and we will supply them with any amount of them they may require.

"Junior" wants to be recommended the best model of a *pure* style of English composition. Never mind purity, friend. Cultivate strength, freedom, significance, and graphic power; and if you can command these by words adopted from any source, however foreign or however mean, do so; and you will content your readers better than if you had all the purity of Addison. The object of style is to exhibit your *thoughts* in the most effective manner—study to do that. However, as you may probably desire not advice, but an answer—the purest English writer, easily accessible, is Cobbett; and, in a statelier and richer style, Southey. O'Connell's *Letter to Lord Shrewsbury* is a model of strength, simplicity, and condensation, and might be studied with advantage. If some enterprising bookseller republished the most remarkable Irish pamphlets of the last half century, amounting to about thirty, and written by Grattan, Plunket, Bushe, Holmes, Drennan, Pollock, Wolfe, Sheil, and others, our young men would have incomparable models for composition, racy of the soil.

We are sorry to answer "A Young Frenchman," who inquires after our national monuments, that Ireland has no national monuments, except such as commemorate her defeat and degradation. There is an obelisk on the banks of the disastrous Boyne, and an equestrian statue of the Dutchman in College-green; but there is no pillar on the stones of Clontarf, or the banks of the Blackwater. The battle of Waterloo, fought in a foreign country, and for a foreign country, has its trophy in the Phoenix Park; the battle of the Nile, won by Englishmen and for Englishmen, has its monument in Sackville-street; the glorious and peaceful triumphs of '82 and '29, won by Irishmen and for Irishmen, are commemorated nowhere. But if our young French correspondent will visit us a dozen years hence, we promise him, through respect to his country, not only to take him to our National Pantheon, to see statues of our heroes, from Ollam Fodhla to O'Connell, but to spend a fortnight in accompanying him to the scenes where our young reviving national art will commemorate our ancient national glory.

"Student." No, the letters of the Nuncio Rinuccini have not been

translated. It is true they are indispensable to a knowledge of the "Great Popish Rebellion" of 1641; but we blame no publisher for not undertaking the work. The middle classes of this country are alone to blame. The only books they purchase are a fry of tenth-rate English and American novels, printed on tea-paper, and sold at a few pence. The poor purchase to the extent of their means, and select wisely. Thanks to their reading and to the national schools, they will take the place of the ignorant rich in the next generation. The wealthy man who shuts up his sons in an eternal round of labour, or who does not furnish them with books, leisure, and encouragement for study, leaves them among the most helpless and miserable of God's creatures, to struggle against intelligence and training, and to fail in the struggle.

"N——" complains of the Dundrum-road being shut in from the country by the inhospitable custom of erecting high walls instead of hedges as road fences, and asks a legal remedy. Why, this is the case on nearly every road leading from Dublin. You walk, as it were, in the cutting of a railway. And no one is more exclusive, or fences himself more carefully from the people, than the citizen of a few acres in his fantastic villa. But it is not law, but a better taste and a larger sympathy, which must throw down these inhospitable walls.

"Maelmora."—You are egregiously wrong. John Paul Jones was no more a pirate than George Washington was a robber. Both, of course, were rebels; at least the English said so: and you may believe them if you like. The life of Jones in the "Celebrated Highwaymen and Robbers," is a very indifferent authority. Mr. John O'Connell has also committed a slight mistake in the fourth and fifth pages of his work. It was in August, 1779, and not till then, that Jones appeared on the Irish coast with his men in the *Bon Homme Richard*. Two of the crews of his boats did *not* desert him. One did—the only one which then towed the *Bon Homme*. "Soon after sunset," Jones says in his journal, "the villains who towed the ship cut the tow-rope and decamped with my barge." Another boat was manned and sent in pursuit, which, owing to the fog and the night, missed its way. A cutter, the *Cerf*, was next sent in pursuit, which, on coming in sight of the boat, hoisted English colours and fired a shot. The crew of the boat believing the cutter to be veritably English, though they first supposed otherwise, pulled ashore, and were captured. There are worse prisons than those of France. "The master of the captured boat," says Paul Jones, "was conducted to a wretched dungeon in England, where he formerly had long experience of English cruelty, from whence it was reported he was at last relieved by death." We have given Jones's own account of the affair, and Jones's is that given in the London and Dublin papers of the time. We cannot permit our correspondent to measure Jones, the friend of Lafayette, Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, as a "kidnapper of poor fishermen." Ireland owes Jones more than ever his herring-smack

prizes paid him. He stationed himself on the Irish coast, not to burn and destroy that coast, nor to smash our trade, for we had none—save in votes—but to intercept the English merchantmen and Indiamen, to shatter English commerce, to support America, and to strike the terror of an invasion into England's heart. He crippled his enemy, and up sprung the Volunteers. To Paul Jones, more than to any foreigner, do we owe the existence of '82. He ever hugged this thought. In a memorandum of his great deeds, he mentions among the greatest, that he "constrained Britain to *suffer the Irish Volunteers.*" We fancy too, his designs went further. Can any connexion exist between the First Admiral of America, and this sentence in the journals of Wolf Tone. "He" (General Clarke, subsequently the Duc de Feltre of the Empire) "said, that even in the last war, when the Volunteers were in force, and a rupture between England and Ireland seemed likely, it was prepared in the French Council to offer assistance to Ireland, and overruled by the interest of Count de Vergennes, then Prime Minister, who received for that service a considerable bribe from England, and that he was informed of this by a principal agent in paying the money." Whether yea or nay, let no Irishman speak coldly of Paul Jones.

An indignant correspondent sends us a remonstrance against the projected *rebuilding* of the church of Lusk, county Dublin, concerning which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have advertised for proposals. Who are these Ecclesiastical Commissioners? and have they any Merimée upon their Board to prevent them laying their blasphemous and sacrilegious hands on what they do in nowise understand? Oh! *infandum, infandum!* Are not our ancient monuments vanishing fast enough without these profane innovators, more cruel than the tooth of Time or the "crannyng wind," helping their destruction? In any other country upon earth a man like Mr. Petrie would be placed on that commission.

Another correspondent reports a more barbarous outrage from Mellifont. Think of a man going with his hammer to visit a ruined monastery, and imagining that he has done nothing unless he carries off pieces of the carved stone mouldings to exhibit in England! Mellifont was the oldest Cistercian monastery in Ireland. It was founded by O'Carrol, king of Oriel, 1142, and its first monks were sent by St. Bernard from Clairvaux. In 1157, a great synod was held here to consecrate the church, at which many princes and bishops attended, and laid rich offerings upon the altar. Amongst others Dervorgilla, wife of O'Ruarc, of Breffni, then young and innocent, little knowing how dearly her country would one day rue that fatal beauty—made pilgrimage thither from Breffni, and presented sixty ounces of gold, beside a golden chalice for the high altar, and furniture for nine other altars. It always remained one of the Irish monasteries; and although



situated on the border of the Pale, no monk of English birth was ever admitted into it. Alas! alas! and now every puppy of an English tourist comes and shatters the poor remains of it with his sacrilegious hammer, and pockets as much as he can of it for the *opima spolia* of his ignorant "tour!" These things must continue until we have a national government which will take charge of national monuments, and establish a police to look after gentlemanly vagrants.

The monument to Emmet in New York has an inscription in Latin, Irish, and English. How worthy an example for monuments in Ireland!

"M." tells us of two girls dressed as Bavarians, and playing organs through the town, who are veritable Irish from Connaught, and expresses his wonder that they need disguises to prosper in their own country. We wonder at his wonder. These two girls are a true type of the country, "almost afraid to know itself."

"A Traveller" sends us an indignant answer to the charge of uncleanness and discomfort made by English tourists against Irish hotels. Let him keep his indignation for some fitter subject. The charge in many instances is true enough. We have seen the most beastly filth in Irish inns—north, south, east and west. On the other hand, some of them are unexceptionable. The bad ones must be mended by having the truth told of them.

"An Omagh Orangeman" writes:—"I have been reading Tory journals since I was fifteen years of age, but about six months ago a friend of mine gave me THE NATION. After reading three or four numbers I threw the Tory journals aside, and immediately after I walked no more to Orange Lodges. I must confess that it was the reading of your journal that removed the veil which blinded my eyes." We don't like this; it resembles too closely the miraculous cures effected by Holloway's Ointment. And why abandon the Lodges, and old friends and old acquaintances? We seek not to disrupt social intercourse, or to proscribe the celebration of honored anniversaries, but to bind up all Irishmen in their own rightful nationality. Friend Orangeman! wise son of a stiff-necked, iron race, art thou a strong man? Hast thou judgment and a will? If yea, place not thy candle under a bushel, but let it enlighten thy brethren. Return to the Lodge, mix with thy friends as of old. Tell them what thyself hast learned—what thou seest—what thou hopest. Tell them of their country and of her great destiny. Tell them her nationality is not opposed to your Orangeism. Be open and show thy soul to them. Thus wilt thou convince the unbeliever, and direct the wanderer. Thus will thou perform thy mission here, if thou hast a mission.

[Here is an answer marked J. M. (John Mitchel) in the volume before us:—]

"A reader of the NATION." (who says he has a wager depending upon our decision), asks: "Who is the greatest man in England?"

Hudson, of course—George Hudson, the Railway King, we regard as the highest manifestation, and indeed, the "bright consummate flower" of modern English Civilisation—the type-Englishman of the nineteenth century—the great exponent preacher, prophet, and high-priest of the Mammon-Gospel, wherein that nation lives and moves, and has its being, he is the only hero possible in these times—the *hero as railway king*—if, indeed, he be not himself an incarnation of the very *numen* of that golden religion. Yet neither does this hypothesis satisfy us. No eye, we persuade ourselves, hath *seen* George Hudson; he is an abstraction of the mind and not a living wight. A generation of transcendental shareholders, gazing earnestly into the heaven of luck, illumined by Aladdin's Lamp, have formed to themselves an ideal of immortal money—have spiritualised whatever they have known or dreamed of beauty in premiums, of majesty in dividends, of glory in cent. per cent.—and have called it Hudson. We have heard say that faith is dead in England. What! is there no faith in Hudson? Do they not believe, if not in Scripture, at least in Scrip? Have they not a hope, anchored deep in the Stock Exchange? Consider the "Testimonial" which the English nation is presenting to George Hudson. This to the careless eye seems a mere expression of profoundest reverence by a nation of gamblers to the supremely lucky; 'tis no such matter—there is something sacred and sacrificial in it; it is an offering of pure silver and gold, seven times refined, to the god of the precious metals, and is accompanied we cannot doubt, by prayers, and vows, and mystic observances, similar to those of Eleusis. Nay, have we not heard of a temple, or sacred precinct, called Capel court, where human sacrifices are immolated, and where unqualified worshippers daring to come within the vail and gaze on the sublime mysteries with eyes profane, are said to be transformed like Actæon, and hunted by hungry hounds? Now, if our correspondent complain that this is rather a Pagan myth than an answer to his question, and that if Hudson be more than man, the bet cannot be decided in his favour, then we refer him to "Bell's Life in London."

"Hibernicus" is wrong as to the collar of gold. It is *not* in the robing room of the Queen's Bench. We presume he intended to allude to the collar of Moran. Moran, like the Right Hon. Edward Pennefather, was a Chief Justice. His decisions were so upright that they gave rise to a fable, one which we dare say will be renewed by the grateful superstition of modern Ireland. This was, that Moran's collar was worn by Irish judges, and gave those warning by strong pressure whenever they were about to pronounce an unjust decree.

## MISS EVELYN PYNE'S "DREAM OF THE GIRONDE."

TO write a lyrical drama, dealing with the fortunes and fate of the Girondists, and taking for its central figure against a lurid background of revolution, a noble and stately interpretation of Madame Roland round which the lesser persons of this drama are grouped, would be, one must think, an ambitious and worthy task for an accomplished poet and playwright; but that such a task should have been undertaken and carried to a successful issue by a girl, is surely a somewhat noteworthy achievement. The largeness of the work projected by the young brain, the brave persistency with which it has been executed, as well as the clear rapid movement of the drama, the fineness of the blank verse which is indeed technically quite perfect, the ability with which the writer throws herself now into the character of Madame Roland, the noble woman with her soul's gaze fixed for ever on the star of liberty, now into Théroique de Mericourt the revolutionary fury, torn and distracted by frenzying passions, soul-darkened with shame, and outraged love, and desire for revenge—all these must cause some feeling of wonder to mix with our admiration for this girl muse.

When the book was published by Messrs. Smith & Elder, a few years ago, the critics, deceived by the masculine force and self-restraint of the work, and with no clue to the sex of the writer in a Christian name equally applicable to either sex, almost unanimously wrote of "Mr. Pyne;" and we believe that those same critics, kindly as they were in this instance from the dreaded *Saturday* downwards, would have been even louder in their eulogies of "A Dream of the Gironde, and Other Poems," if they could have known how much of promise was involved in this fine performance.

This is how the first scene of the first act opens, Madame Roland being discovered alone in her home. The soliloquy throughout is fine, but it is over long to be given as a whole:

"The years roll back, and I again am young:  
 A merry child, yet thoughtful 'midst my glee,  
 And bearing still about me a faint trace  
 Of the Heaven I left with tears—and a dim glance  
 (They tell me) of that Heaven in pensive eyes,  
 And brow attuned to wonder, and low voice  
 Which ever knocked at hearts, and craved a place—  
 In joy or sorrow—only just a place—  
 A little niche—a cranny—there to rest—  
 Nor feel alone in this wide earth of tears."

This is beautiful—the womanly yearnings in the heart of the heroine who is first a woman. The path is clear before her, to which from childhood she has striven, the clear path leading upwards to the stars—for as yet there is no trace of what a mirage the long-desired liberty is to be, of the noxious fumes so soon to hide the delusive glow of the will-o'-the-wisp to which she has striven with weary, untiring feet, believing its white flame to be the star's heart—yet even now, the woman in her shrinks from the power and splendour offered, yearning rather for the "woman's kingdom" wherein to rule steadfastly over one life, one heart:—

"I could cast

The costly bauble down, and never sigh  
If in one heart I might reign;—but this is sin,  
Not merely weakness; does it spring, alas!  
From sweetness in my mother, whose meek heart  
Though hidden, still returns in me, her child?  
Ah! Mother, early lost but not forgot,  
Is it your gentle spirit that draws near  
When most I feel the woman?

. . . . . I still feel

That longing to gain entrance in each heart  
Around me (ah! the woman's weakness still),  
The one and not the many; the dear one,  
And not the suffering many; the one love  
Is thought of, prayed for, kissed, and yet ah, me!  
The many are passed by with careless glance  
And muttered benediction:—I pray God  
Destroy all merely personal loving in me  
And take away this thirsting for one heart,  
My mother's gift, my sweet dead mother's gift:—  
For detail was to her as daily bread  
Or morning draught of water; she would miss  
The level sunlight slanting on the plain,  
Embracing mountain peaks with a golden kiss,  
And lighting forests with a mystic glow  
Of o'er entwined branches, whose dim shade  
A woven emerald darkness half concealed  
And half enraptured sighed to full display;  
To watch the truant beam on leaf or flower:  
Perhaps she lost the star-glow (who can say?)  
In groping for stellaria; yet her life  
Passed blessed and blessing, out of human ken,  
And left a fragrance, faint and tender still,  
A perfume like a passing pallid rose,  
A fragile mignonette:—and I her child  
Have echoes of her nature, and look back  
From glory—freedom—to a humble home  
And quiet joys."

In the second scene we are introduced to Buzot, one of the Girondists, whose reverent passion for the heroine is very delicately made manifest. Her adjuration to him coming soon after the opening of the scene, to forget self and all personal loving or grieving, is very fine, but the rhymed couplets into which Miss "Pyne" now and then leads her characters, are, we venture to think, a mistake; they read weakly after the nobility of the blank verse. In the next four scenes there is a good presentment of Roland, and here Robespierre first appears. Then follows a scene in which a denunciation of the latter by Camille Desmoulins is beautifully answered by the heroine, the large tolerance and sympathy with lesser natures, touching one, as does the tenderness of the woman, greatest among the writers of prose fiction, who created for us in one benignant hour the Rev. Amos Barton, as predecessor of the wonderful gallery of portraits with which she has hung the walls of the treasure-house of English romance Camille Desmoulins crying out against the malignant cowardice with which the future chief of the Reds hampers the free movements of the party, is thus answered:—

"Oh speak not thus! believe me, that man's life  
Is one long sobbing gasp 'suspicion :'  
'Tis a defect of nature, and must be  
(As 'tis by nature) pardoned : for he has  
The strongest claims upon us, freedom's love  
And weakness, which is anguish in her cause.  
Oh, friend! we can but struggle with our hearts  
Nor ever wholly conquer. Some have souls  
Which Romanly can strive for Roman aims;  
While some alas!—and this our friend is one—  
Can truly see their high aims from afar,  
And longing still, yet ever stumble on  
Against some hindrance. Trifles to the rest  
To these are mountains, and the smallest stone  
Appears a rock which blots out the fair sky.  
Yet nature pardons him and showers down  
The creature-loves upon him; sister, wife,  
All simple, sweet home-ties do fetter him—  
Then surely we will suffer him, my friend."

And later with a continuation of the same thought, she says:—

"How strange it seems that we, who so much need  
Forgiveness for ourselves, should yet hold back  
Our pardon for a weakness in our friend,  
And put our base constructions on the deeds  
We cannot understand, being not him,  
But outside all his feelings and his soul;  
How can we know the workings of his heart,  
The weak spot here, the tender beating there,

The influence of a word, a look, a sigh—  
 The hardness of a scar, which once hath bled  
 Until it lost all feeling?"

To this succeeds a pathetic scene between Madame Roland and her baby daughter, concluding with a delicate and graceful little song with which the mother soothes her darling to rest.

The next scene is certainly the most effective of the drama, and one cannot help thinking how well it would go on the stage.

Théroïque de Mericourt, dressed in a riding habit, the colour of blood, and accompanied by her fierce followers, chanting "*La Carmagnole*," and "*Ca Ira*" rides across the scene, wearing the sword voted to her at the taking of the Bastille, while her long dark hair streams out wildly beneath a helmet, the plume of which is also blood-red of hue.

As she goes, she cries aloud to a comrade riding by her, for they are going to confront the king and queen at the Tuilleries:—

"And you are mad, they say, and I am mad,  
 We'll let our madness make itself a way  
 Where sanity would pause! We'll to the King;  
 Deeds we can do—our madness for a cloak—  
 Will make the same world shiver in its path,  
 And all the blinking stars shut up their eyes  
 In horror at our madness."

There is strength in this, and perfect firmness of touch.

Presently in the crowd is detected Raoul, a noble, the sometime lover of Théroïque, and he is dragged to her feet, she crying for his blood for "*the people's christening cup of vengeance*." Then comes the recognition, he clinging about her feet, recalling in agonized retrospect the sweet days of their love, imploring her by those memories to save him from the mob's vengeance. She answers fiercely with the undying recollection and the memories that follow these, the work he has accomplished by his sin, the ruined home, the dead father and mother, and

"The small sad soul  
 In me, for which Christ died—hustled away  
 From Heaven's gate!  
 God's love! you've made me doubt it if it be;  
 And even if it be, round-clasping earth,  
 And over-shadowing mountains with its wings,  
 It cannot shelter me.

My father's curse  
 Would drag me from before the golden throne  
 God's presence sent—if angels bore me there!"

And Raoul's closing words chime fitly with the rest :

"You are not great enough—not high enough  
To pardon : I have sinned to God and you—  
I know and do confess it ; you can kill  
My body and take vengeance on my flesh ;  
But for my soul I have it in His care,  
And if the hell you rave of be as deep  
As your revenge, He yet can rescue me  
And make a ladder of His punishment  
For my soiled soul to climb by."

These are but a few extracts from a very noble play, the whole of which would need to be read and studied in order to understand the excellence of the execution. Chosen wisely or unwisely, we hope that they may prove to the reader the presence in "A Dream of the Gironde" of true poetry. If space were not a matter to be considered, some extracts might be given from "Thistle Blossom," a very high, pure, and passionate poem which, with three other poems more or less long, completes the book. We have lingered rather over the dramatic poem which seems to us the best exponent of the author's poetical genius, and we venture to express a hope, that these few words, inadequate and insufficient as they are, may make our readers look with interest and pleasure to future work from the same pen.

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#### THE MONTH OF MARY.

MOTHER of God ! who shall thy glories tell ?  
Thou reign'st where others serve, where e'en to serve  
Is still to reign ; while here in mortal life  
To reign is but to serve. By what degrees  
Shall the soul mount to measure what thou art ?  
Yet, let her soar :—so shall she still discern  
Greater and greater glories without end.  
Yea, and thy worship grows. Age after age,  
In emulous devotion, multiplies  
Feast upon feast, till of thy festivals  
Twice nine at last, one for each century,  
Ranged in sweet order, bless the rolling year.  
Nor yet thy clients pause :—days, single days,  
For our great love suffice not :—at a stroke  
Our nineteenth cycle dedicates a MONTH  
To thy remembrance. So the wavelets spread !  
So shall they spread and grow, till thy blest name  
Lighten the earth's whole orbit with its glow !  
Then,—ah ! what then ?—then fitly comes the end !

## THE LATE REV. JOSEPH FARRELL.

R. I. P.

TO many of our readers this page will be the first to convey the sad intelligence which a month ago shocked the friends and admirers of Father Joseph Farrell. Death did not come upon him with all the terrible suddenness with which it has just (April 14th) hurried off with hardly a minute's warning Sir Edward Sullivan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland: but its approach was so abrupt that Father Farrell preached one of his wonderfully effective sermons on St. Patrick's Day, and on the next day but one, the feast of his glorious name-saint and patron, began his last illness which in two or three days took him away from us and from all the earthly hopes we had formed for him.

Joseph Farrell was born at Maryborough on the 31st of July, in the year 1841. From Carlow College he was sent by the Bishop of Kildare to Maynooth, where he from the outset showed his literary talent, gaining in his first year the *solus* or prize essay in English composition. After a highly distinguished course of ecclesiastical studies he was ordained priest in 1865, just "twenty golden years ago." His priestly work, beside some few years as a professor in Carlow College, was divided between his native town and Monaster-evan, where he died. The best authority on the subject bears witness, in words that were not meant to be quoted, that "he did his work carefully and punctually; he took a real delight in preaching, he did it so well." Indeed, even in small social matters, he made it a principle to practise exact punctuality; and such a principle, persevered in steadily, exercises much solid virtue and is a safeguard against many faults and misfortunes.

During Father Farrell's sojourn at Carlow, a college magazine was published for a short time under the auspices of the President, the Very Rev. Dr. Kavanagh. If I mistake not, my friend only contributed one or two short papers, and the "IRISH MONTHLY" can claim the honour of having first furnished a vent for his peculiar literary talents. I well remember the keen delight with which, when this magazine was just one month old, I opened out the first roll of manuscript that came from him—his handwriting always the same in every respect, somewhat angular, always firm and even, and always covering the same long sheets of unruled foolscap. I think he sent off his essays finally, without any exception, free from all erasures or interlineations; and he made no alterations in proof sheets. As I have already remarked, there was in all he did an amount of system and regularity which might not have been expected in a man of his artistic temperament.



"The Lectures of a Certain Professor," as they appeared one by one in this Magazine at short intervals after November, 1873, attracted immediately the admiration of readers and reviewers. Their popularity forced the author to collect them into a volume somewhat prematurely. Would that the volume were much larger, as it would have been if Macmillan and Company had not issued it for another year. Its publication gave him the feeling of having given the world his best and freshest in that particular form of work; and he could not be induced to begin a second series of lectures. As it stands, this exquisite volume seems to us the finest piece of purely literary work produced by any Irish priest. "The Bells of Shandon" will ring on for ever; but poor Father Prout, though never unpriestly, became a mere litterateur. Under the title "A Flourishing Offshoot" we collected at page 469 of our eighth volume some of the criticisms passed on this most noteworthy of the very many separate books which have grown out of the pages of this Magazine. We condensed the high encomiums of *The Spectator*, *Globe*, *Scotsman*, *Academy*, *Dublin Review*, *Athenæum*, *World*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, &c., &c., some of whom compared him to Sir Arthur Helps, others to Samuel Smiles, A.K.H.B., Wendell Holmes, Thackeray (in his "Roundabout Papers") and even old Montaigne himself in his better moments.

In this volume of essays Father Farrell reprinted from the "IRISH MONTHLY" a few of his graver poems, such as "Judith" and "Seedlings," which are fully worthy of his genius. But it is a pity he was not induced to publish a separate volume of verse. Besides the poems signed with his name or his initials, many of his verses, scattered through the volumes of this periodical, are marked by the final letters of his name, "H. L."

We do not know what literary relics Father Farrell has left behind him. The notes of many of his sermons would be well worth preserving. We have at different times questioned persons from various grades of society who had heard his preaching; and their testimonies proved his uncommon excellence and effectiveness both as to the matter and manner. The *Nation* newspaper, in its series of "Notable Irish Priests," of whom Father Farrell was the second, described his appearance at a memorable political meeting in the Rotundo of Dublin:—

"At last a priest stood in the rostrum. His appearance did not awaken attention, but his words soon did. His voice was not very musical, but it was clear and strong. His gestures were few and simple, but the earnestness, not to say solemnity, of his general demeanour was unmistakable. His utterance was at once passionate and deliberate. The words and sentences flowed clear and precise from his lips . . . The effect was electrical. Father Farrell on this notable occasion showed himself to be an orator of almost, if not quite, the highest class, for his speech was absolutely Demosthenic in the example it afforded of close and sustained reasoning in conjunction with impassioned rhetoric."

A writer in *The Weekly Register* speaks of the deceased priest as "a man of largely cultured mind, and gentle, earnest, and retiring manners, a keen observer of human nature and a passionate lover of books." In other relations he was the best and most devoted of brothers, the kindest and most constant of friends. We saw many weeping bitterly as his remains were borne amid a vast concourse of people from the beautiful church of Monasterevan to the rural graveyard of "The Heath" where his father and mother lay before him. May he and they rest in peace!

This is not the last time that our magazine shall mention the name of one whose writings greatly helped to establish it in public favour; but at present we need do nothing more than earnestly recommend our dear friend to the fervent prayers and affectionate remembrance of all our readers.



#### AN AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA OF IRISH POETS.

AMERICA is the land of big things—prairies, Niagaras, Mississippis, Barnums! When one says America, one thinks of the United States only from the Empire City to the Golden Gate, ignoring utterly all the rest from Montreal to Monte Video. Canada and South America have done little or nothing for literature. In the city just indicated by its complimentary title another big thing is at present planned, a much larger and more complete collection than any yet existing of poetry and verse by writers of Irish birth or almost of Irish birth. The two volumes of "Ballads of Ireland" compiled by Edward Hayes, is the largest and best that has hitherto been published, but that compilation was made more than twenty years ago, and much has been done since then by Irishmen and Irishwomen at home and in the United States.

The daring editor who has undertaken this arduous enterprise is Mr. Daniel Connolly, 143 Fourth Avenue, New York—himself an Irish-American who has proved his capacity for such a task. His prospectus runs thus:—

Believing that an Anthology truly representative of the Irish people in both hemispheres should have a place in Standard Literature, the undersigned, after full consideration of the labour involved, has undertaken the preparation of such a work, on a thoroughly comprehensive plan. It is intended that all Irish and Irish-American Poets shall be represented by examples carefully selected—from collected works, where these are available; and, in the case of writers whose productions have not been thus brought together, from Periodicals and the Newspaper Press. The work is already well advanced, and it will be continued until a Collection much superior to any of a similar kind yet undertaken is completed. In order that the whole may be

presented in convenient form, it will appear in a single volume, of some six hundred double-column pages, printed and finished in a manner to make it worthy of a place in any library.

As the field of Irish Poetical Literature is notably extensive, there is no difficulty in finding a sufficient number of especially choice poems to fill even so large a volume; and care will be taken to admit only those entitled to this classification. The selections will be chiefly modern, and to a large extent contemporaneous; but in order that the work shall be thoroughly representative in character, all the older poets will have due prominence in its pages.

Among the Poets to be represented by full selections, due attention being given to variety of theme, are the following:—Thomas Moore, Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Davis, Gerald Griffin, Samuel Ferguson, James Clarence Mangan, Denis Florence McCarthy, Richard Dalton Williams, Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, Charles Gavan Duffy, Rev. Francis Mahony, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Philip Bourke Marston, Alfred Percival Graves, William Allingham, Timothy D. Sullivan, Thomas C. Irwin, Aubrey De Vere, Oscar Wilde, Samuel Lover, Francis Davis, John Boyle O'Reilly, Robert Dwyer Joyce, Charles G. Halpine, Rev. Abram J. Ryan, Fitz-James O'Brien, Charles Dawson Shanly, Maurice F. Egan, James Whitcomb Riley, Theodore O'Hara, John Savage, John Brougham, Joseph Brennan, Charles J. Kickham, Lady Wilde, Mrs. Caroline Norton, Miss Frances Browne, Miss Fanny Parnell, Mrs. Mary E. Blake, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, Miss Louise I. Guiney, Mrs. M. A. Sadlier.

The book will also contain selections from the poems of Dean Swift, Rev. Thomas Parnell, Rev. Dr. Alexander, Rev. Charles Wolfe, Dr. John F. Waller, John Banim, John Keegan, Bartholomew Simmons, J. S. Le Fanu, John F. O'Donnell, John Augustus Shea, Thomas S. Collier, Michael Scanlan, Hugh F. McDermott, William D. Kelly, John Boyle, Francis O'Ryan, John Locke, Joseph C. Clark, Joseph O'Connor, G. T. Lanigan, James J. Roche, Rev. William J. M'Clure, William Collins, Justin H. McCarthy, Edmund J. Armstrong, John K. Casey, Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, Miss Katharine Conway, Miss Mary Mullaly, Miss Julia O'Ryan, Mrs. M. J. Serrano, Mrs. Alexander, Rosa Mulholland, Katharine Tynan, Whitley Stokes, Dr. Anster, George J. Armstrong, M. J. Barry, J. J. Callanan, Helena Callanan, William Carleton, Mrs. Connolly ("Thomasine"), Rev. George Croly, Daniel Crilly, Rev. P. Cronin, George Darley, Thomas Dermody, Ellen Downing ("Mary"), Lady Dufferin, Dr. Drennan, Ellen Forrester, Fanny Forrester, Arthur Forrester, J. De Jean Frazer, Thomas Furlong, Mrs. Isod O'Doherty ("Eva"), Charles Lever, Edward Lyssaght, Dr. Maginn, John Fisher Murray, Rev. Patrick Murray, D.D., Martin M'Dermott, Judge O'Hagan, Archbishop Trench. John Sterling, Edward Walsh, Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., Michael Hogan ("Thomond"), Arthur G. Geoghegan, Edmund Holmes, John C. Wilson, John Patrick Brown, Thomas Dunne English, Richard Henry Wilde, Richard B. White, Michael O'Connor, Marion Muir, Mary E. Mannix, Margaret E. Jordan, Minnie Gilmore, William D. Gallagher, Jane L. Gray, and others.

A carefully prepared department of biographical notes, separate from the body of the work, will be in itself a feature of interest and value. No effort will be spared to make this Anthology so thorough in every respect, that it may be accepted as a standard work of its kind. Communications upon any matter relating to it may be addressed to

DANIEL CONNOLLY,

143 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Many names in the above list will be utterly new to the most poetical of our readers. These are chiefly Irish-Americans; and if they be as tasteful poets as Mr. R. E. White of California, they are worthy of such good company. Is "John C. Wilson" a misprint for

John Wilson Croker—who was an Irishman, and wrote some quotable poetry?

Amongst the omissions which we shall for the present call attention to are the names of Mrs. Tighe (whose “Lily” Moore praised warmly), Mr. Edwin Hamilton, Mr. William Wilkins, Rev. Michael Mullins (whose “Celtic Tongue” is so often reprinted), and one whose death is recorded in an earlier page of this Number—Father Joseph Farrell, the “Certain Professor.” We are sure that Mr. Connolly has only omitted through inadvertence Denny Lane and the late John Edward Pigott (“Fermoy”) who each contributed two poems to “The Spirit of the Nation,” but these among the very best. As he has discovered that Mr. Whitley Stokes is not merely an antiquarian, he will probably find out in time that Mr. Richard Dowling writes refined verses as well as brilliant romances. We could not expect him to have made a discovery which we have long intended to bring under the notice of our readers—namely, that Edward Quillinan, who married Wordsworth’s daughter Dora, was an Irishman, a Catholic, and a poet—not quite so good as his father-in-law.

To one paragraph of this prospectus we beg to move as an amendment, that the biographical notes be *not* separated from the samples given of the various poets. Too much allowance can hardly be made for the laziness of the average reader, and, if the editor separates the biography from the specimens, the average reader will never join them together.

This preliminary note is merely intended to excite beforehand the interest of our readers in favour of this meritorious undertaking, and to make them resolve to be in due time readers also of the proposed American Cyclopedia of Irish Poetry.

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## NEW BOOKS.

A VERY wise Master of Novices used to tell us that one of the ways to pass through life happily was to have to crush into each day a quarter of an hour’s work more than it might fairly be expected to hold. This was only a strong expression for the blessedness of having enough to do. In like manner blessed is the editor of a monthly magazine who has just a “stick” full or two of “copy” beyond the needs of the month! But when a man has two or three days’ work to crush into one, or when an editor would like to have his available space doubled, they do not come under the aforesaid beatitudes.

We have not room this month for even our usual nutshell criticisms of the books forwarded for review. The most important of these is

Father Coleridge's "Preparation for the Incarnation" (London: Burns & Oates). This is the opening volume of "The Life of Our Life," of which many volumes relating to a later period of our Redeemer's mortal life have already been published out of their natural order. The remaining portions of the Public Life of Our Lord are treated in further volumes which are on the eve of publication. And then the Divine Infancy and the Hidden Life, and at the end the Sacred Passion. Many devout souls must mingle their prayers that God may spare His servant to finish this great work.

"The Advertiser's Guardian," by Louis Collins (London: 4 Wine Office Court), contains a vast amount of curious and valuable information about the art of advertising in all its branches, and many particulars about the advertisement charges of various magazines and newspapers. Many of the advertisements inserted in this book itself are very interesting; and the layers of original matter which separate the business pages are indeed very original though choke-full of apt quotations.

As this is our May Number, we must make sure of mentioning the new book about the Blessed Virgin by the Rev. F. Thaddeus, O.S.F., "Mary Foreshadowed; or, Considerations on the Types and Figures of Our Blessed Lady in the Old Testament" (London: Washbourne). It is a very attractive volume in every respect, and gives a new form to thoughts that happily are old and very dear.

Messrs. Burns & Oates have published in a shilling pamphlet four sermons preached at Farm-street, London, by the Rev. M. Gavin, S.J., on "The Decay of Faith." The four subjects specially treated are: Indifference to Misbelief, Distrust of the Supernatural, Dangerous Reading, and Mixed Marriages. These are subjects only too practical, especially in England; and Father Gavin has discussed them in a very effective and impressive manner. Father Peter Gallwey's Sermon at the funeral of Mr. Charles Weld has also been published, and is interesting and edifying in a very peculiar degree.

Messrs. Benziger of New York have published, in a neat pamphlet, Mr. Maurice Egan's excellent essay on "The Theatre and Christian Parents." We shall have occasion to refer to this essay at another time; and it will be also our pleasant duty to welcome his exquisite little volume of "Songs and Sonnets" which prove the assistant editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal* to be a poet of much refinement and deep feeling.

The Rev. Emile Pichè, Superior of St. Vincent's Patronage, Lurgan, supplies in the form of a sixpenny pamphlet the Lecture delivered recently for the benefit of that excellent institution by Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P. In the counsels given to young people with their lives before them, the temperance question could not be overlooked, and here is a testimony which we commend to the notice

of our very interesting young friend, *The League of the Cross Magazine*. "For several years of my life, when I was working very hard, and when every energy was taxed to its utmost, I drank no alcoholic stimulant, and, judging by experience, I have come to the conclusion I can get more and better work out of myself when I abstain entirely from intoxicants. For eight of the hardest working years of my life I never touched a drop of any intoxicating liquor, and I am now constrained to confess that I never during all that time felt the least want of it." We suspect that this circumstance had its share in the shaping of a career about which an obliging interviewer in *The Daily News* lately enlightened the inquisitive public.

Among the books which cannot be noticed till June, are Father Goldie's "Saints of Wessex and Wiltshire" (Burns & Oates), Rev. Bernard Feeney's "Home Duties and Home Difficulties" (James Duffy & Sons), several most useful tracts and leaflets issued by the Catholic Truth Society, Father Jenkins' very interesting "Six Seasons in our Prairies, and Six Weeks in our Rockeries," and a magnificent tome published by the eminent ecclesiastical firm of Pustet of Ratisbon and New York—the great collection of authentic indulgences in the original Latin documents. The official editor, Father Joseph Schneider, S.J., died when the result of his long labours was printed and ready to issue from the press.

We must end with one word of welcome (more hereafter) for the very spirited pamphlet "We Catholics!" We have no notion who the author may be. Yet on second thoughts the omission of a certain name beginning with M in a list of Catholic celebrities seems ominous.

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## MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERREEVIL," "ELDERGOWAN,"  
"THE WALKING TREES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

FOR about a month after her establishment at Crane's Castle and formal meeting with her tenantry, Marcella was as happy as a bird. Even that cloud no bigger than a man's hand, the threatened danger to Kilmartin, was not allowed to cast a shadow in her way. She saw Bryan almost every day. Either he had a message from his mother, begging her to come and spend a day and night at Inisheen, or he wanted to tell her about some tenant-who was deserving or undeserving of her attention, or he had thought of a new flower which would grow well in her garden, or he must help her to arrange a lot of books which he had bought for her, on her library shelves. They spent many happy hours together, becoming more and more necessary to each other's existence till that day seemed lost in which they had not met. Marcella was no longer the thin fragile girl of the Liberties. The line of her oval cheek had filled into a perfect curve, her dark eyes had got a laughing expression, the carnations of health were blooming in her face as she flitted about her castle and garden, ordering her affairs and planning her improvements. In the evenings she devoted herself to study. Her friends had not yet discovered how wofully ignorant she was. She would work in secret so that they might never discover the full extent of that ignorance.

Taking counsel on this subject with her lady companion, she was surprised to find, by degrees, how very little book education it takes to make a lady. Having become assured through her own observation, that an industrious young woman may easily, in the leisure hours of a couple of years, acquire all and more than the knowledge which ordinary girls gain during their years at school, she became less anxious on the score of her deficiencies, only went to work with a will.

Her household management gave her plenty of occupation. Determined to be a lady in every sense of the word, she provided herself with books on the subject of nice household arrangement, and when difficulties came in her way there was Mrs. Kilmartin to be applied to. Having deliberately reduced her income within the limits set to it by her conscience she ordered her establishment accordingly, greatly to the disgust and disappointment of "The O'Donovan" (as Father Daly slyly called her chaperon) who held that the three neat maids and one old butler, were a ridiculously small staff of in-door servants for the maintenance of the dignity of the ancient O'Kellys. On this subject Miss Julia O'Flaherty agreed with Miss O'Donovan. It was true that the ménage at Mount Ramshackle was now dependent for comfort on one domestic of a somewhat rude description, but then it was partly the glory of keeping trains of idle retainers that had helped to bring her family to its present state of ignoble dependence.

"When we could do it, we did it," said Miss Julia, as if that settled the matter and cleared the O'Flahertys from all present or future reproach.

"But," said Marcella, "I have no use for a train of servants. Half of the castle is shut up, and Miss O'Donovan and I do not often entertain company. We do not hunt, and at present we are very comfortable as we are."

She had nobler schemes for the use of her spare money than could be included in the expenditure of an unnecessarily showy establishment. But of this she said nothing.

"Hunting is not all selfish extravagance," said Miss O'Donovan. "When my dear father was alive he always kept the hounds, and gave a great deal of employment by so doing."

"So did papa," said Miss O'Flaherty. "Always, until his affairs got into trouble."

"I don't object to hunting, except in excess," said Marcella, and then paused, reluctant to risk giving offence by explaining what were the thoughts that came to her on this subject. To Miss O'Donovan, whose affairs had not been directly affected by the hunt, she was able to speak more openly when Miss O'Flaherty had returned to Mount Ramshackle and the uninterrupted contemplation of former greatness.

"It seems to me," said Marcella, "that though people give employment while they are hunting their prosperity to death, they do on the whole very little good, considering the paralysis that comes upon all their faculties for usefulness after the play is



played out and their prosperity is no more. Sport is a good thing, but bankruptcy not so good. Where are the people who were benefited by that excessive expenditure? To pay the mortgages Mr. O'Flaherty put on his property from time to time, he is obliged almost to starve, and he has not a penny to bestow on any one. His tenants are rackrented, and the money goes to usurers. Look at it as I will, I believe my own plan will prove the best. If I part with my gold I shall hope to see something that I have bought with it, drained lands, or well-built houses in which my people can afford to live, or crops raised on improved seed, or flourishing fisheries, or the working of cottage industries on my property. If I live to see myself sitting impoverished in my home I shall at least look out of my windows at a fairer prospect than lies before them now."

To all of which Miss O'Donovan replied with a sigh that it was a thousand pities Miss O'Kelly had fallen so young into the hands of the Kilmartins.

"She has been caught by the radical wave, my dear," she said to Miss O'Flaherty afterwards. Miss O'Donovan read the papers a good deal, and was fond of a sounding phrase. "I feel sure she has a democratic strain in her somewhere. All the blood in her veins is not of the royal blue of the O'Kellys. However, in my fallen estate I am obliged to be patient with her, and I must say she is very kind and attentive, and aware of what is due to me. I could not be more comfortable; all my little luxuries provided for me, just as in my own dear home. And though I *would* like a little more style —" &c., &c.

Miss O'Flaherty, who, since she was no longer an heiress presumptive, had become less unaccommodating in her views and ways than formerly, proved by her frequent visits that the comforts to be enjoyed within Crane's Castle under Marcella's management weighed with her, also, against the wrongheadedness of the chatelaine.

Mr. O'Flaherty, too, soon showed a keen appreciation of Miss O'Kelly's charms as a hostess, and would often drive across country in his shabby little gig (all that remained of the various equipages that had used to roll in and out of the now lop-sided gates of Mount Ramshackle), to pay his respects to the lady of Distresna. As he went he would muse on the advantage to him and of course to her and the country at large, which would result from a union of the houses of O'Flaherty and O'Kelly. It was evident that this girl had a great notion of making those who lived with her

comfortable, but she was lamentably wanting in perception of what was expected of her as the representative of an ancient and distinguished, not to say royal family. All this he could teach her. No one was better fitted for such a task than himself. Then how pleasant it would be of an evening to see such a sweet young face smiling at him through the steam of innumerable glasses of punch, besides the comfort to his mind of knowing that dear Julia would have a companion at home when he was abroad on unavoidable business or pleasure.

All things considered he thought it would work very well, and so, persistently but cautiously (for the girl had evidently a will of her own), laid plans for the prosecution of his suit.

He was not the only gentleman of the county who discovered that the lady of Distresna would make a desirable helpmate. The rumour that Mrs. O'Kelly's heiress was a furious radical woman who had spoken on platforms about woman's rights, and walked about the country in a jacket like a man's, and with a shillelagh in her hand, ceased to obtain credit. The gilded youth of Connaught having caught glimpses of her blooming face whirling past on the mountain roads on a car, or having lingered for a sight of her coming out of the mountain chapel on Sundays in her white frock and gipsy bonnet, began to blame the women of their families for neglecting to make closer acquaintance with her. By-and-by she began to receive frequent visits from them, and to find herself overwhelmed with invitations to ride, fish, hunt, and dine in the society of her compeers in the county. And Marcella, being no way disinclined for good neighbourship, did a little of all that was required of her, when she could manage to find time. It was part of her dream of usefulness to gain as much as possible of the sympathy of all classes, but she laughed in her heart when the "O'Donovan" would point out to her that this or that gentleman had designs on her hand.

"I dare say they all think me a very bad manager, and would like to put me to rights," she said, laughing and ignoring all the ardent looks and tender words which she could not but know were a tribute to her personal attractions. "However, I am in love with my own position at present, and mean to keep it."

Nevertheless she was pleased to see that her eyes had grown bright, and that there were tints of the rose coming and going under them in her rounded cheeks. She chose herself pretty dresses and wore them with grace. Why should she not try to be as beautiful as she could in one pair of eyes which were often

turned on her with an expression she could not read, but which always made her heart beat faster. In her quiet leisure moments, shut in her own room, or sitting in a rocky chair hidden among the cliffs, she would ponder the old subject of wonderment as to what that danger could be which lurked round the footsteps of Bryan Kilmartin. At such times she would take out the ring which she always wore round her neck, look at it and finger it long, and live over again the night when she had sheltered and shielded him from she knew not what—should she ever know from what? She had reason to think that Kilmartin had never suspected her identity with the girl of the Liberties who had saved him. On more than one occasion he had hinted to her of probable trouble for him in the future, in consequence of his own rash action in the past, but neither by word nor look of his could she guess that he knew of any bond that had existed between them before he had met her that night at the entrance to the Patrick's Hall.

And in the meantime Kilmartin was well aware that, in spite of his resolution to spare the woman he loved the misery of being connected with him in his coming trial, he had again and again conveyed to Marcella the forcible assurance that he loved her. He could not see her without betraying in a hundred ways the secret which ought never to be told. He admitted to himself painfully that he ought to rise up out of this insane dream of impossible happiness which had taken him on the very verge of the tragedy of his life, turn his back upon her home and his home, and determine to see her no more. So serene, so happy as she was with her projects and her people, why could he not leave her among them in peace, removing himself and the shadow of his misfortunes out of the sunshine on her path? She might be grieved and surprised for a time at his hasty cutting of the tie with which he felt he had already bound her; he was not unselfish enough to hope that she would feel no regret; but, after a little interval, would she not thank him for his action, and arrive at a clear understanding of what it meant?

Distracted with these thoughts he yet waited from day to day, putting off the difficult moment; till at last it was suddenly made known to him that circumstances were about to lift him out of the danger of doing a cruel wrong in snatching at a joy, which, at his touch, must instantly and inevitably link itself with misery for another.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE BOLT FALLS.

It was a brilliant summer night: a round golden moon had risen out of the Atlantic and burned its pale lamp high up in the dark heavens over Crane's Castle, which, with the surrounding bogs and mountains, had grown weird and ghostly under the yellow-green light lying upon its silent face like a spell of enchantment.

Marcella had entertained a dinner party that evening, and her guests were gone. Bryan Kilmartin had been invited, but had not come. It sometimes happened that having declined an invitation to a company dinner Bryan would arrive just as the last of the diners had departed, and remain an hour chatting with Marcella and Miss O'Donovan. He had been out walking and had looked in just to make sure that Miss O'Donovan was not displeased with him for declining to appear at table. He had brought a book, a branch of heather with a particularly lovely bloom, or news of somebody who was sick or hungry, or a message from his mother. Such visits included about the happiest hours of Marcella's at present delightful existence.

But on this particular night he had not come. Marcella lingered in the hall in her white evening dress, and at last stepped out of the ponderous old hall door with its pillars of black Galway marble, and down the wide steps flanked by open urns also of black marble, the basins of which she had found, on her coming to the place, overflowing with rain and slime, and had filled with the splendour of blooming azaleas.

There were several things in her mind which she wanted to say to Kilmartin, and above all things she was eager to know that he was safe. She had had a painful dream the night before, in which he and she were again in the old house in Weaver's-square together and his enemies had broken open the closet door and killed him before her eyes. Looking steadily through the faint sallow light across field, bush, and stream, to the rocky road above the sea, she saw no moving thing; then turned her tired eyes in the other direction, and where the light was most intense upon one spot between herself and some low wet reefs on the shore, she espied a dark object fluttering towards her. At first she took it to be one of those wide-winged cranes from which the Castle took its name,

and which haunted about the marshy places around it and the bits of low-lying beach between the cliffs in front of it. However she soon perceived that this was no bird, but the figure of a man running with his head down, ducking into all the shadowy places as if to hide himself even from the eye of the moon, and growing larger and more distinct to her vision each time he of necessity darted across an open track of light.

Mechanically she hurried in the direction of the flying figure, and in the shadow of a clump of thorn bushes close to where her private grounds adjoined a reeking marsh, reflecting the moonlight in a hundred pools, she came face to face with Mike of the mountains, who stopped running when he saw her, and flung himself panting on the ground at her feet.

"Oh, Miss, it's you. Sure I thought it was the banshee, an' all was no use. Where's himsel' ? Tell him for the love o' God to run for his life. The polis is afther him !"

"Himsel' " meant Kilmartin, as Marcella knew.

"The police ! Are you mad ?" cried Marcella, in a tone of ridicule, but her heart grew cold and her limbs trembled.

"Sorra mad, my lady. I heard it all, an' I ran like a hare. Bad scran to the bit o' me that isn't eyes and ears since I knew there was somethin' comin' on him. He isn't at Inisheen, They said he had gone for a walk, an' was maybe here. The polis 'll be down on him in the middle o' the night, an' intend for to take him in his bed."

Marcella put her hand to her head and struggled for presence of mind. That night in the Liberties was vividly before her like a bad dream of which this was the reading. Yet her common sense told her she should not act on such wild information without knowing what it meant.

"Stand up, Mike, and look at me. What can the police want with Mr. Kilmartin ?"

"They want him for the murder of Misther Gerald Ffrench Font. An' sure he niver did the like. An' if he did, wasn't it the widow and the orphan he was doin' it for ?" said Mike, doggedly. "An' thim that did it themsel's anyway has informed on him and set the polis afther him. An' it's hanged he'll be if he doesn't fly for his life !"

Marcella grasped a friendly branch of the thorn-tree and steadied herself. She must not die, or swoon, or fall, as any fool might do, while there was time to act.

"Listen to me, Mike. I shall never forget this goodness of

yours. Fly off now and search for Mr. Kilmartin along the sea-shore. Do not rest till you overtake him if he is there. I will go myself to Inisheen. One of us may find him. Now, lose no time. Off with you."

Mike needed no second bidding, and the next instant was out of sight.

Then Marcella cleared the space between her and the house almost as the bird flies. In the hall she turned back and looked in at the drawing-room door.

"I am going to my room, Miss O'Donovan," she said, in her usual tones. "Good-night."

In her own room she put on a long waterproof coat which covered her from chin to heel, and threw a dark shawl over her head.

"If anyone meets me on the road even at this hour, I shall be taken for a countrywoman," she reflected, and passed swiftly down stairs, prepared to account for her conduct if any person should meet her. But she saw no one till she got clear across the fields at the back of the house and out by short cuts on the little-frequented highroad that led to Inisheen.

Then she ran as she had never run before, and as she could not have believed it in her power to run, The ground flew from under her feet, and yet it seemed to her that years must have passed before she stepped into the boat and began to paddle herself across the lake. Fortunately the broad deep shadow of the mountain was cast upon the water by the moonlight, so that she was not likely to be seen, even if the family in the little cottage above the shore, who kept Bryan's horses and looked after his boat, had not been sound asleep since nine o'clock.

She reached the island, and, creeping round the house in the shadows peered in at the windows. She must, if possible, see Bryan alone and escape observation from every eye but his. Through a chink in Mrs. Kilmartin's shutter she saw the mother reading in her own room where she had retired for the night. There were lights also in the servants' bed-room windows. The drawing-room windows were open, so was the hall-door, but no trace of the master was to be seen. What if he were rambling across the hills and were to meet his pursuers, face to face, unwarned? She hurried wildly round the little lawns, and among the flower-beds and furze bushes.

"Bryan, Bryan! O God he is not here!" broke from her in tones that came unmistakably from the depths of her heart. And Kilmartin heard her.

The sound came to him like a whisper of the wind before he saw her or heard her step, and strangely enough the voice did not seem to him like that of the young mistress of Crane's Castle. Its vibrating accent of tribulation carried him back, startled, to the Liberties of Dublin, and when the slight figure wrapped in dark draperies, and the pale face gleaming out of the folds of the loose shawl passed him the next minute, he believed that it was the girl of the Liberties who had appeared before him.

He stepped out of the shadows that had hidden him, and said :

"Does anyone want me? Did I hear my name?"

Then Marcella turned and he recognised her. "Miss O'Kelly, Marcella!" he exclaimed, while the tone and the words still in his ear, and which must have been hers, thrilled again gladly through his memory.

"I have come to tell you something," she said in a whisper. "You must fly from this place at once, and get to Queenstown by to-morrow. You must sail for America. You have not a moment to lose."

"Why?" said Kilmartin, calmly, looking at her eager face raised to his in complete unconsciousness of self. He was thinking not so much of this crisis of his danger as of the delightful though deplorable assurance that he was beloved by her.

"Because—my God, how am I to say it? Because the police will be here directly searching for you. There is some terrible mistake. They are going to seize you for murder. And they must not do it."

"But they must do it," he said, in a tone of quiet sadness and without stirring an inch. "I have no intention of flying like a man conscious of guilt. This is a misfortune that must be met in the face."

"No, no, it need not," said Marcella, imploringly. "If enemies have made a case against you, why need you give yourself into their hands?"

"Has Mike told you so? I dare say he has his news from good authority, but I have long known all this without his warnings. I have been well aware that a case was being made up against me, and I have stood my ground. What would life be worth to an exiled man who knew himself to be remembered in his own country as a criminal who had fled from justice? So I have chosen to stay in my place, and this moment does not find me unprepared."

Marcella, listening, had grown cold to the heart. She had no

admiration at that moment for his courage, felt no delight in his high resolution. Woman-like she would save him at any cost. A slight breeze stirred the leaves near them, and with a start and a terrified glance towards the lake, she put her hand on his arm and drew him deeper behind the screen of the trees.

Kilmartin could then hardly restrain his great longing to take the bold little hand, so strong in its eagerness to protect, and hold it fast in his own, but he controlled the desire as an impulse of madness. How should a man, about to be seized for murder, dare to speak of love to a woman? Let him be brave, in this as well as in that which was less difficult. Without any noticeable change in his manner, he said to her :

"As I live under suspicion I prefer to stand my trial. I want to explain this to you while I still have time. To fly would be in my eyes equal to a confession of guilt. To submit to trial means, let us hope, to be cleared from the shadow of crime and disgrace. Could any friend"—his voice broke a little, "could *you* wish to see me dishonoured, even if safe?"

A moan broke from Marcella, and she covered her face with her hands; then suddenly raised eyes again full of burning pain.

"You are too brave, too bold," she said, "and you exaggerate. Dishonour or disgrace could not touch you, It is utterly impossible. Time will clear up this mystery whatever it may be. No man is bound to act as you are doing. Oh, for God's sake, for ——"

She could not say "for my sake!" though the appeal was almost on her lips. He seemed, to catch the words though they were not spoken, and yet it was only her peculiar gesture as she turned away a moment with an impulse of dignity that supplied them to him. As she did so the impetuous motion of her hand, the swift proud turn of her head struck him strangely, and he cried :

"Heavens, how you bring another scene before me!"

"Yes," she answered, suddenly aware that it might now be better if all that had ever passed between them were clearly understood. Was not her first interview with him a part of the drama that was now being enacted? She paused, dismayed, and doubtful of how to reveal what she felt she ought to make known. Then, before he had time to speak further, she asked rapidly :

"What is the chief evidence? Who are the false witnesses against you?"



"I suspect the principal will be informers, the creatures of a debased Fenianism which has sworn my destruction as a seceder from its ranks. Unfortunately there is some circumstantial evidence against me, and everything will depend, I imagine on the weakness or strength of that. There exists one person whose testimony—if she can be found, and should be obliged to give evidence against me—would be more damaging than all the rest, and might ruin me ——"

"Who is she?" asked Marcella, in an eager whisper.

Kilmartin passed his hand over his eyes and forehead before he looked again at her white face, upraised as if out of a consuming flame of anguish and tenderness.

"She is the girl whom I have so often told you you resembled, whom you look like now; but she had only known me an hour and could not feel for me like this. She saved me once ——"

"And now she would save you again. Oh, how strangely you have known me and yet not known me! It was I who opened the door to you that night, I who sent you out again when the danger was past. Look at this ring and see if I do not speak the truth! I have not spoken before, because—because I had no right to know your secrets, but now that this moment has come, I must tell you what I am. Marcella Grace was the girl who sheltered you in the Liberties. If she had stayed in her poverty, would never have borne witness against you, not if they had killed her. Do you think she is likely to betray you now?"

She stopped, choked with her passionate utterance. A great joy at the fact that she held the key of the case against him in her own tightly clenched hand had come to her vividly across the misery of her fear for him; and as Kilmartin looked at her face suddenly illuminated with smiles, the strangeness of her communication was almost overlooked by him in the peculiar feeling with which he realised what her position had been towards him from the first moment of their meeting. His mind could not now rest on details; he only perceived how her extraordinary statement, bound her more and more closely to himself. But in the same moment he decided that he would not take advantage of her pity, given so freely to him from first to last. To open his own heart to her now would be to carry hers with him into that prison of which he hated to think.

After a few moments of silence during which he struggled for mastery over his will, he said quietly:

"This is a strange revelation, and yet it does not surprise me as much as it ought. You have always been associated in my mind with my first benefactress. Only for the impossibility as it seemed to me ——"

"Yet it was all so simple," broke in Marcella. "Mrs. O'Kelly discovered me only a few days after—after that night. She did not want people to know in what scenes she had found me. Then both she and my father died, and I was transported here, as you know. It has all been extraordinary, but has happened as naturally as could be. And the only matter it makes now is that it is I who hold that link in the false evidence which cowards are patching up against you. And they will never trace me here, and I will never speak."

"I trust you may not be called upon," he said, "we will hope it may be so. And now let me ask you one question. Has no doubt of my part in that night's transaction never crossed your mind? How do you know that I am free from guilt, that I was not bloodstained when I came to you like a thief in the dark?"

"How do I know the sun shines? How do I know that God is good? Why do you ask me so tormenting a question? I saw you as you were that night, I took you to be what you are. And why, oh why will you not now do as you then did?"

"That is, fly? Because I will not repeat the mistake I then fell into. It seemed right and necessary then. It would be cowardice and folly now. I will not vex your ears with the story here. The world and you will know it soon enough."

"I do not want to hear it," said Marcella. "I only know one hideous fact; that miscreants have got you into the toils of their vengeance and are trying to destroy you ——"

"Hush! hush! And so you have come all this way," he said, his voice softening in spite of himself as he looked at her piteous white face and disordered locks; "you have travelled the road at night to put yourself again between me and harm. Oh, my dear, you ought not to have done it. Am I not a man and able to face my trial ——?"

Here a faint sound made Marcella look round and utter a quick cry. Figures could be seen on the opposite shore, pushing the boat out upon the lake.

"They are coming," she said, hoarsely, "they are coming." She fell on her knees and bent her face almost to his feet. "If you have no pity for yourself," she moaned, "have pity on your mother—have pity on me ——"

Then he could bear it no longer. He lifted her in his arms and hid her face on his breast.

"Oh, my darling!" he said, "you ought to have let me go without this. I love you, Marcella, I love you. But how can I dare to speak to you? How can a man under a charge for murder presume to ask a woman to be his wife? As yet I have committed no crime. If I take your promise now I fear I shall indeed be criminal."

"Then you shall be criminal," she said, raising her head, and lowering it again, with tears, "for you cannot refuse to take what I insist on giving to you."

Her excitement was calmed now that she could hold his hand and feel that he was hers, to shield, to battle for, to live or die for. The prison walls could not entirely shut out her who had a right to be near him, as a mother, almost as a wife has a right. She should be close to him in whatever extremity he might be reduced to. Pain or sorrow, mystery or death, could not hinder her from knowing that she belonged to him.

A few more eager words and then as they stood there hand and hand, with cruel separation, perhaps death, drawing nearer every instant to place an inevitable bar between them, the thoughts of both hurried along too painfully for further utterance. Kilmartin kissed and stroked dumbly the brave, bowed head, and held fast the small strong hand whose fingers were interlaced with his as if they would never let go in time or eternity. It was their one sacred moment overlooked by none of the hard and pitiless eyes which would presently open upon them and stare at their unhappiness. Their joy in each other and the surpassing anguish of their misfortune were both their own, a secret between themselves—only while a boat was crossing the lake under the shadow of yonder mountain and no longer. To-morrow they should stand apart before the world, with the glare of its cruel light in their separate eyes, and the howl of its ready execration in their ears which could be then no longer soothed by each other's voices.

The sound of steps and voices could now be heard quite near, and Kilmartin said softly:

"Dear love, we must go. If you love me, do not unman me. Where is your courage? Is this my Joan of Arc who confronted danger for me when I was no more to her than a stranger out of the streets——"

Marcella answered nothing except by a tighter clasp of the hand she held, but raising her head mechanically, began to move

by his side in the direction of the voices, like a woman walking in her sleep. Midway between the house and the rocks they met the party of police who, stepping forward when they saw him, arrested Bryan Kilmartin in the Queen's name for the murder of Gerald Ffrench Font, on the 10th of January, in Dublin streets.

Kilmartin received them as calmly as he should have done if they had come to confer a title on him.

"I will give you no trouble, my men," he said, "but I must ask you not to alarm a delicate lady who is within doors;" he choked over the words "my mother."

"Never fear, Misther Bryan," said one of the local police who had accompanied the group from Dublin. "We'll be as quiet as mice. And I ask your pardon, sir, for bein' mixed up with this disgraceful business. Of course we all know it's a mistake."

"Thank you, sergeant. It's rather an awkward mistake for me," said Bryan, quietly, as having begged Marcella to go before him into the house, he saw her pass over the threshold. "Now, if you walk about here while I make a few slight arrangements, I will join you again immediately. You needn't be afraid to lose sight of me. I could have kept out of your way if I had wished," he added to the men, who remained standing outside the house while he went in. He knocked at his mother's bedroom door, entered, and after a few minutes came out again, and passed to his own apartment. Returning quickly, equipped for a journey, he went back to the drawingroom where Marcella stood motionless waiting for him.

"My mother only knows I am called to Dublin on sudden business. I am forced to leave the rest to you," he said, trying to speak with an air of good cheer; and then they made their farewell, holding each other's hands and looking in each other's eyes across the bitter gulf that had already divided them.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### GOD IS GOOD.

HE had besought her not to come with him even to the door, and she had obeyed him and remained on the spot where he had left her, and where she had sunk on her knees, until a faint splash caught by her quick ear told her they had left the island. Then, wrapped in her dark cloak, she stole out and watched the boat to

the opposite shore, and strained her eyes to see the last of the moving figures that reached the other side.

After all that she went back into the house and softly closed and barred the door, and swathing herself in her wraps, lay her length on her face on Mrs. Kilmartin's sofa. Now that action was no longer possible, she was between, fatigue and sorrow, like a person drugged and unable longer to distinguish the sharp outlines of the horrors that pressed around her. Only one figure was distinctly present to her among the confused images of her brain—the figure of Bryan Kilmartin travelling along the road to Dublin, moving ever towards a prison, towards dishonour, perhaps towards death. Sometimes starting out of this haunted stupor she walked about the room as if to keep pace with that terrible movement of his which she could not stop, now and again standing still to look at a small likeness of him on the wall, made long ago (when she was a little half-vagrant child running to the nuns' school in the Liberties), the ardent countenance of a youth who knew no guile, the spirited face of the lad who had rushed, brave of soul, to drill for a dream warfare in the silence of the lonely glen. Or she would handle reverently the books in which his name was written, or gaze long at his old cremona hanging mute against the wall, kissing humbly the bow with which his fingers had coaxed the music out of its heart, and out of her heart too. The next hour was spent on her knees beseeching heaven for him, and between the gusts of her prayer her spirit looked back through the storm-clouds of the present to the first beginnings of her connection with him, to the moment when she had looked in his face appealing to her for service, and been allowed to feel that in her poverty and weakness she could be useful to his manhood. She remembered the strange sacred yearning with which she had after that looked on him almost as her child because of her service rendered to him and the conviction she had felt that he would again require help at her hands. What help could she give him now, except to be true to him, still to guard skilfully the secret she had kept for him all these months, to share the discredit which half, if not all the world would now heap on him, and to sweeten for him, as far as a woman can by her love and fidelity, the suffering and degradation which a mysterious Providence appeared to have decreed that he should endure?

So the night passed, and in the dewy air of the dawn, while the black mountains were turning purple, and the gold stars white, and the still lake was stirring in little freshets of waves round the island, she stole noiselessly out of the house, and bathed her face

in the cool water, and smoothed her disordered locks, and sat on the rocks hoping that the morning breeze would remove some of the traces of the night's agony, so that the mere sight of her might not scare the poor mother who had yet to learn from her lips in what direful ways the feet of a beloved son were set. With the rising of the sun an accession of courage came to her. An emergency was at hand, and she had got to meet it. She would try to behave like a creature with faith and purpose, faith in God and in him, purpose to rescue him from the darkness that had momentarily covered him. As soon as the servants were stirring in the house she returned there and replied calmly to the surprised looks and words of the old housekeeper.

"Trouble has come on Mr. Bryan, Bridget, and I am here to tell his mother about it. He is gone to Dublin to deal with his enemies. You will know more of it by-and-by. Now take the mistress her breakfast, and hint nothing to her till she has had it. Afterwards I will go to her."

With frightened looks the woman did her bidding, and an hour later she nerved herself for a difficult task which must be done before news should come flying at random from some outer quarter.

Mrs. Kilmartin was dressed and resting in her easy chair at the open window before making the effort of moving into the drawing-room, when her door opened and Marcella appeared.

"My dear, what a delightfully early visit. But how tired and agitated you look. You are wearing yourself out with these lucky tenants of yours."

Marcella took her hand and kissed it, a homage she was fond of paying to Bryan's mother, and then dropped on her knees beside her, still holding the invalid's frail hand.

"Mother," she said, softly, "will you have me? Bryan has asked me to be his wife."

"Will I have you? My very dear one! Have I not been longing and praying for this? Thank heaven for giving my boy the desires of his heart!" and Mrs. Kilmartin folded the girl close to her.

Marcella stifled a hysterical cry, and hiding her face on the mother's neck, tried to poise the sword with which she was to pierce the tender breast on which she leaned. But she could not do it.

"Mother," she began, again commanding her voice with a strong effort. "I will be very good to him, and if ever he is in

trouble I will cling to him the more ; and people do get into trouble in this world, mother ; sometimes the best and noblest get the worst of it."

The suspicion of a sob caught her breath, and with quick alarm Mrs. Kilmartin changed her position and looked her in the face.

"You and I have got to be good to him, and brave for him, mother, for he is in trouble—our Bryan is in trouble."

Mrs. Kilmartin relaxed her hold of the girl, and leaned back in her chair, pallid and panting.

"Bryan in trouble ! What is it ? Good God ! have they shot him ? My boy, my only son !"

The sight of her fear and agony strengthened Marcella, who stood up and said firmly :

"Not so bad as that, mother. He is alive and well. But there is some horrid mistake, or some spite of an enemy at work. Somebody has implicated him in the shooting of Mr. Ffont last winter. Of course it is nonsense, and everybody will see that is so. I was very wrong to tell you in such a doleful manner. I have frightened you to death. Come, dear little mother, if you and I are not brave what will people say ? We will laugh at the whole thing. We will show them what fools they have made of themselves ——"

To all of which Mrs. Kilmartin listened with fixed dreadful eyes, and only answered :

"Where is he ?"

"I do not exactly know where he is this moment. He went away quite cheerfully last night. Come mother, look up. Do not look like that or you will kill me—me who am going to be his wife when he comes back."

"He was arrested ?"

"But by his own will and consent. He was warned and he would not go. He would rather prove his innocence before the world."

Mrs. Kilmartin did not stir.

"Think what a hero he will be when he comes back, mother. Everybody will do honour to a man who has passed through such a trouble unhurt. His life will be inquired into, his virtues will be known, his good deeds done in secret will come to light. I declare when I think of it—I could be glad that this thing has happened—that the world may know what a man is Bryan Kilmartin"—

Then suddenly breaking down :

"Oh, Bryan, oh my love, my love!" she wailed, and sinking on her knees again, with her face in Mrs. Kilmartin's lap, let loose the floods of her weeping; and the two women wept and clung together till both were exhausted.

The poor little mother had at last to be carried back to her bed and left in the darkened room unable to speak more, only lifting her tired eyes now and then to the crucifix Marcella had held to her lips, and then hung on the wall where she could see it. And after that Marcella had to go through her day, without possibility of news, or opportunity for action of any kind, or the chance of any event happening to break the terrible monotony of the long, cruel, smiling, summer hours.

She had at least leisure to write to Bryan, comforting him as to his mother, and saying all that her love and compassion could find words to express, but when the letter was written she remembered that she did not know to what prison he had been taken, and must wait for tidings.

Towards evening the boat was seen crossing the lake, and hurrying down to the rocks, she met Father Daly.

"God is good, my child!" was the priest's greeting, and in his eyes she saw that he knew all. "We know that God is good."

Marcella's strength was spent, she tried to speak, but said nothing.

"And strong," went on Father Daly. "He is good and strong, stronger than prisons and falsehoods. Now, my child, you will say 'yes,' whether you feel it or not."

"Yes," said the girl, faintly.

"And I won't allow those black stains round your eyes. Eheu! child, it would frighten the very crows to look at you. We have all a piece of work before us, and, if you refuse your share, who's going to step into your shoes? Not another soul in the world could fill your place beside Bryan Kilmartin."

"No one shall get the chance," said Marcella, firmly.

"That's the girl I believed you to be. And how is the poor little mother taking it? I will go and have a talk with her first, and then you and I will lay our heads together over this matter. It will be found that Bryan was not altogether unprepared for this crisis, and you will see that things will go well."

And then Marcella walked the paths outside while the priest went in and helped the mother to wrestle with her anguish, while the slow-coming night wore on, and as the moonlight began to shine, the girl lived over again the scene of last night, now



extracting the sweetness from the agony and hiving it in her heart of hearts, now losing all sense of it in her overwhelming tribulation.

In spite of his brave assured words, and of her own determination to hope, she felt a lurking fear that he himself had believed a plausible case had been made up against him.

And as the stars quickened and throbbed above her head, each like a fiery point of pain, she thought of how at this moment the news of the arrest of Bryan Kilmartin was flying from mouth to mouth in Dublin streets, and of how the newspaper vendors were yelling the tidings through the thoroughfares, and up and down the lanes, and past the old house in Weaver's-square where she had harboured him on that most blessed yet most terrible night which had first brought her life into contact with his, and at the same time had projected this horrible shadow of misfortune upon his future.

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#### THE ISLAND OF SAINTS AND SCHOLARS.

THE Irish land, the Irish land,  
Our own dear mother Isle,  
Her varied scene, her emerald green,  
Her mingled tear and smile,  
Have furnished themes for countless songs  
On many a tuneful lyre,  
While the sad story of her wrongs  
Has waked a fiercer fire.

Scarce free to live, scarce free to love,  
Her poets through the night,  
Each with his little torchlight strove  
Her gloomy path to light;  
The harps that sang "Sweet Innisfail,"  
Had minor chords I ween,  
And hid love's treason 'neath the veil  
Of their "Dark Rosaleen."

The Irish race, the Irish race—  
Look back from age to age,  
And you will find its glorious trace  
On History's every page;  
In battlefield, in hall of state,  
In peaceful walks of fame,  
With pen or chisel—everywhere,  
You'll meet an Irish name.

*The Island of Saints and Scholars.*

And yet, strange fate! their native land,  
 So richly blessed by Heaven,  
 Was forced to banish from her strand  
 The sons that God had given.  
 And those, who love as none can say  
 The country of their birth,  
 Are pilgrims in the world to-day,  
 The exiles of the earth!

The Irish Church, the Irish Church,  
 Since blessed Patrick came,  
 And bade the Druid-fires give place  
 To Faith's undying flame—  
 The faithful Irish Church has stood,  
 Though fierce storms rose to try her,  
 As true to God, as true to Rome,  
 As Patrick could desire!

From the green Island of the West,  
 As from a source of light,  
 Went forth the Gospel messengers  
 That chased the old world's night.  
 Nay, God's good providence decreed  
 That o'er the world's wide face  
 Her exiles still should sow Faith's seed—  
 An Apostolic race!

The Irish saints, the Irish saints,  
 What chronicles were theirs,  
 What miracles, what charity  
 What ecstasies and prayers!  
 St. Patrick and St. Bridget,  
 St. Brendan, Columkille,  
 St. Ita, Dymphna, Malachy—  
 Their names are honoured still.

Not in their native Isle alone:  
 No European state  
 But owes to Irish sanctity,  
 A debt exceeding great;  
 Rome, Lucca and Tarentum,  
 Besançon, Mechlin, Hy,  
 To Irish Apostolic men  
 Send up a filial cry.

The Irish priest, the Irish priest,  
 O loved and honoured name!  
 At home or in the West, or East,  
 Still faithful, still the same:  
*Here*, in the fever-tainted room,  
 Or famine's awful time,  
 Letting God's sunshine light the gloom  
 Routing despair and crime.

*Abroad*, where spreading prairie rolls,  
Or by Australian brake,  
Tending his fellow exiles' souls—  
An exile for their sake!  
Lest time should loose or distance move  
The links that bind to Rome,  
Or (scarce less sacred bond) their love  
For the old land at home.

Above the Britain of the South  
The English banners play,  
But Ireland and her Faith, thank God,  
Exert supreamer sway;  
Her sons are on its pastoral thrones,  
For well Rome understands  
Faith's seed is never deeper sown  
Than by true Irish hands.

And now another patriot priest\*  
Our Fatherland must spare,  
The crozier of a mighty see  
Is trusted to his care.  
And Erin's exiles eagerly,  
Across the waters wide,  
Implore his coming speedily,  
Their father and their guide.

And who more fitted for the task,  
Than he whose studious youth  
So loved to tread the dusky past,  
A searcher after truth.  
That he might clear our native land,  
Our race, our church, our saints,  
From calumny's insulting brand,  
Or ignorance's taints.

Old Ireland's name is safe with him,  
Her fame shall know no loss  
In those wide regions far away,  
Beneath the Southern Cross!  
May countless blessings follow him  
And mark his future way;  
Such is our prayer who feebly thus  
Would many debts repay!

S. M. S.

\* The Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, in whose presence these lines were recited, at Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, June 19th, 1884.

## NOTES OF A SHORT TRIP TO SPAIN.

BY JOHN FALLON.

## PART VII.—VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

THE railway from Seville runs along the valley of the Guadalquivir, and the noble river is in frequent view. A range of mountains bounds the northern horizon, brown and dusky as their name imports, for this is the "Sierra Moréna," and "Moréna" in Spanish means brown.

Still let us guard against a false etymology. Long before the Castilian language was spoken, far back in the early days of heathen Rome, the "Sierra Moréna" was "Mons Marianus," just as the "Guadlána" was "flumen Anas"—as the "Douro" was the "Durius," the "Ebro," the "Iberus," and so on. The non-inventive Romans, practical-minded matter-of-fact men, like the modern Anglo-Saxons, just mapped the names of hills, and towns, and rivers, as they got them from their Punic or more remote Iberian predecessors, with an odd blunder here and there to suit the difference of pronunciation. So that "Moréna," all appropriate as it is, is of much older pedigree than it seems, and probably of prehistoric antiquity.

This "Sierra Moréna," to judge by the map, is fifty miles off; to judge by the eye, it seems quite near, so marvellously clear is the air. Endless olive-groves spread along its base and up its sides, forming a woodland of strangely leaden hue.

Along the plain, as we advance, the Arcadian scene of horses treading out the corn again gladdens the view. On the way to Granada I had noted them four and five abreast; but here I reckoned as many as ten, cantering round a solitary man, who guided them all in line with a single rope. Small wonder Andalusian steeds come to display rare action in *paséo* and parade, with such magnificent exercise during their colt-hood!

As for the grain thus thrashed, it is gathered into great heaps, and then left exposed night and day until it suits the convenience of its owners to remove it; and this, without the least apparent anxiety about possible showers, or filibustering crows. Showers are manifestly out of the question, in this district, at this season; not that the skies are cloudless, thank heaven! but the few

iridescent clouds that are, seem ever soaring upwards, or poising in mid-air for ornament only. But the rooks, and other grain-devouring birds, what of them? Why, I suppose each Andalusian might say, as the dying marshal Espartéro said of his enemies, when asked to forgive them: "Holy father, I have shot them all!" At all events, here they exist not.

Still the country is not without birds: several times to-day I saw small flocks of a kind new to me, russet brown, slightly larger than thrushes, with wings streaked in black and white; but I suppose they live on insects only. They would rise affrighted as the train glided past, and fly madly forwards to keep pace with it or pass it out, as frightened birds are wont to do. And I saw more than one vulture rising lazily from the ground, then sailing away majestically with almost motionless wings. Such is apparently the ornithology of this district; the grain of the fields seems to dread no felony from winged foes!

At intervals, off on the mountain-slopes, are villages, and castles domineering over them in feudal fashion. Some of those castles are modern, or at least well-preserved and inhabited; others are manifest ruins, perched on scarped headlands, grim mementoes of other days, each with its legend of fierce fight and foray, wild joy and sorrow, if it could only tell the tale. All those castles, ancient and modern, as also the villages that nestle under them, are of the same dusky brown as the sierra itself.

You will scarcely believe me if I tell you that I distinctly noticed two small tornadoes careering along the heights, scarcely seeming to touch the earth, but expanding darkly upwards in cornucopia form. These whirlpools of the atmosphere, engendered by the fierce heat, seem to attract no attention here, and to be associated with no idea of injury. As regards the heat itself, my small thermometer, placed in the coolest corner of the railway carriage, marked many degrees over ninety, although the sunshine was carefully excluded with blinds, and all the windows were open. Yet the heat is not oppressive, the air is so dry; and, what is more remarkable, passing as we are through miles of tillage fields in stubble, there is no dust. The freshness of early spring seems still to linger in the land: the red earth is not yet baked to cinders, as it will be when the autumn tourist comes, and when nothing will retain the look of vegetable life except a stray crop here and there, and the never-failing hedge-rows of "cactus green and blue broadsworded aloes." At present the dust is phenomenally absent from the field-sides, and locomotion is a downright pleasure.

Soon Córdoba, my destination, is reached, and the train is exchanged for a breezy omnibus, shaded with striped awning in lieu of glass, and drawn by a stout team of mules, two at the wheels, three leading abreast. Their scarlet tassels are intermixed with bells, as usual: and those bells, selected by some man of taste, make not a bad concert as we trot along. Thus you enter the city of the Caliphs!

\*     \*     \*     \*

A short rest, an invigorating luncheon at the excellent "Hotel Suisse," a few directions from the hotel-manager, and, like the carrier-pigeon for its home, off I start for the great Mosque, just as if it and I were old acquaintances. A labyrinth of streets intervenes, and the bump of locality is not mine; but thanks to the marvellous sunshine and the deep shadows, the problem is a simple one: you have only to keep to the streets that are shaded on the same side and to the same extent, and you are sure to go straight. Not that the observance of this rule is absolutely easy: for instance, some of the streets are so narrow that they are altogether shaded: others are so tortuous that they are shaded in every imaginable manner, varying from moment to moment. But, on the whole, with a little attention you can steer pretty straight, without hesitation, and without error.

And fortunate it is that it is so: for this is siesta hour, and the houses are barred and bolted as if it were midnight, and the streets as deserted as they will be then. I meet no one except a muleteer, brown as his own hair, following his Indian file of pannier-laden mules. To ask the way of him, in my mixture of French and incipient Spanish, would be vain, and remember, I do not attempt it. But let me mention that, between his meditative animals and me, there is a slight difference of opinion, or rather competition for place; for they, like me, are for "hugging" the shady sides of the narrow streets, and I, in jealous mood, think those streets barely sufficient for myself, and relish not the thought of being crushed between their stiff panniers and the still more unyielding house-fronts. So a faithful umbrella, borne as sunshade in Andalusia, does defensive duty here, the superior animal easily wins the day, and the good-humoured muleteer salutes with a smile and a blessing, while your friend moves on rejoicing.

Thus navigating, without a word spoken, at length I reach the great Mosque. It rises in front of me like a fortress, a bastille, a Tower of London, anything except a house of prayer: for its dark brown walls, immensely lofty, are capped with flame-shaped

battlements, and flanked with towers from interval to interval. But the gate of entrance is a "gate of pardon"—note the charming name—and within is a court of oranges, far larger than at Seville, and more imposing, with a wide and lofty colonnaded cloister on three sides of it, the Mosque forming the fourth.

High above the court of oranges is a stately tower, but the eye soon detects that it is built in the formal renaissance style of the sixteenth century. The fact is, it is but a cold substitute for the Moorish minaret, the pride of Cordova, that stood where it stands till a hurricane laid it low—the same hurricane that so miraculously spared the Giralda of Seville.

In the wide court of oranges not only there are orange trees, tall and vigorous, with oranges still on them; but citron-trees, with their pale fruit looking rather dried and shrunk; and even a few palm-trees, graceful as ever, seemingly the lineal descendants of those which were transplanted here from "holy Damascus" more than eleven centuries ago.

In the midst of the court is also a trickling fountain, fed by a Moorish aqueduct; but, at this silent hour, not a human being is at hand to remind one of the countless thousands that crowded here for ablution in former days. The stillness of the place is overwhelming, and I involuntarily look back several times, to see that I am not followed; it is only the echo of my own footsteps, coming down from the lofty walls.

Human life reappears just inside the threshold of the Mosque, in the form of aged mendicant women, who simply hold out the hand, saying: "Por el amor de Dios, señorito!" (señorito is the coaxing diminutive of señor). If you give them a little, you are more than rewarded, almost humiliated, by the fervour of their thanks. If you prefer to refuse, you have only to say: "Perdoneusted, Hermana!" . . . (Forgive me, sister . . .) and pass on without another word.

But minor forms of humanity crop up within, less considerate and less easy to dispose of, in the shape of youthful street Arabs, who follow like mosquitoes, offering their services as guides. I had expressly come quite alone, depriving myself of the aid of the hotel courier, to have the pleasure of discovering things for myself; to be now victimised by those young scapegraces was not to be thought of; but how to shake them off was the problem. Nothing occurred to me but to dart straight away, looking neither to right nor to left, but right before me like an official, till I reached about the middle of the vast building. One by one my

tormentors dropped off, with remarks not meant to be flattering, such as : "no es un viagéro . . . no es un caballero . . ." (he is not a traveller . . . he is not a gentleman . . . ). If anyone had told me this morning that my first act, on reaching this longed-for goal of my desires, would be to rush through it in this absurd fashion, I should have had some difficulty in believing him ; but the French are right : "l'imprévu toujours arrive." At all events the simple stratagem was successful : I was left alone.

And now what a sight ! A "hall of a thousand columns" is truly the name for it. To north and south, to west and east, in fact in every imaginable direction, marble pillars in long straight lines form vistas of amazing perspective, of endless variety. Those pillars have no plinths or pedestals, but are surmounted by capitals which resemble the under-leaflets of a palm tree. From those capitals rise shafts of ornamented masonry, on which the whole vaulting of the apparently endless building seems to rest ; while, springing from them side-ways, from column to column, are open arches of horse-shoe form, numerous beyond counting, and doing duty like the flying buttresses of a Gothic cathedral.

The columns are fairly matched in height and thickness, but most strangely varied in colour and quality. One is black, the next is red, a third is of precious verde antique, a fourth of oriental jasper : in front is one of Egyptian porphyry, or dark brown granite ; beside it is alabaster, white and translucent ; and so on. Such a mixture of nature's marble wealth was never seen before. The manner in which those columns are ranged is in longitudinal naves from north to south, and transverse aisles from east to west : of the former there are nineteen, of the latter there are thirty-five ; so that the vast interior of the building is like a petrified grove, a forest of stone, the flying arches looking quite lightsome and airy enough to keep up the resemblance, as branches.

As for great spans, and great elevations, here they are not to be thought of. The clear width of the longitudinal naves is scarcely more than twenty-two feet, that of the transverse aisles barely exceeds eleven. From pavement to vaulting the total height of the building does not appear more than thirty-six or thirty-seven feet, and even this is perspectively halved by the flying arches that intersect the view midway. The marble columns are only about eleven feet high, by some eighteen inches in diameter ; and, as for likeness of material, it exists only amongst their capitals. With such fabric has an area been covered almost



as vast as St. Peter's, and able to shelter an army of forty thousand men, if drawn in battle array.

At present the stonework of arches and vaulting, throughout the greater part of the building, is coated with plaster, and tinted in dove colour and pale vermillion, in accordance with the fashion prevalent in Africa. To picture those arches and vaults as they were in Moorish days, we should remember, for it is amply attested, that each small cupola was a marvel of carved woodwork, as at the Alhambra, and that the now flat surfaces were enriched with oriental stucco picked out with gold. Of course the gold is gone, but faint traces of the stucco are visible in remote corners that have as yet escaped the ruthless hand of "restoration."

And the records tell us that from those vaults were pendant chandeliers of burnished brass—some put the number as high as two hundred and fifty, with ten thousand lamps—so that in the palmy days of Islamism those now bare walls must have shone with a wealth of light and gold beyond all power of imagination to picture.

Thus you walk through aisles and naves till you reach the western portion and its southernmost end; here things change completely. The bare plastered and tinted surfaces give way to a traceried stonework of arches interwoven and interlaced, and encrusted all over with gorgeous Byzantine mosaic. This mosaic was the gift of an emperor of Constantinople to the first of the Cordovan caliphs,\* in the early part of the tenth century, and specially stipulated for by treaty. As it stands, it is centuries older than the oldest Gothic work in Christendom, and yet it looks as if set up yesterday, and it glistens and is iridescent like the scales of a freshly caught salmon. It merely represents, so far as I could observe, graceful arabesques and Cufic inscriptions along the borders; and is all in subdued tints of pale violet and pearl-coloured white; but it struck me, I know not why, over and over again, as absolutely the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

This was the "Kiblah" of the great Mosque, to which the faithful turned by way of looking towards Meccah. Here was the "Mihrab," corresponding in some measure with the Holy of Holies of a Hebrew temple. Here stood the resplendent "mimbar,"

\* The first of the Cordovan sultans who assumed the dignity of the Caliphate was Abdurrahman III., whose reign extended from A.D. 912-961. He also assumed the surname of Annassir (defender of the faithful).—Does not the double assumption remind you somewhat of Henry VIII.? But Annassir, according to his lights, was a truly good and great man, and probably the most fortunate and prosperous sovereign of his age.

the pulpit from which the Imaum preached the Friday sermon. Here was the gorgeous desk on which lay one of the four Korans penned under the very eyes of Othman. And a shrine enriched with rarest gems, transcending the value of jewelled pulpit and Koran and desk, enclosed a bone from the skeleton of Mahomet himself, and a pilgrimage to this shrine was tantamount to one to Meccah. Even yet the ancient pavement of white marble is here worn hollow by the steps and knees of the faithful, who came here for ages in myriads to worship and to pray. To this day, although the Mosque has been converted to the uses of a Christian church for more than six centuries, it is not rare to see a Moor from across the straits praying and prostrating himself here as his fathers did of old ; and, not long since, the Emperor of Morocco's brother was seen performing the seven-fold round in humblest devotion, bathed in tears, lamenting no doubt the vanished glories of his race, and vainly beseeching Allah for their return.

The nave which leads to this Kiblah was manifestly the principal one of the Mosque, and is two or three feet wider than the rest. While I was standing in it, attempting to sketch the marvellous outline of the mosaic work, the evening sun projected its shadows right across it, which confirms what I have stated, and what the Moorish chronicles amply bear out, that the naves run from north to south, and therefore that *the Mosque of Cordova, although professing to look towards Meccah, looks due south*. This paradoxical fact almost summarises its history. Let me note a few facts and dates concerning it :

When the Moors invaded Spain, in A.D. 711, they found here a Vizigoth church, which previously had been a temple of Janus ; some of the columns of that temple still lie in the Court of Oranges. With exemplary moderation for conquerors, they left to the Christians one-half of the Church, and appropriated the other half to their own worship. In adjusting this half to the purpose of a Mosque, in other words, so as to face towards Meccah, they made no allowance for their change of longitude in coming here ; such science was not theirs. But they turned it, as their Mosques were turned at home, that is to say, due south : because, although the Spaniards called them Moors indiscriminately, those who settled here were from Damascus, and the Damascene way of looking towards Meccah is southwards.

The mighty dynasty of the Beni Ummeyáh, under whom the conquest had been effected, and whose sway extended from the Himalayas to the Atlantic ocean, had their clans and court settled at Damascus, so that the settlers here were of their kith and

kindred. And thus it happened that when this dynasty was subverted in the east, and the whole family all but exterminated; and when Abdurrahman, the young chieftain of the race, swam the Euphrates with his infant son in his arms, and fled for dear life from Palestine to Egypt, and from Egypt to Morocco, here he found a welcome and a home, among his own tribesmen and partisans. With their stout aid he crushed out all rivalry, but the process took him thirty hard years of fighting: and when he settled himself down at length to build a palace and a Mosque, that thing called death came upon him, and transferred the work to his worthy son and successor, Hisham I., who completed the Mosque in less than ten years. This completion was reached in the year A.D. 796, so that Hisham's work is nearly eleven centuries old. From the subsequent lengthening and widening, of which there is authentic detail, there can scarcely be a doubt that the original work of Hisham comprises exactly the eleven western longitudinal naves, running from north to south, so far southwards as twenty-one transverse aisles will bring them: and it is exactly the central of those eleven naves that is wider than the rest, and leads straight up to the Kiblah.

Hisham I. was addicted to procuring his materials wherever he could get them, by gift or force, pillage or spoilation: and the marble pillars tell the tale. It is not alone that they vary in colour and quality: but some are too long, and are sunk beneath the pavement; others are too short, and the deficiency is supplemented by pieces above, just under the archaic capitals that surmount them all. This over-length and under-length is a speaking record of how they were procured, from shores and cities far apart: from Narbonne and Nismes, from Tarragona and Cadiz, from Carthage and the distant East.

Note that to that date (and for long afterwards) no question was ever raised concerning the propriety of keeping up in Spain the Damascene method of looking towards Meccah, viz., from north to south. Thus matters went on for nearly one hundred and seventy years, the Sultans of Cordova always enriching the building, and the crowds that flocked to it always increasing in numbers, till Abdurrahman III., better known as Annassir, bethought himself of enlarging the Mosque by *lengthening* it; but he, too, died, after a singularly long and prosperous reign,\* and the work was executed by his son, Alhakem II. (A.D. 961-976).

\* Still in his diary he noted that there were only fourteen days in his whole life that he could really call happy.

It was then that the eleven original naves were brought to the full length at which they are to-day : and also that the marvellous Byzantine mosaic was set up, which we still admire, and which the Caliph Annássir had stipulated for and procured. Furthermore, it was then at length that a controversy arose, memorable, though all too little known, concerning the point of the horizon to which the "Kiblah" ought to be turned, the "mathematicians and astronomers" contending that it should incline towards the east the general public stoutly maintaining that it ought to be retained facing the south, "as it was theretofore." Let me quote the exact words of the Moorish chronicler, Maccari, as to what ensued :

"While the discussion was progressing, a Faquir named Abu Ibrahim came up to Alhakem and said to him : 'O prince of the believers ! all the people of this nation have constantly turned their faces *to the south* while making their prayers. It was *to the south* that the Imaums who preceded thee, the doctors, the cadis, and all the Moslems directed their looks, *from the time of the conquest up to the present day*. And it was *to the south* that the Tabis (may God show them mercy) inclined the Kiblahs of all the mosques which they erected in this country. Remember the proverb which says : It is better to follow the example of others and be saved, than to perish by separating from the flock.'

"Upon which the Khalif exclaimed : 'By Allah ! thou sayest right ! I am for following the example of the Tabis, whose opinion on the subject is of great weight.'

"And he ordered that it should be carried out as proposed."\*

Thus did ritualism at that early date prove victorious over "mathematicans and astronomers," and thus did the Mosque of Cordova retain its southern direction, by way of looking towards Meccah !

This is the paradox which people ignore or rashly deny, although the fact is so plainly recorded in Moorish annals, and patent to whosoever cares to examine the reality.

When the Khalif Alhakem died, his son and heir, Hisham II. was not yet in his teens, and his powerful prime minister, Almanzór, constituted himself into a regular mayor of the palace, keeping his young sovereign in a state of Merovingian seclusion and idleness ; so that the acts of this reign are the acts of Almanzór, as long as the latter lived. This minister surpassed Alhakem's addition to the Mosque, by widening it from end to end. A royal palace stood in his way on the western side, and this caused the

\* Maccari's "Moorish Dynasties in Spain," Book III., chap. II.

eight additional naves, of which his enlargement consists, to be all on the eastern side of the Mosque; and thus they appear to the present day, out of gear and out of balance, as regards the principal nave leading to the Kiblah, but, in other respects, in keeping with the rest of the building.

Great as Almanzór was, lovers of ancient literature will scarcely thank him for filling the cisterns of Cordova, and lighting its squares, with parchments for which the Caliph Alhakem had lavished his treasures and ransacked the East: and faithful adherents of the dynasty which made him what he was, had scarcely reason to be grateful to him for lowering and undermining its prestige, and thus leading the way to its speedy subversion. "Almanzór" means victorious, and he died beaten; all his plans were for family aggrandisement, and ended most disastrously for his family. Yet, we may forgive him his atrocious selfishness, for under the higher designs of Providence, it certainly caused the dismemberment of the Moorish power and hastened the re-establishment of Christianity throughout the length of Spain.

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Saturated with these grand reflections, I returned to dinner. My thoughts were about Abdurrahman and Annássir, Alhákem and Almanzór . . . the eighth, the ninth, and the ten centuries—nothing more modern! The table d'hôte brought me promptly back to the nineteenth, amid commercial travellers, whose talk was about the weather, and about the difficulty of finding business-men at home, *and awake*, in this "old-fashioned" city. According to their version, when a Cordovan is at home, he is asleep: when he is awake, he is sure to be out—off to some ice-house, or cool promenade. This I could partly believe, and appreciate, considering the temperature.

But, all the more, the wonder to me was, what on earth could have brought these commercial men to this "old-fashioned" place, as they irreverently called it. I suppose they fell here in a flight, as birds of passage do: or that they came here on the principle that men of their craft should go everywhere. Commercial travellers, to a certain extent, are the pioneers of modern civilization, and not bad company in their way. To them the dead past is nothing; the present, including the near future, all. Before long I found myself initiated into some of their mysteries of buying and selling: and one of them, a Frenchman, invited me to accompany him in a tour to Algeria; instead of which I joined him in a ramble round the town.

The streets are perfectly clean and bright-looking, although most of the houses are centuries old. The Moors had a saying : "An Andalusian of the lower classes would spend his last dirhem in soap, instead of buying food for his dinner." This merely meant that the people fully realised the virtue of cleanliness, and that with them, as with the modern Dutch, it was a passion. The Christian population still cherishes the same virtue, and it shows itself in the house-fronts, which are tinted with lime-wash, and look quite modern, even where of oldest date. This antiquity is revealed, as at Seville, not in blackened frontage, but in the deep depression of the "patios" beneath the level of the adjoining streets. As for the patios themselves, they seemed to me less graceful, and less tastefully laid out here than at Seville. Perhaps this is prejudice : but, although the two cities are only some twenty leagues apart, even the ancient Moors used to recognise a difference of character and taste between them. For there was a saying : "when a learned man dies at Seville, and his family wishes to sell his library, they send it to Córdoba . . . When, on the contrary a musician dies at Córdoba, and his instruments are to be disposed of, the custom is to send them to Seville . . ." So, you see, then as now, Seville was the city of song : and, in those days at least, Córdoba was the city of learning.

The spell of music has proved more potent than the magic of science, and more conducive to healthy longevity. Seville is still a capital, and a queen. Córdoba is but a fragment of its former self ; and in walking its cruelly paved streets, we seem to be treading a graveyard, so much of the former vitality lies buried beneath our feet . . . "Three hundred inns, six hundred minor mosques, nine hundred baths, two hundred thousand houses, a million of inhabitants ! . . ." Such was Córdoba in the days of the Caliphs, when scholars even from the bleak north came flocking to its famous schools. And fancy can picture it then, as Damascus is now, such as Kinglake's magic pen has drawn it, spreading out its length along the rivers edge—"a city of hidden palaces, of copses, and gardens, and fountains, and bubbling streams." For were they not of quite the same race, the same creed ; and almost the same climate, and the same soil.\* At present the three hundred inns are replaced by a few well-kept hotels ; of the six hundred minor mosques the few that remain are rather neglected-looking chapels, and you have to dive down flights of steps to get into

\* I am glad to find that Sir William Sterling Maxwell, in his charming biography of Don Juan of Austria, calls Córdoba the Damascus of the West.

some of them. As for the baths, I suspect most of the bathing is now done in the river which, alone unchanged, "flows on for ever." The population has dwindled to a *twenty-fifth part* of what it was; and corn is grown and stamped out with horses' feet, amid the sites of the fairy palaces and hanging gardens, the sparkling fountains and streams, that ere now enlivened the wide-spreading suburbs of ancient Córdoba. "Sic transit gloria mundi!"

But what survives is bright and joyous; to be otherwise would be impossible in Andalusia. And as the place was voted "old fashioned" by "Messieurs les commis-voyageurs," let me tell you that, on my arrival this afternoon, I was shown to a room fitted in the most modern manner, with a ceiling at least eighteen feet high, all tastefully tinted, and with a floor delightfully done in encaustic tiles. . . . And this evening, when I rang for a "luz," a stately servant brought me, not a miserable "bougie," destined to figure next day in the bill, but a three-light massive silver candlestick, which did not figure. Nor was it a republican sneer, but a loyal smile, that greeted me from his dark and handsome face, as he respectfully wished "buenas noches," and retired with a salute as deep as if I were a marquis. . . . Such is Andalusia!

\* \* \* \*

Córdoba had not yet finished unbolting its windows and ponderous doors when I was out again to finish exploring the great Mosque.

In the middle, enclosed within lofty walls and with lofty vaulting overhead, is the "coro," with "capilla mayor," carved stalls, &c. Everyone makes the same remark: these cathedral fittings would be admirable elsewhere, but here they seem sadly out of place. "You have built here what you might have built anywhere else: to do so you have spoilt what was unique in the world." Such was the petulant remark of the emperor Charles V. when the chapter showed him what was done under his own sign-manual, obtained while he was fighting battles far away, and thinking very little about Córdoba and its Mosque.

Still, let not æsthetic indignation go too far—for was it not the conversion of this Mosque to Christian uses that saved it from demolition, and is it not this "coro" which keeps it a cathedral, and thereby secures for the entire precincts the magic preservation in which we find them to-day.\*

The interior walls of the Mosque are fringed with chapels,

\* Even at this early hour there were ladies praying, attended by their *duenas* and attired all in black, as at Seville.

most of them mortuary. A king lay in one, a cardinal lies in another. Garcilasso de la Vega, he who accompanied Pulgar in the dashing night ride through Granáda, and killed the defiant Moor next day, lies in a third. He lived to be a distinguished diplomatist, but "most of the chapels are dedicated to the burial of those who succumbed in the struggle with the Moors," as Contréras remarks: and he mentions one Moorish champion, Osmín, "who sent more than one hero to the sombre vaults of this cathedral." If Osmín could rise from his forgotten grave, what better memorial could he desire than this honour paid to their memory.

But not all the graves are of warriors grim—the epitaph on one runs thus:

AQUI YACE  
EN  
POLVO, CENIZA  
Y  
NADA  
D<sup>A</sup> YNEZ HENRIQUEZ VALDES

This Lady Ynéz was probably in her day one of those proud Andalusian beauties on whose every line and movement nature stamps her happiest grace, for a few fleeting years: and now the epitaph is too undeniably true: here she lies "in dust, ashes, and nothingness!"

Wandering away again amidst the Moorish naves and aisles, if you ask their exact number, you are met by the strange fact, that no two persons seem agreed about it. The discrepancy ranges widely, from eight hundred and odd, to fourteen hundred and fifty! To me even the lesser estimate would seem quite beyond the possible limits of truth, considering the exact number of aisles and naves, &c. Any smart young man could settle the controversy in a few hours, if he got a little help: but here the wide doubt seems to trouble no one, and perhaps the elasticity of figures is not without its mysterious enjoyment.

The Moors used to say that amongst these columns are three red ones, on which are engraved, "by the hand of nature," things wonderful to behold, viz.: on one, the crow of Noah! . . . on another, the rod of Moses and the sleepers of the cave! . . . on the third, the name of Mohammed himself! . . . Polished agate will represent almost anything, at least to people of lively imagination; and in that sense I do not disbelieve the old Moors; all I



can say is, that I did not see those columns. But I did see one, near the middle of the north-western portion of the Mosque, on which is engraved a crucifixion, roughly but distinctly and deeply : and the legend is that a Christian was chained to this column for a long number of years, like Bonnivard at Chillon, and that this crucifixion was engraved by him *with his finger-nails* !!!

On the left side of the principal nave, in this oldest and most important portion of the Mosque, is the "Macsoorah," corresponding almost with the Christian "coro;" for here the Caliph and his doctors used to take their places apart from the multitude, in face of the gorgeous Kiblah. It looks as if taken bodily from the Alhambra, with its traceried filigree of stucco, its azulejo tiles, and its precious marbles : and sculptured lions, here as there, again attest that the Spanish Arabs were not as particular in their avoidance of animal forms as is generally supposed.

In this principal nave Almanzór suspended the bells of Compostella, and here they swung reversed, to do duty as lamps, amidst chandeliers of silver, and gold, and burnished brass.

It struck me this nave is in line with the minaret, and there, too, bells were introduced, to summon the faithful to prayer after the manner of the Christians ! But the tradition is, that the faithful never ceased lamenting till the chimes were removed ; and then the hearts of true believers were made glad, when the muezzin's call again "reverberated through the stillness of the night." It is only three days since an American, fresh from Tetuan, described to me this muezzin's call as a "hideous howl:" but no doubt it was better intoned here in the days of the Caliphs, and fell on more sympathetic ears.

But let us away from this enchanted place, or I shall go on for ever. Once out in the glare of day, one's steps turn towards the old bridge that crosses the river, just outside the city walls. Built by the old Romans, rebuilt by the Moors eleven centuries ago, it consists of about fourteen arches, and is still in perfect order. It leads to the village where the gipsies dwell, and where the real Carmen lived : and by it you can explore the walls of every date that encircle this ancient town. But alas ! such exploring is not for me . . . O the dust, ankle deep, incredibly fine, and dazzling bright, which carpets the bridge and all about it to-day, and brings my ramble to a sudden halt. It and it alone, is the cause why I have nothing more to say . . . For, seeing it, I thought of how it would rise with the least breeze . . . and, thinking of this, I paused . . . and retreated . . . Good-bye !

## TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

*(Book IV. Ode 7.)*

BY SIR STEPHEN E. DE VEEB, BART.

**T**HE quickening year dissolves the snow,  
 And grasses spring, and blossoms blow  
 Through greener plains: the stream once more  
 Glides lessening by the silent shore:  
 Again th' awakening forests wear  
 Their pendent wealth of wreathed hair;  
 While nymphs and graces, disarrayed,  
 Dance fearless in the mottled shade.  
 The circling year, the fleeting day,  
 Are types of nature's law, and say  
 That to frail earth the fates deny  
 The gift of immortality.  
 All, all is change. 'Neath spring's warm sighs  
 Hoar-headed winter wakes, and dies:  
 Summer succeeds to vernal showers:  
 Autumn comes next with fruits and flowers:  
 Then winter lays his icy hand  
 Once more upon the sleeping land.  
 Through Heaven's blue depths swift-sailing moon  
 Repair the loss of vanished suns:—  
 But when we reach the fated shore  
 Which kings and heroes trod before,  
 What are we? clay to dust returned,  
 A shade, forgotten and unmourned.  
 We live to-day: to-morrow's light  
 May not be ours: then live aright;  
 With generous heart thy riches share,  
 And disappoint the grasping heir.  
 When Minos throned in Stygian gloom,  
 Relentless judge, shall speak thy doom,  
 Torquatus, thee nor proud descent,  
 Nor wit, nor wisdom eloquent,  
 Nor piety itself, shall save  
 From the dark silence of the grave.  
 In vain the huntress queen implored  
 Hades' inexorable lord  
     To free her chaste Hippolytus:  
 The might of Theseus strove in vain  
 To sunder the Lethæan chain  
     Which bound his loved Pirithous.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS IN THE OLD NATION.

### PART II.

‘P.’—Yes, there are great materials for a gallery of National Portraits in Ireland, which we hope to see made available by-and-by. To any student who has leisure and money they may be seen in the galleries of the castles and manor-houses, with which their memories are associated. In one summer we saw portraits of Black Stratford (the ablest Englishman that ever came into Ireland), and the “great Earl of Ormond,” hanging side by side in the gallery of Kilkenny Castle; and, close to them, the mild face of Bishop Butler, author of the popular Catholic Catechism, who was of the Ormond family; portraits of Boyle, the philosopher, in his birthplace, at Lismore Castle (now a portion of the overgrown property of the Duke of Devonshire; of Mrs. Tighe, the authoress of “Psyche,” at Woodstock; of Sir Walter Raleigh, in Youghal (where his house is still preserved); of Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnell, “the Catholic Lord Lieutenant” (as he was called), in Malahide Castle—and many more. A friend of ours in Cork possessed a portrait of the great Aodh O’Neil, and the family of another a portrait of Luke Wadding, the Irish friar, who would not quit his order to be a Cardinal.

We have received a circular from some person in Manchester, accompanied by a pamphlet on the subject of “Friendly International Addresses,” with a view to discountenance war, and substitute “National Arbitration.” We have been thinking how it would work—as thus:—Abd-el-Kader, sends a “friendly address” to Louis Philippe, suggesting that their mutual differences shall be settled by arbitration: suppose the improbable case of that proposal being accepted—the still more improbable case of an arbitrator being found who will deal justly between the powerful and the weak; and suppose the award made—that all French troops are to be withdrawn from Algeria, and that the French shall pay to the free nations of Africa certain large sums of money as compensation for having harassed them by so many years of unjust war. Here is the award: who will see it executed. Will the arbitrator draw his sword, to compel acquiescence, making three parties to the war instead of two? Or will the love of justice, or fear of Almighty vengeance, enforce it? Conceive the government of British India, when it has already prepared to pounce upon the Punjab, being arrested by a “friendly address” and offers of arbi-

tration?—by a sense of justice, or the fear of God or man! No, friends! Arbitration can have no place in *criminal* proceedings. National crimes cannot be compromised, like a defalcation in the Manchester District Bank. Heaven exacts vengeance for them, oftenest by the patriot sword: and your attempt to discredit that method of redress is a conspiracy to bring the tribunals of Providence into contempt, and high blasphemy against the Lord of Hosts. Your pamphlet says much of the criminality of war. Now, we have always believed—we shall die in the belief that the Athenians *did not commit a crime at Marathon*—that it is a deadly crime *not* to draw the sword against invasion or against oppression—that the anniversaries of certain battles that adorn history are, indeed, sacred *fasti* of the world—and that the steam of death arising from the field where some robber army has found a bloody grave, ascends a grateful incense to the nostrils of heaven. Our Manchester friends now know a little of our mind, however strange it may sound to them in piping times. The circular concludes with this postscript:—“Would occasional communication on the subject of peace be acceptable?” No, except upon the terms on which Mr. Holloway advertises *his* universal remedy.

The *Daily News* correspondent gives the following piece of intelligence connected with Ciceroacchio, the celebrated Roman tribune.

Ciceroacchio has this morning placarded the town with the following singular document:—

“Protestation.—I, Angelo Brunetti, better known as Ciceroacchio, find it necessary to announce that I have no connection with place-beggars, and cannot procure situations for needy persons. I am a simple man, earning my bread for my family by honest industry. I do not frequent ante-chambers or the halls of great people. It is made known to me that people are going about collecting money, by way of tribute to me, as a man who ought to be supported at the public expense. These men are impostors, and traffic on public credulity. My only wish is to do my duty as a citizen, and to forward the interests of the dwellers in the noblest land the sun ever shone on—the land of Pio Nono.”

“L. L.’s” speculations on the causes that prevented an Irish historian arising seem in general false or superfluous. There was no national spirit adequate to beget and sustain one—that is cause enough. Even at this hour it is doubtful if a historian would be understood or honoured in Ireland as he ought to be. Fortune could send us no higher gift than an Irish Catholic Prescott, or Thierry to tell our story to all time; yet if he came it seems doubtful whether he would not rank in popular estimation some million times below his natural position. An impediment that operates wider than speculation can follow it—for reputation is one of the wings on which the literary labourer soars to new flights.

"J."—Grattan was a Whig, but an Irish Whig, not an English or imperialist one, Irish in heart, and soul, purpose, and ambition. "If the Irish constitution is incompatible with the British empire—perish the empire, live the constitution; my *second* wish is the British empire, my *first* wish and *bounden duty* is the liberty of Ireland." To class such a man with the Whigs of the present day would be like confounding the Roman Senate that defied the Gauls with the soulless creatures who registered the decrees of Augustus and Tiberius. What was really pernicious in Grattan's Whigism was a distrust of the people, and a too great clinging to constitutional abstractions. Contrast Wolfe Tone's superior clear-sightedness, as to the root and cure of the malady of Ireland. Grattan ought to have sooner discovered the uselessness of his splendid eloquence—never was there sadder sight than to see such living fire, night after night, falling dead upon an impassive mass of corruption and stupidity—without the formidable strength of that "rout" from which he shrank so nervously. But his darling revolution of '82 had been carried by gentlemen, and he could never get himself heartily to associate with any other body; yet, in spite of errors like these—all honour and reverence to him—our greatest, save one or two. Read and re-read those speeches of his on the Union. Inspired prophecy could hardly be more accurate than his predictions, down to the very details of the ignominious time that was to follow. And everywhere he teems with suggestions, with grand enunciations of principles true in all times and countries, but beyond price at present and to us.

"Gorey."—Your "Wexford characteristics" do not contain one new thought or new fact. You write in a country full of traditionary romance, of hair-breadth 'scape, of mournful tragedy, where every hill top has its Croppy's grave, and every valley a reeking memory of burning and butchery, and your composition is devoid of a single incident, of one bold thought, or terse expression striking on the heart. It has a wordy enthusiasm, which, without facts or ideas, may be classed under the denomination *Rhodomontade*. We beg of you to forget the attempt, and begin afresh. Learn the stories of the maidens who fell into the Hessians' grasp—of the fathers half-hanged or picketed over their own hearth-stones—of the children butchered before their mothers' eyes—of the homesteads shooting in forked lightnings to the sky: learn these, think on them well, and then try to write.

A Monaghan correspondent complains that "The Cross" in the Diamond of that town has been removed and taken asunder, and regularly delapidated, steps, stocks, and all, by the order of the county surveyor. Our friend need nowise fret. The Rossmores (that is the English of that ilk) displayed their exquisite taste and antiquarian love by destroying the ancient stone cross of Monaghan about thirty

or forty years ago, and further exhibited their architectural superiority to the men of Ross, who preceded them, by sticking up on the hallowed site a horrible block of shapeless limestone, with four iron lamp-holes, steps innumerable, and a stone seat for punishment. We thank the county surveyor for removing this monster "cross." Let it go the way of all stone and be built into a pigsty. We had rather fancy a memory than witness a monumental insult. Where that old cross stood, when the rushes grew round it, Sir William Fitzwilliam hanged the Mac Mahon.

[NOTE.—Remembering that Sir C. Gavan Duffy was born in Monaghan, may we venture to assign this "Answer" to him?]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION.

*London, Chelsea, 26th Jan., 1848.*

MR. EDITOR.—Will you be so kind as to say in your column to correspondents where I could find a true account of William and Garrett Byrne, of Ballymanus, of '98 memory? Neither Hay nor Teeling give any account, and T. C. Croker, in his life of Holt, tells wilful lies of the whole family of Clan Ranelagh. Dr. Madden has but little on the subject. I cannot get Cox's, nor the *Hibernian Magazine* to purchase in London, neither are they in the British Museum.

Hoping that you will not consider this too much of an intrusion,

I remain, your obedient servant. E. O'B.

We never met any full or satisfactory written account of the Byrnes; but you would scarce meet a man from Arklow to Ashford but could tell you a score of legends of them. They are better known to the people than Tone or Lord Edward. We wish some Wicklow friend would collect these floating traditions, and send them to us. If not, when the summer comes back it will be a pleasant holiday task for some tourist from Dolier-street.

"A Member of the Swift Club."—The Balbriggan hosiery, like many another invention, was born of that prolific mother of improvements, Necessity. When the silk trade was lost to Dublin, the weavers, to fit cotton thread to their silk looms, made it of the fineness which has rendered that article so famous.

"A Corcagensian."—Barry the painter is buried, not in Westminster Abbey, but in the crypt of St. Paul's. His tombstone is bedded in the floor, near those that cover the mortal parts of Reynolds, Lawrence, Opie, and other eminent artists; it bears this simple inscription:—

The Great Historical Painter,

JAMES BARRY,

Died February 22nd, 1806.

*Ætat 60.*

Father O'Leary is buried in the Catholic chapel, Sutton-street, Soho-square; the epitaph on his slab there is given in his life by the Rev. Thomas England, a piece of most excellent biography.

"A Student" asks for reliable information about the Irish abroad. In almost every foreign statesman's life, or foreign history, for the last two centuries, you will find something of them. But in Betham's "Memoir of the O'Donnells," the sketches of Count O'Reilly and Count O'Ruark, the *Hibernian Magazine*, and O'Connor's Military History, you will find many strange and pleasant achievements of that noble Celtic race, who gave to Continental Europe, in the 17th and 18th centuries, so many eminent statesmen and generals.

"An Ecclesiologist."—The best account of the Irish Colleges founded abroad is in Ware's works, vol. 2, under the head of "Antiquities." Sir James, in introducing it, regrets that the occasion of a war with France had broken up his correspondence with "all parts of Europe," and consequently prevented his being as particular in that account as he had desired. He has, however, very considerable information touching those of Lorraine, Lisle, Douay, Bordeaux, Prague, Paris, and Rome. These are all of modern date, the oldest of them being instituted no farther back than 1597. But the earlier Irish schools, founded for the instruction not of our ancestors, but of the continental people, date from the sixth and seventh centuries, as Luxenil, Fontanes, Bobio, St. Gall, &c. For information concerning the latter "An Ecclesiologist" is referred to Lanigan's "Ecclesiastical History," and O'Connor's "Scriptores" as the most accessible authorities, and to Colgan's "Acta" and the Bollandists for details.

[Some specimens of the correspondent's letters must be given; they were often striking and characteristic of the era.]

We should not be surprised if this gentleman aspires already to be the future Ulster King-at-Arms, or Cork Herald at the least. He shall have our vote:—

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NATION."

SIR—The choice of a flag is not a light matter. You know what our poet wrote:—

"A nation's flag! a nation's flag!  
It is a sacred thing."

Our nation's flag is a sacred thing, and should be protected as much from innovation as from insult. I therefore respectfully advise that we have neither tricolour nor bicolour, but stick to the good old green, with the blazon of the harp and halo—the flag with which "*our* fathers have gone round the world."

And for the following reasons:—

First—Green is the hereditary colour of the oldest race in Ireland—the Celtic. It is the common banner of all the Oriental family, the

Persian, Circassian, and native Indian flag. With the greatest respect for the Orangemen, they are not half a nation, nor a third of a nation; and the badge of a Dutch soldier of fortune, sprung from the obscure village of Orange, has no right on earth to be patched with the old distinctive standard of one of the ancientest islands on the globe. Let them keep it as a badge if they like, but they must not ask us to make it a banner.

As to having a tricolour, just because the French have it, I think that's no reason. I would as soon eat frogs or garlic, wear wooden shoes and Norman head-dresses, because the French choose to do so.

I wonder at a man of Mr. Meagher's fine taste and historical reading to propose such a thing as an Irish tricolour. The old green is typical of immortality. The harp, its proper blazon, is an evidence of civilisation and refinement (mingling as it does the two ideas of music and poetry), with which we must never part. It is the symbol of the intellectual empire our fathers have founded, and which has been not unworthily maintained by Young Ireland. Over the harp put your halo—your sunburst—and you have one of the chastest and noblest standards that ever flew between heaven and earth. Try it, and judge if I am not right.

If you choose you may add the wolf dogs couchant under the harp. They represent strength, courage, swiftness, and fidelity. If the field of the standard be not very large, however, the fewer devices you put upon the banner the better. A nation's flag should be simple, and full of dignity as the life of a hero.

I could write a volume on this subject, all in support of my own theory (as every author should), but, perhaps, I have said enough for the present.

I remain, yours very truly,

W.

Are we the guardians of "the Queen's English," that this complaint should be sent to us:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION.

*Dublin, May 22nd, 1846.*

SIR—I am a plain farmer of Meath, whom business occasionally brings into this city. I was educated at a school in Kells, kept there many years ago by a most respectable man, now no more, who had been bred up to a profession, but failing in the necessary fees, was obliged to betake himself to the ferula. He had the name of making excellent classical and English scholars, and I was considered, though I say it, one of his most finished productions in the latter department. Indeed my reputation in this way became rather troublesome to me, as I was always chosen spokesman for the deputations to the landlord, or the Liberator, which my neighbours used take it into their



heads to send. I have been complimented for accuracy of speech at several sittings of the quarter sessions, and have had more than once to arbitrate between the contending critics in our place on abstruse points of prosody. But, sir, I find now, by my experience in this metropolis, that the English I spoke was altogether obsolete—that, in fact, a new language, like a new coercion bill, had come over from London, and that all who were caught roaming in the twilight style of Swift and Goldsmith, and unable to give satisfactory accounts of their schemes, were to be punished accordingly. Thus, on going into a shop in Sackville-street yesterday, one of the attendants called to his fellow to wait “on this gent.”—meaning me—and when I got as far as the Four Courts, where I thought that Lindley Murray, at least, might get justice (if he was not accused of something seditious), I found sundry eminent counsellors addressing the bench as “My Luds;” and when I murmured my disapprobation to a friend who was with me, the crier of the court indignantly shouted, “awdaw! awdaw!”

Now, sir, I want to know from you whether there really has sprung up a non-English language, from which r's and h's and whole syllables formerly in vogue, are to be separated? I am sadly at a loss to judge between the standard set up by my old master (Lord rest his soul!) and your city merchants and men of law. I will consider it a least favour if you can set me right in this perplexity, and will remain,

Yours, &c.,

A MEATH FARMER.

P.S.—When I was a bachelor, we used to go courting among the girls—there are no girls now; they are succeeded by “guls” and “gals.”

[The subjoined letter was probably from some of the noted Young Irelanders, as it quizzes the Editor audaciously on projects announced in the *Nation*, from time to time, but never accomplished.]

We have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. P. Patchwork, but he dreams like a Pharaoh or Daniel O'Rourke:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

*Noville, Feb. 6, 1848.*

“Was it a dream?”

ESTIMABLE SIR—Yesterday, as I sat in the twilight of my study, not wishing to bring in the candles till the day was quite gone, I had a revelation which I hasten to communicate to you.

My book-case, I thought, suddenly expanded, and crept round the four walls of the room, where formerly it had occupied but one. A gradual and romantic light seemed to kindle in the room, by the help of which I soon perceived that it was in the Irish department my library had so greatly increased. Looking more closely I perceived

that on the backs of several new-looking volumes were these characters: *Bolg-an-Dana* (a budget of Irish Verse), by Clarence Mangan; Ferguson's Ballads and Songs; M'Carthy's Poems; MacDermott's Poems; De Jean's Poems; two volumes marked "Speranza;" a "New Spirit of THE NATION;" and a volume of Dramatic Scenes from Irish History. I also perceived some strangers in prose, which I found to be Barry's "Rising of '98;" "Chronicles of the Pale;" "History of the Irish Brigade;" and, to my great satisfaction, "The Rising of 1641," by Charles Gavan Duffy. Near this admirable work were, "An Industrial History of Ireland," and "A Literary History of Ireland," by T. D. M'Gee.

As I was coasting along this delightful land, I came to a large, solid-looking volume, well bound in green, and ornamented with national emblems. On examination I found that this was "A National History of Ireland," by "The Writers of THE NATION,"—that it was written for the use of Scholars out of School. I was so overjoyed at this discovery that I leapt from my chair, clapping my hands, and in my antics upset the old woman who, unperceived by me, had just come in with the candles. My only excuse for this mishap was that I had been dreaming.

Yours, estimable sir, very truly,

PEREGRINE PATCHWORK.

[We can only venture on a few mild specimens from the combustible volume for 1848:]

The *Examiner*, in an article abounding in bad manners and bad arguments, sneers at its own supposition that Ireland desires foreign help to combat England, and pities the nation that cannot help itself. Why, what a piece of ignorant bravado is this! Did England help herself? Was it not a foreign army that set every new dynasty from William the Conqueror to William of Nassau, on the throne? Even one faction of Englishmen could not combat another without calling in Scotland, France, or Holland to help them. The *Examiner's* pity may be well bestowed at home.

"A Meath Farmer" tells us that it is widely believed in his country side, on the strength of a supposed prophecy of Columbkille, that the independence of Ireland cannot be won till the year 1849. Ah! friend, trust us, it was not the good Saint of Iona, but Clarendon, of Cork-Hill, who uttered this prediction. He has imported an LL.D. from London for the purpose of manufacturing little popgun pellets against Repeal, and this is one of them—a weak invention of the enemy. Our friend tells us of a further prophecy, falsely attributed to the patriot saint, that war must needs begin in March, for "if we sow in peace, we will reap in peace." This is a false reading, and a spurious edition; our copy says, "sow in peace, and reap in peace, but fight like fury before you allow a stook of the harvest to be plundered by the black stranger."

The English papers are already giving way before the first prospect of union among Irishmen. The *Times* thinks Repeal a "debateable subject;" the *Daily News* thinks "this is not a time to make Ireland the one great exception to the rest of Europe and the world;" the *Sun* is pathetically remonstrative; the *Morning Chronicle*, continuing the crusade of calumny against the Catholic priesthood, says "if they join with the people, the English government in Ireland is ended." This is the worst slander of all. Why should not the Catholic clergy oppose imperialism? Does it enrich them? Does it respect them? Does it diminish poverty, heal sickness, or protect their people? Of all men in Ireland they are naturally the most opposed to the Castle, and the most wedded to national independence. The *Chronicle's* first condition is fulfilled, they are with the people, so will victory be.

A correspondent suggests that a special edition of the popular English book on dietics, entitled "What to Eat, and Drink, and Avoid," should be prepared for the Irish peasantry by ministerial authority, laying down as things to be eaten and drunk, Indian corn, diseased potatoes, and water, and putting in the catalogue of things to be avoided, beef, mutton, bacon, wheaten bread, milk, malt, and other unwholesome and stimulating viviers.

Our Paris correspondent sends this account of the new Provisional Government:—

The first notion was, that the commotion had thrown its sediments upwards. But this is a total mistake. The new men are men fit to govern. Dupont de l'Eure is the Robert Holmes of France—Lamar-tine Thomas Davis grown old—Arago, your Sir William Hamilton, or say Sir Robert Kane, as a more familiar example—Armand Marrast, John Dillon, grave, profound, practical, with purpose like a subterranean fire, burning without intermission and without flame; Ledru Rollin resembles Smith O'Brien; he has the same uprightness, frankness, and unconquerable tenacity; and in a contest with Louis Philippe's government exhibited the very qualities of fortitude and contempt for personal consequences that brought O'Brien into the custody of the English House of Commons. As for Albert (*ouvrier*) you will expect me to name some clever artisan on your Confederate Council, or among the Dublin trades; but the *ouvrier* is a workman only in masquerade. He is, I believe, a small capitalist and a manufacturer, and calls himself a workman by no other right than sympathy with the class from whom his fortune came. I should have preferred a real *ouvrier* for the sake of fraternity.

Hippolyte Carnot is the son of *the* Carnot. He is the leader of the education party, an active, benevolent man—a somewhat wiser Wyse than your late member for Waterford. How priceless would his great father, the Carnot of the first Revolution, be at this hour? The profound wisdom, the depth, the foresight, the systematised industry,

and the prodigious resources of that man, have no parallel among the men of our day.

He also sends us a description of the military students of Paris, which ought to be an example and stimulus to the students of the same race in Dublin :—

"I wish you could see the brave students of the Military Schools of the Ecole Polytechnique, of Saint Cyr. Noble-looking young men—with all the *abandon* of youth; haughty, yet modest and polite—who love their country as they love the mothers who bore them. In the tumultuous agitation of Paris after the night of the 23rd and 24th, it was they who were the apostles of order and peace. It was one of their number who, snatching a crucifix from the hands of an infuriated workman as he was about to break it across his knee—held it up to the gaze of the crowd around him, exclaiming—'People! respect your Master—respect the Master of us all!' But indeed the praise due to such nobleness of soul must be shared with the people themselves; in every crowd where angry passion manifested itself there was always some blouse-clad hero to rise up and quell, by sovereign reason, the rising storm. One sublime answer is recorded. A post had been carried, after a long and bloody resistance on the part of the soldiers who held it. Some of the victors were for avenging their friends who had fallen, and at once levelling their pieces on the prisoners; but a more Christian sentiment prevailed. 'They have killed my brother!'—cried one man, bringing the musket to his shoulder—'And whom could you kill,' said another—'who is not your brother also?'"

[NOTE.—Some misprints were left uncorrected in the first part of these "Answers" In page 262 "there are no pillars on the stones of Clontarf" read "shores." In line 14 of page 294, for "prepared" read "proposed."—ED. I. M.]

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## A PROMISE.

BY HELENA CALLANAN,

AUTHOR OF "GATHERED LEAFLETS."

THE robin pipes o'er baby's rest  
 His song in the elm-tree old;  
 Baby smiled on his mother's breast  
 When autumn turned the leaves to gold.  
 But when the snowdrifts virgin-white  
 Were lying thick on hill and plain,  
 At Mary's feet with angels bright,  
 Baby carolled his Christmas strain.

Keen blew the bleak December wind  
 The day our nurseling's grave was made,  
 Not e'en a leafy wreath was twined,  
 Or blossom on his coffin laid;  
 The tiny grave looked cold and dry,  
 We, with the trouble, and the prayer  
 To still our heart's impatient cry,  
 Forgot to place a flower-gift there.

But, darling, when the woods are green  
 And summer visits all the bowers,  
 When balmy breath and fervid sheen  
 With kisses wake the sleeping flowers,  
 I'll bring the roses white and red,  
 And wild flowers culled from field and lea,  
 To watch o'er thy green cradle-bed,  
 And weep their dewy tears for thee.

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## OUR POETS.

No. 13.—ARTHUR GERALD GEOGHEGAN.

**B**OTH the general and the special title of this article will puzzle at first sight the most attentive of our readers. He will wonder how he has lost all recollection of a series of papers of which the present purports to be the thirteenth.

But in reality this numbering of the series is only an after-thought acted upon now for the first time. Not minding reviews of some poetical volumes, we may count the series from our fifth volume (for the year 1877) in which special essays were devoted to Aubrey de Vere, Adelaide Procter, Thomas Irwin, and Francis Davis, and four papers to Richard Dalton Williams. Our sixth volume devoted a second paper to Thomas Irwin, five to Ellen Downing, and one to Robert Dwyer Joyce. The other poets introduced formally to our readers are Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., in our eighth volume, Professor Edward Dowden in the ninth, Father Ryder of the Oratory in our tenth volume, and, finally, in last year's volume Sir Samuel Ferguson, who, however, fell into the hands of a far more competent critic than the other poets whom we are now grouping into a series.

A slight inspection of these twelve names that already occupy niches in the gallery of "Our Poets" shows that the chosen ones possess one or both of two qualifications—they are Irish or Catholic.

Many who are neither might we study together in the same way, dear reader, with pleasure and profit; but no one can blame a magazine like ours for calling attention first of all to the poets who from one cause or another are the least likely to receive elsewhere their due measure of appreciation.

Mr. Geoghegan's name will be unfamiliar to many who are well acquainted with Irish literature such as it is since the time of Thomas Davis; but these would recognise him as "the author of *The Monks of Kilcrea*." It is a pity that he has persistently shrouded himself in such utter anonymity, not even choosing a pronounceable signature but appending to his poems three asterisks or stars. This has certainly interfered with the personal interest with which sympathetic readers might have followed his literary career. Why not let all the little glory or credit of a man's work cluster from the first round his plain Christian name and surname given in full?—if only one of each, so much the better. So it was with William Shakspeare, John Milton, and Alexander Pope.

Arthur Geoghegan was born in Dublin at a date which we cannot fix more definitely than by saying that it was far enough back in the past to allow him to contribute to the *Dublin University Magazine* in its best days, and yet near enough to the present to allow his muse to bestow largess on THE IRISH MONTHLY. His "Scraps from Irish History" appeared in the *Dublin Penny Journal*; the "Student of Louvain;" "Grana Uaile and Elizabeth" (which Denis Florence Mac Carthy calls "a picturesque and pleasing poem") and "Mountain Musings" in the *Dublin University Magazine*; and in *The Nation* "The Irish Hill Fern" and the "High Race of O'Neill." We have before us at this moment in a large volume, published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy of London, the third edition of "The Monks of Kilcrea and other Ballads and Poems"—which unhappily is out of print. Many of Mr. Geoghegan's poems have been published in a French translation by the Chevalier de Chatelain.

Our first specimen of this genuine Irish poet shall be a poem not included in this the fullest collection ever published by Mr. Geoghegan. It appeared first in *The Nation*, but we copy it from Denis Florence Mac Carthy's "Book of Irish Ballads."

Oh, the Fern! the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—  
That girds our blue lakes from Lough Ine to Lough Erne,  
That waves on our crags, like the plume of a king,  
And bends, like a nun, over clear well and spring!  
The fairy's tall palm tree! the heath bird's fresh nest,  
And the couch the red deer deems the sweetest and best,  
With the free winds to fan it, and dew-drops to gem,—  
Oh, what can ye match with its beautiful stem?

From the shrine of Saint Finbar, by lone Avonbuie,  
 To the halls of Dunluce, with its towers by the sea,  
 From the hill of Knockthu to the rath of Moyvore,  
 Like a chaplet it circles our green island o'er,—  
 In the bawn of the chief, by the anchorite's cell,  
 On the hill-top, or greenwood, by streamlet or well,  
 With a spell on each leaf, which no mortal can learn,\*—  
 Oh, there never was plant like the Irish hill Fern!

Oh, the Fern! the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—  
 That shelters the weary, or wild roe, or kern.  
 Thro' the glens' of Kilcoe rose a shout on the gale,  
 As the Saxons rushed forth, in their wrath, from the Pale,  
 With bandog and blood-hound, all savage to see,  
 To hunt through Olunealla the wild Rapparee!  
 Hark! a cry from yon dell on the startled ear rings  
 And forth from the wood the young fugitive springs,  
 Thro' the copse, o'er the bog, and, oh, saints be his guide!  
 His fleet step now falters—there's blood on his side!  
 Yet onward he strains, climbs the cliff, fords the stream,  
 And sinks on the hill-top, 'mid bracken leaves green,  
 And thick o'er his brow are their fresh clusters piled,  
 And they cover his form, as a mother her child;  
 And the Saxon is baffled!—they never discern  
 Where it shelters and saves him—the Irish hill Fern!

Oh, the Fern! the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—  
 That pours a wild keen o'er the hero's grey cairn;  
 Go, hear it at midnight, when stars are all out,  
 And the wind o'er the hill-side is moaning about,  
 With a rustle and stir, and a low wailing tone  
 That thrills thro' the heart with its whispering lone;  
 And ponder its meaning, when haply you stray  
 Where the halls of the stranger in ruin decay.  
 With night owls for warders, the goshawk for guest,  
 And their dais of honour by cattle-hoofs prest—  
 With its fosse choked with rushes, and spider-webs flung  
 Over walls where the marchmen their red weapons hung,  
 With a curse on their name, and a sigh for the hour  
 That tarries so long—look! what waves on the tower?  
 With an omen and sign, and an augury stern,  
 'Tis the *Green Flag of Time*!—'tis the Irish hill Fern!

In studying Mr. Geoghegan's poetry we have been much struck with the loving familiarity which he shows with all sorts of out-of-the-way places in Ireland, not in one county or even one province, but everywhere from Dunluce to Dunboy, from Lough Ine to Lough Erne.

\* The fortunate discoverer of the fern seed is supposed to obtain the power of rendering himself invisible at pleasure.

This is displayed especially in his very spirited historical ballads which it is harder to introduce here to our readers, for the best of them are of considerable length. For instance the Battle of Tyrrell's Pass, which was fought in 1597, is sung in twenty-seven quatrains of full ballad measure. The prose account prefixed makes one follow the stirring incidents with more pleasure; but it cannot be given here. This is the opening of the story :

The Baron bold of Trimbleston hath gone in proud array  
To drive afar from fair Westmeath the Irish kerns away,  
And there is mounting brisk of steeds and donning shirts of mail,  
And spurring hard to Mullingar 'mong riders of the Pale.

For, flocking round his banner there, from east to west there came  
Full many knights and gentlemen of English blood and name,  
All prompt to hate the Irish race, all spoilers of the land,  
And mustered soon a thousand spears that Baron in his band.

For trooping in rode Nettervilles and D'Altons not a few,  
And thick as reeds pranced Nugent's spears, a fierce and godless crew ;  
And Nagle's pennon flutters fair, and, pricking o'er the plain,  
Dashed Tufts of Sanna's mail-clad men, and Dillon's from Glen Shane.

A goodly feast the Baron gave in Nagle's ancient hall,  
And to his board he summons there his chiefs and captains all ;  
And round the red wine circles fast, with noisy boast and brag  
How they would hunt the Irish kerns like any Oratloe stag.

The hero of this ballad is called in the prose note Richard Tyrrell; young Barnewell in the ballad itself calls him Wat Tyrrell. Is this a slip of the poet? This Captain Tyrrell was employed by the great Irish leader, Hugh O'Neill, with a band of 400 chosen men to prevent the Anglo-Irish under Lord Trimbleston from joining the Lord Deputy. At the banquet just described, Trimbleston announces his purpose of destroying Tyrrell and his little band encamped in the glen of Fertullah.

Then rose a shout throughout the hall, that made the rafters ring,  
And stir'd o'er head the banners there, like aspen leaves in spring ;  
And vows were made, and wine-cups quaff, with proud and bitter scorn,  
To hunt to death Fertullah's clans upon the coming morn.

These tidings unto Tyrrell came upon that self-same day,  
Where camp'd amid the hazel boughs, he at Lough Ennel lay.  
" And they will hunt us so," he cried—" why, let them if they will ;  
But first we'll teach them greenwood craft, to catch us, ere they kill."

Next morn, while yet the white mists lay, all brooding on the hill,  
Bold Tyrrell to his comrade spake, a friend in every ill—  
" O'Conor, take ye ten score men, and speed ye to the dell,  
Where winds the path to Kinnegad—you know that *together* well."



"And couch ye close amid the heath, and blades of waving fern,  
So glint of steel, or glimpse of man, no Saxon may discern,  
Until ye hear my bugle blown, and up, O'Conor, then,  
And bid the drums strike Tyrrell's March, and charge ye with your men."

"Now, by his soul who sleeps at Cong," O'Conor proud replied,  
"It grieves me sore before those dogs to have my head to hide;  
But lest, perchance, in scorn they might go brag it thro' the Pale,  
I'll do my best that few shall live to carry round the tale."

The mist roll'd off, and "Gallants up!" young Barnewell loudly cries,  
"By Bective's shrine, from off the hill, the rebel traitor flies;  
Now mount ye all, fair gentlemen—lay bridle loose on mane,  
And spur your steeds with rowels sharp—we'll catch him on the plain."

Then bounded to their saddles quick a thousand eager men,  
And on they rushed in hot pursuit to Darra's wooded glen.  
But gallants bold, tho' fair ye ride, here slacken speed ye may—  
The chase is o'er!—the hunt is up!—the quarry stands at bay!

For, halted on a gentle slope, bold Tyrrell placed his band,  
And proudly stept he to the front, his banner in his hand,  
And plung'd it deep within the earth, all plainly in their view,  
And waved aloft his trusty sword, and loud his bugle blew.

Saint Colman! 'twas a fearful sight, while drum and trumpet played,  
To see the bound from out the brake that fierce O'Conor made,  
As waving high his sword in air he smote the flaunting crest  
Of proud Sir Hugh De Geneville, and clove him to the chest!

"On, comrades, on!" young Barnewell cries, "and spur ye to the plain,  
Where we may best our lances use!" That counsel is in vain,  
For down swept Tyrrell's gallant band, with shout and wild halloo,  
And a hundred steeds are masterless since first his bugle blew!

From front to flank the Irish charge in battle order all,  
While pent like sheep in shepherd's fold the Saxon riders fall;  
Their lances long are little use, their numbers block the way,  
And mad with pain their plunging steeds add terror to the fray!

And of the haughty host that rode that morning through the dell  
But one has 'scaped with life and limb his comrades' fate to tell;  
The rest all in their harness died, amid the thickets there,  
Yet fighting to the latest gasp, like foxes in a snare!

Though we have omitted a great many very spirited stanzas which add to the completeness of the story, our extracts have extended so far that we can give no samples of one of Mr. Geoghegan's most picturesque poems, "The Student of Louvain," which is placed last of all in the volume, not without some design, we suspect, to leave the reader's last impressions very favourable. But it is unfair to suppose

that all our readers are as familiar as some of us with the poem which occupies 180 pages of the book to which it gives also a name. "The Monks of Kilcrea" in its full form is a collection of metrical tales of varying metres, woven together by a device somewhat similar to what Longfellow has since used in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Mr. Geoghegan's substitute for a wayside inn is Kilcrea Abbey in county Cork.

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire !  
Bare were their crowns, and their garments grey,  
Close sat they to that bogwood fire,  
Watching the wicket till break of day ;  
Such was ever the rule at Kilcrea.  
For whoever pass'd, be he Baron or Squire,  
Was free to call at that abbey, and stay,  
Nor guerdon, or hire for his lodging pay,  
Tho' he tarried a week with its holy choir !

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire,  
Dark look'd the night from the window pane,  
They who sat by that bogwood fire  
Were Eustace, Alleyn, and Thade by name,  
And long they gazed at the cheerful flame ;  
Till each from his neighbour began to inquire  
The tale of his life, before he came  
To Saint Brigid's shrine, and the cowl had ta'en,  
So they piled on more wood, and drew their seats nigher !

It is not the monks who are the storytellers, but three guests who that night claimed the hospitality of Kilcrea Abbey. We would fain linger over this volume which is now out of print ; but we trust we have at least made our readers share our wonder that, more than forty years after the publication of the best of these poems, this brief paper should be the first to inform them that the author of "The Monks of Kilcrea" is Mr. Arthur Gerald Geoghegan.

## NEW BOOKS.

THE most important event of the month in *our* literary world is the appearance, not unexpected or unannounced, of Miss Tynan's "*Louise de la Vallière, and other Poems*" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.). The outward form of the book is in faultless taste. The exquisite music of the verse reminds us of a passage in Ruskin's "*Queen of the Air*," where he speaks of "a rippling melody of Sebastian Bach's, much like what one might fancy the singing of nightingales would be if they fed on honey instead of flies." But it is not our intention to indulge at present in any study of this true work of art. In Parliament the honorable member who opens a debate is allowed also to close it; and as this Magazine had the privilege of being the first to welcome by anticipation this first work of a genuine singer, its pages may group together, later on, some of the careful criticisms of which it is sure to be the subject. The first that we have seen appeared in *The Weekly Register* of May 16, and the writer, who is manifestly competent in the highest degree to judge of the subtlest beauties of language, style, and diction, pronounces an emphatically favourable judgment, which is the more valuable from the calmness and wisdom with which it is delivered. We hope that our colleges and convents will encourage Irish talent by assigning to this beautiful volume a place of honour in their prize lists this summer. Many of the poems are holy enough to be read on one's knees in the dim religious light of the convent chapel, and in every one of them the thought and feeling are as pure and refined as the diction and style.

A very delightful prize-book of a very different kind, and for less mature readers, is "*Linda's Misfortunes*," by Miss Clara Mulholland (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). It is bright and engaging in every respect, both within and without, and is, we think, the most useful and interesting story yet written by the author of "*The Strange Adventures of Little Snowdrop*"—for which, by the way, our American cousins are showing their appreciation by reprinting it in various ways, without as much as saying "by your leave." The new tale displays an intimate acquaintance with the habits and dispositions of little girls, and, while it will amuse and interest youthful readers very much, it is sure to teach them several useful lessons. It may be well to add that this is emphatically a story for girls. Linda's father is the only member of the male persuasion whose existence is even alluded to. Was it by way of compensation that a short story is tacked on at the end, which is nearly all about a little boy from Wicklow? A very pathetic little tale is "*Little Brian's Trip to Dublin*;" but, as even pathetic tales ought to do, it ends quite happily.

Except on the old chivalrous motto of *place aux dames*, it seems grotesque to mention only in the third place so important a work as the large octavo which contains "*The Charity of the Church a Proof of her*"

Divinity," from the Italian of his Eminence Cardinal Baluffi, Archbishop of Imola: with an introduction by Denis Gargan, D.D. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). The learned Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Maynooth College has, in this splendid volume, enriched Catholic literature with one of the most solid additions that it has received for many years. Dr. Gargan's Introduction proves very clearly the value and opportuneness of Cardinal Baluffi's treatise, which could not be presented to the English reader in a more satisfactory form. While sure to interest all cultivated readers of solid tastes, it claims an honoured place especially in the libraries of priests; and in particular the advocates of our various charities and works of zeal will find herein an inexhaustible store of arguments and illustrations. Though the index is confined almost exclusively to the names of persons, a glance at it will give, even to the casual reader, some idea of the vast amount of learning crowded into these five hundred ample pages. The Italian Cardinal has been fortunate in his Irish translator, and the publishers have done justice to both. The theological censor of the volume is the Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, Prefect of the Dunboyne establishment in Maynooth, and it bears the imprimatur of Dr. Walsh, President of that great college, in his capacity of Vicar-Capitular of the archdiocese of Dublin.

"The Decay of Faith" (Burns & Oates, 1885), is the title which Father Gavin gives to four sermons preached by him in Farm-street Church, London, on the Sunday afternoons of February last. All of them—"Indifference to Misbelief," "Distrust of the Supernatural," "Dangerous Reading" and "Mixed Marriages" are well suited, we may be assured, to the needs of the audience for whom they were primarily intended; and all of them may be read with great profit by ourselves. But it is to the first and fourth that a special significance will attach in Ireland. Dangerous reading, in the sense in which Father Gavin takes it, is not very prevalent amongst us. It may be that with time and the spread of higher irreligious education the peril will become serious; but at present it is practically confined to a very limited class, and, even amongst them, the grounds of misbelief are generally found to be less intellectual than moral. "Distrust of the Supernatural," too, as a vice of intellect, has not taken any great hold upon us. But "indifference to misbelief" undoubtedly has. The old-fashioned hatred of heresy is dying out amongst us; it is becoming "old-fashioned" in a literally true sense. So long as Catholics were despised and trampled on and ground under foot by a tyrannous Protestantism, hatred of heresy was amongst the easiest of the virtues: social relations and family ties opposed no obstacle to the doctrine of exclusive salvation. We are despised still, though the contempt is almost different in kind from what it used to be; but, for obvious reasons, we are not trampled upon as our fathers were: we have been "emancipated." Now there is a danger that masses of men, like

individuals, may prove more slavish after emancipation than before; and we have not wholly escaped it. The Act of Parliament which made us free could not compel our former task-masters to receive us as their social equals; and wherever they have dared they have refused to do so. Had the Irish Catholics of post-emancipation days apprehended their position rightly, the remedy for this was easy. They formed the vast majority of the population of the country; they were intellectually, morally, physically without superiors; every prize, with one or two exceptions, which any Irishman could aim at, was within their reach: union and self-respect would have given them social power. But in union and self-respect they were pre-eminently wanting. Too many of them, as they rose to eminence, through wealth or intellectual merit, cut themselves off socially from their co-religionists, and strove to gain admittance into the more select circles of Protestant society. The natural result followed. Those who, Peri-like, had found entrance into the Protestant paradise, could not make much show of Catholic intolerance. They could not wound the feelings of their newly-made friends. They were compelled to hide away in word and act much that was distinctive of their religious creed. And so it has come to pass that the Catholic body has been largely deprived of its natural lay leaders, and that, instead of growing in strength, it is probably weaker to-day for many purely Catholic purposes than it was before emancipation. But yet this is not the greatest of the evils which have befallen us. Apart altogether from supernatural considerations, the outward circumstances of their life told largely upon the habits of thought of the Catholics in question. Any evolutionist would have foretold as much. And hence a weakening of the Catholic instinct and the spread of uncatholic principles amongst them—not a result, as some hope and others fear, of spreading education, but an effect of continued social contact with heretical error. When those whom you know best and esteem most highly are almost all without the Church's pale, it is difficult not to look upon religious error in an indulgent light; not to see some compensation for it in the truthfulness, and honourableness, and good breeding, and wealth of those who profess it. From such a state of mind to half-unconscious, half-reasoning, carelessness about the purity of our own Catholic beliefs the step is easy. And so we meet sometimes Catholics who make their religious liberalism a boast, Catholics who freely expose their children's faith to the influence of dangerous associations during their most impressionable years, Catholics who are well content to see their sons and daughters take partners for this life from the ranks of heresy. To all these, and to all our people, we can heartily recommend Father Gavin's sermons on the "Decay of Faith."

Messrs. Brown & Nolan, Nassau-street, have just published a *Handbook of Greek Composition*, for Junior and Middle Classes, by

Henry Browne, S.J." It may be thought by some that already there are plenty of books on this subject, without trying any experiment or novelty. But we understand that this Handbook is specially intended to meet the wants of Intermediate Students, who find the subject of Greek very hard, and, as they have no book exactly suited to them, are naturally attracted to easier and more "paying" subjects. The Intermediate system was, we are told, meant to be some measure of justice to Catholic Schools. It may have benefited them materially, and has perhaps quickened in some way the zeal of masters and pupils, but it will prove in the long run a fresh calamity if it results (as we fear there is reason to dread) in the sacrifice of our old solid training in classical and English literature for some miscellaneous smatterings of sciences and other modern subjects. We sincerely hope that Mr. Browne's little book will prove of some use in encouraging our boys to stick to Greek, and we are confident that masters will find their work simplified, by giving to their pupils a Handbook with the essential Rules and Idioms clearly and briefly stated. It will require some explanation and supplementing, and we agree with its author who points out in the Preface that a handbook will scarcely be *handy*, if it contains all the information which could be usefully imparted by oral teaching. Hence the book is not so well suited for private students as for class purposes. We have nothing but praise for the form and general arrangement, (which is stated to be altogether new), the accuracy and care shown throughout, the judgment in the choice of examples and comparisons with Latin, and last, but not least, the typography which is exceedingly good, and shows that the publishers have spared no pains to make it worthy of their justly celebrated Classical Series.

Sundry authors and publishers will be so good as to forgive us for reserving judgment till next month on several other books which have been presented before our tribunal. As they have come so far—all the way from Notre Dame in Indiana—we must welcome with a word No. 1 of "The Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes," a monthly bulletin of the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception established at that appropriately named place; also "A Troubled Heart and how it was Comforted," which is a very original and very eloquent and interesting history of a convert's struggles from childhood to obey God's voice calling him through very unusual ways into the Catholic Faith. In Father Bridgett's singularly beautiful, sincere, and pathetic sermon on the late Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Coffin, who was a member of the same Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, the personal details woven together with much grace and simplicity are in the highest degree interesting and edifying; and we are so sure that the little brochure will be particularly acceptable to many of our readers that we may mention that it can be procured for fourpence from L. Lally, 5 Clapham Park-road, London, S.W.

## IRISH LITERATURE AND OUR TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY.

**T**HIS month of July, 1885, brings round the twelfth anniversary of the birth of this periodical. It is an auspicious date to refresh our good purposes, to revive our highest ideal, to define our best aims and means, and, in the sacred phrase, to be renewed in spirit. We cannot do so more effectively than by adopting as our own the words with which a magazine of a similar but somewhat graver character began its career in Ireland a quarter of a century before the first number of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* made its appearance. We use this manifesto the more freely as we now receive it from the hand of the author himself, without any notion, however, that we should turn it to such account. We use it the more freely also because its author is one of our own contributors, having found time to help our enterprise occasionally from its first beginning down to the present time. The many years which have elapsed since the following article was written have rendered none of its views and suggestions obsolete. Meanwhile, indeed, English literature has unhappily grown much worse in those points wherein it is here described as somewhat less dangerous than the infidel literatures of the continent. The reader's admiration for the solidity and wisdom of these reflections on the necessity of a Catholic literature for Ireland which we have ventured to link with the modest epoch of our twelfth anniversary, will be increased if we state plainly what has already been implied, that the following paper was written by one who at the time had but just crossed the threshold of manhood. It is named "A Catholic Literature for Ireland."

\* \* \* \*

The very highest aspiration we can make for our periodical is, that it may be the forerunner of a Catholic literature in Ireland. If its humble labours can in any degree conduce to that great end, then, whatever be in other respects its failure or success, its mission will be more than amply fulfilled. For such a literature does seem to us, almost beyond any other thing, the essential want of this country. Civil freedom and national prosperity may, and we trust shall be won before this generation of Irishmen has passed away; but we have only to cast our eyes abroad to see that even freedom and prosperity may come on terms far too dear. If here,

as elsewhere the day that looks on the active development of our energies should also behold the intellect of the nation hopelessly divorced from the only spirit that can guide or purify ; should see our youth wasting mind and golden years in the uneasy chase of half truths, of which the end is but error and evil ; should see a people hungering and thirsting after knowledge, and finding no fruit to satisfy them save what is deadly to their spiritual life ; and should thus see sown, even in the midst of apparent blessings, the certain seeds of future crime and anarchy ; would we not revolt at the exchange ?

These apprehensions, we trust, will be belied ; but who, looking to the condition of mankind, will say they are imaginary ? Of late ages the Church has had to do battle with the spirit of the world, embodied in a mightier and subtler form than in all previous time. From the corruption of nature, from human passions, and the persecution of kings and emperors, she has always suffered, and always must. But in former centuries there was at least, no distracting dissonance between the secular learning that informed, and the Divine authority which claimed to direct the mind. There breathed throughout even secular works a spirit of religious reverence which harmonized with, and fortified the belief of the people. Pitfalls there were for pride and wilfulness, but, at least, no galaxy of false lights for the deception of the earnest and sincere. But now, for a century and more, the learning of the world, the basis of systems of philosophy and polity, all that has been crowned with the high names of Genius and Intelligence, has been (why should we conceal it ?) in by far the greater measure, hostile to, or estranged from Catholicity. The wisdom of man has been but too manifestly at variance with the wisdom of God. There has been a literature of Protestantism which obtained its chief development in England, and whose day is now almost gone by : a literature of French philosophy, and lastly, a literature of German philosophy, which again acted on France and England, and which is now the most progressive principle opposed to Catholicism in the world. There has been, indeed, of late years, a strong Catholic reaction, as numbers of profound works produced on the Continent, and the Anglo-Catholic movement in England, may testify ; but still, the surface of the current continues to run in the other direction.

The condition of a young mind in France or Germany, in our days, is unhappy and perilous in the extreme. It is girt by a circle of infidelity, from which it is wonderful if it escape. In



every branch of knowledge which the craving intellect turns to, from history and political science down to the lightest works of fiction, the poison of scepticism prevails. The student drinks it in from the authoritative lips of teachers and professors. In society as in books, he finds it the reigning spirit. Between such a philosophy, so taught and sanctioned, clothed with all that dazzles and captivates the natural man, appealing both to the passionate desire of novelty, and the passionate admiration of favourite authors which are so characteristic of youth—between this and the submissive belief and exacting practice of the Church, how unequal a conflict ! Who can wonder that the faith, even of those who from association and religious instinct cling to it the longest, is at length sapped and displaced ?

In Ireland we have been educated, for the most part, by the Protestant literature of England—a literature, anti-Catholic, no doubt, but not to be named, either for power or malice, in comparison with the modern literature of the Continent. As to the ignorant sneers and violence against Catholicity with which it abounds, it is one of our earliest lessons to learn to steel ourselves against them, so that after a time they cease to wound us. And there is in the body of English literature, if not a religious spirit, yet a full recognition of the truths of revelation ; and so far as the influence of Christianity on our social and secular ideas is concerned, there is so much in common between Catholics and Protestants, that the citadel of our faith has not been much injured by it. Still it has been mischievous in more ways than one. The very fact of our being obliged, as we said, to become hardened to insults and mockeries against the peculiar doctrines of Catholicity, is itself an evil—so much of religion depends upon awe and reverence for things unseen, that it is no light mischief to be familiarized with contempt for sacred mysteries. We become callous where we should be most sensitive, and swallow as matter of course what should instinctively revolt us as blasphemy against the Holy of Holies.\* But besides this, the Protestant tone of our literature has undoubtedly had a tendency, if not to undermine the citadel, yet to shatter some of the outworks of Catholic belief. If it has not had much effect in making Catholics infidels, or Protestants,

\* What a striking example of this are Peter Plymley's Letters?—a book written in favour of the political rights of Catholics, and whose advocacy was hailed by them with delight, yet stuffed with the most insolent and unseemly ribaldry against their religion. One passage, from the very beginning of the book, we thought of quoting, but forbear from positive disgust.

yet it has in a great measure stripped us of whatever is striking and peculiar in the tone of Catholicity. It diminishes reverence for Catholic rites and ceremonies, chills the love of Catholic institutions and usages, and generates a contempt for pious traditions, not absolutely of faith, and an indolent unenquiring scepticism as to everything miraculous in church history: and if the bent of thought which it produces does not absolutely refuse to coexist with Catholic belief, yet it tends to deprive the latter of the pervading and overarching influence which it ought to exercise upon all our ideas and habits, to drive it, as it were, into a corner of our mind. In brief, its effect is to make Catholics intrench themselves within the *minimum* of Catholic faith, believing just what they must believe on pain of heresy, and no more; and priding themselves upon having their Catholicity as little unlike Protestantism as possible.

All these results are sad enough, and of themselves loudly call for counteraction. But the literature of religious Protestantism—Protestantism itself, as a religious system, are in their decline. The right of private judgment has given birth to younger and more daring progeny. The English sceptical writers, though the earliest, did not produce their deepest effect in their own country, but transmitted their influence to France, where there sprang up an organized and aggressive army of unbelief. Their mode of attack was conducted with consummate art. They did not, like the English freethinkers, confine themselves to heavy philosophical treatises scarce opened by the multitude; but through tale and essay, and epigram—in dictionaries and encyclopædias, with the keenness of a matchless wit, and all the graces of style, they sought but too successfully to taint the very atmosphere of letters with their principles. So artfully, too, did they blend their covert assaults against religion with attacks on real abuses in church and state, that they at length succeeded in confounding these two things; and one party came to hate the church the more, as the antagonist of freedom, the other to dread liberty as the handmaid of irreligion. Nor was it on the Christian dispensation alone that they made war—they ridiculed and scoffed at any sense of dignity or mystery in the nature and life of man. No solemn social bond, no depth of awe or reverence, no obedience or holy fear was recognised by them; everything was mean, superficial, and intelligible. How far this fatal philosophy extended, and what have been its results on the world are manifest to all. But other doctrines have since gained ground, doctrines which had their root in Germany, and which agree with the French in rejecting revelation,

but in almost nothing else. These Germans were revolted at the mean and false portrait of human nature drawn by the school of Voltaire. They felt that there were heights and depths in man which no plummet of French philosophism had sounded. They acknowledged the mysteriousness of life, the greatness of enthusiasm and devotion, the majesty of duty, the sacredness of law. They are full of lofty and unworldly speculation; of Christianity they speak respectfully, reverentially even, as being one, and hitherto the best, of the transitory forms in which great truths took shape: Mahometanism being another of those forms. But what belief they propose to substitute for old Christianity—what resting-place their doctrines yield for the wearied spirit—what curb for the rebellious passions, let no man ask, for no man, we are sure, will be able to answer. They cheat us with an array of imposing words—faith and truth,\* and reverence, and annihilation of self—ideas which, in the heart of a Christian, have a relation and significance, but which with them present no tangible conception, but at best are a poetic exaltation of the brain—with some a half belief, with others an utter cant. Thus the German philosophy, though better, because less earthy and sensual, and because it at least excites the desire of celestial truth which it cannot gratify, is yet less consistent than the French. The one lays plainly before you a barren desert as the sum of man's hopes here and hereafter, the other deludes you with the fugitive semblance of the living waters. We will be pardoned these considerations for the sake of the sad fact, that these doctrines—a blank materialism or a shadowy, unmeaning spiritualism—are diffused through every vein of the present mind of Europe.

As to the results of all this. No one will ask us, at this day, to prove the effects of literature upon the ideas and actions of mankind, or to show to how large a degree men in this age are what books make them. We would not refer to so trite a theme as the French Revolution, were it not for the sort of opinion that has grown current of late, that that portent, with all its diabolic crimes, was the natural and necessary consequence of the previous oppression of the government and aristocracy; that it is a lesson to kings and rulers, and to no others. That there was gross oppression, and scandalous neglect on the part of both civil and ecclesiastical authorities, no one can deny; and further, we may admit, that the ferocities of an excited mob are things incident to every

\* Et dicebant: veritas et veritas; et multi eam dicebant mihi, et nusquam erat in eis.—*S. Aug. Confes.*, LIII.

violent change. But it should never be lost sight of that the extreme wickedness of the French revolution—the wholesale judicial murders—the establishment of Atheism by law—the destruction of all holy ties, were the work not of the multitude, but of the middle classes who rose to power. And it seems to us the grossest absurdity to conceive that such things would have been done or tolerated, if every spark of religious principle, or restraint, had not been long extinguished in the minds of those classes by the influence of Voltaire and his confederates. And further, if anyone ask for the effects of this literature, we tell them to look abroad over Europe at this day. What principles and rules of action are predominant in the cabinets and councils of kings and statesmen? Principles of justice, of deference to the Church, and a horror of intrenching upon its privileges or province? No: but incessant schemes to have the Church gagged, and bound at their feet, subservient to their worldly policy, and winking at their wickedness. Utilitarianism, Benthamism, modern enlightenment—call it what you will, the seed was sown by Hume and Voltaire. Again, we say, cast your eyes over Europe. In France, Prussia, Spain, England, even Austria, the endeavour is to make the Church the creature and slave of the civil power. Religion has to battle for its clearest and most sacred rights. Surveying these things, let us acknowledge the influence which the sceptical philosophy has exercised upon the modern world.

The modern literature of England, by which we mean the productions of the last twenty years or so, is next to worthless—with few exceptions, most trashy and emasculate. Still such as it is, it reflects and helps to shape its time, and to those who look a little below the surface, who watch indications rather than expressions, and regard colour as well as matter, it is manifest that here too, whatever vital principle there is, is not fixed faith of any kind, but the floating uncertainties of Germanism.

But Ireland, how is she to be made proof against all these influences? This problem, the most momentous of the many that surround us, is one that must be solved under worse penalties than any political disaster. The heart of the country, thank God, is sound; no people in Europe more deeply religious. But in our gratitude and just pride for this, let us not lose sight of the auxiliary causes that contributed to it, nor presume too much on the grace that has been bestowed upon us. Let us remember that it was one consequence of the Penal Laws, to burn into the heart of the Irish Catholic an intense devotion to his persecuted religion

—that the forbidden education which the gentleman received abroad and the peasant at home, made religion a vital part of knowledge. The latter looked up to his priest as the fountain of all information, sacred or profane, that man could need. The hedge-schoolmasters, with all their pedantry and absurdity—even with all their vices—never ceased to inculcate a love of their own religion, blended, perhaps, with too fierce a hatred of its oppressors. Let us remember that, during the long struggle against religious tyranny, the idea of Catholicity became knit with that of liberty ; that theological controversy was almost a part of that battle, and that it was necessary for politicians to become familiar with and explain the doctrines of the Church, in order to answer the aspersions of their antagonists.

Nearly all this has changed, or is changing. No longer bound by the bond of persecution—no longer in the heat of a semi-religious struggle—no longer unaffected by the current of opinion elsewhere, and with an irrepressible tendency towards education of all kinds, the intellectual and spiritual future of Ireland is a theme of the deepest anxiety and moment. Her condition may be likened to that of an individual mind, naturally vigorous and inquisitive, but, long cramped and restrained, possessing deep instincts and affections, but no regulated structure of opinion, and which, when released from bondage and springing forth to seize the fruit of knowledge, is open to influences from every quarter of Heaven. How this plastic mind shall be moulded ; whether the soul of thought that is about to enter into Ireland shall be the harmonious counterpart of that soul of faith which has guided and upheld her through the furnace of the past ; whether her mature reason shall be pregnant with the conviction now living unspoken in the heart of her millions—that in true religion is found the cycle of all duty and all moral truth—whether the wise among her sons shall be wise enough to know that whatsoever is not subordinate to this is foolishness ; whether the character of Ireland among the nations shall be one of lofty Christian zeal, as well as lofty nationality—these considerations may well have an interest for us. But to expect that these great results will come spontaneously ; that the mind of Ireland, with no pains taken to guide it aright, and buffeted by all the winds of temptation, will tread securely and directly in the true path, seems to us a confidence against reason and nature.

Such a Catholic literature as we long for, and could shape an ideal of—a literature religious to the core, which should reflect the

majesty and eternal truth of our Faith, and its beauty and poetry as well ; Irish, too, to the core—thrilling with our Celtic nature, and coloured by our wonderful history ; such a literature, and its glorious associate, a high Catholic and national art, may be of slow formation, and wait long for their maturity. And, indeed, they demand something beyond the ordinary labours of genius. Still, a beginning may be made. A beginning has been made in the works of our dear Gerald Griffin ; the tone and spirit of which, whatever be his theme, leave nothing to be desired. And we scarce know how much a little effort in the right direction may effect. For when the heart and sympathies of a people are with you, it is easy to influence their minds. Let what has been done of late, in infusing a spirit of nationality into our literature, be a lesson to us. Formerly, that spirit was as rare in current books as a tone of Catholic religion is now. But once a few zealous men set themselves to preach the principles of national feeling, what a bound was made by the popular mind in that direction. How eagerly did they imbibe everything that was said and sung of the wrongs and hopes of Ireland, and of her forgotten heroes. Because these things were but the expression of what they themselves had dumbly felt—but the touching of a chord with which their own pulses beat in unison.

And of this national literature, a word may be said in relation to our own design. Of the deep sincerity as well as ability of the men whose work it is, and of the good they have achieved in arousing our sense of national dignity and affection, no one can say too much. Still we think they committed a mistake in not basing their labours more on the religious feelings of the mass of the people whom they addressed. The reason of this was, no doubt, the desire to find a way to the hearts of Irishmen of all religions. Yet it was, in a great degree, an error, and one which, we believe, they will come more and more to recognise. At all events, it has left one-half, and the more necessary half, of the teaching required by the majority of our countrymen to be yet laboured at.

If there were but a few zealous sowers, how quickly would a little seed produce a harvest in such a soil. And what materials for the undertaking—what a well is our history from whence to draw the beneficent waters that we seek. Those distant ages to which Alfred and Bede have borne testimony, when our doctors instructed and our saints converted Europe, and the hymns of an Irishman were adopted as the chants of the whole Western Church.

—that proud time is not a fiction, or the hyberbole of national vanity ; it rests upon evidence as sound as any fact in history. To reproduce this age, and the acts and words of its holy men and women, for the Irish people at this day—to give them therein a genuine and high source of national pride, from that alone what fruits might not spring. Have we not to become familiar with the men of the seventeenth century, with their Spanish fervour and loftiness, and intensity of Catholic nationality ? And from our worst days of suffering, what lessons may be drawn ? Is not our history for ages one martyrdom ? There is a halo of true glory resting on our sad annals if we had but eyes to read them right—a truer glory than is found in our protracted resistance on the field, or the occasional victories that flash through the long night of disaster. Of these the bitter result after all is, that we were conquered ; but there was another, and a far higher field of battle, in which the victory was wholly ours, and the ignominy our conqueror's. Lord of land and life, and not sparing either, he sought to be lord of conscience too, and was uniformly and utterly baffled. A race, taunted with their fickleness and too often divided, too often in other things unstable as water, were in this, in the struggle for an unseen good, the very type of resolute tenacity, of unity and unconquerable will. We know not if a time will ever come when men will recognise in Christian fortitude and fidelity a higher thing than the bravest fighting—if they do, this country will assuredly stand high. But, at least, *we* should impress this truth upon ourselves. We long to see a sense of these things entering deeply into the minds of our educated young men ; to see their character and opinions formed by that part of our history too ; to see our future politicians and statesmen distinguished for Christian wisdom as well as for a noble courage, that when the liberty of this land is won, she may be a light to modern as she was to ancient nations, not the imitator of their madness and injustice. And if, as a fond imagination might at times believe, that independence which she has ever longed for with more than Hebrew longing, be delayed till she can embrace it and use it in this spirit, can we feel otherwise than deeply thankful to that Providence which “ shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will ? ”

## THE PROUD LADY OF FALKENSCHLOSS.

*(From the German of Felix Dahm).*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MONKS OF KILOREA."

IN the towers of Falkenschloss beside the winding Rhine  
 Dwelt a lady long ago, heiress of a Palatine;  
 And beautiful and young she was, but yet so full of pride  
 That lovers' vows she cold disdained, and all their suits denied.

"My heart is free, for no man's love care I," she proudly said,  
 And like the wild deer on the hills she tost her graceful head,  
 And, as with downcast looks they stood her presence bright before,  
 All haughtily her dark eyes flashed and scorned them more and more.

A lordly feast she gave, and when within her banquet-hall  
 Her suitors sad were gathered there, both knights and nobles all,  
 Drest as a bride she came and on her raven tresses set  
 She wore, as Lady of the Land, a golden coronet.

And proudly from the dais raised she viewed that splendid throng,  
 And mocking cried, "Ho! lovers mine, is one your ranks among  
 Who dareth now to claim my hand as worthy?" No reply  
 Came from the guests, when suddenly rang clear "Fair Lady, I!"

And forward stept a youthful knight in glancing armour drest,  
 His sword his right hand grasped, a jewelled order on his breast,  
 Her bright eyes flashed a haughty stare, he met it calm and proud  
 And "Who art thou? I know thee not"—the Countess says aloud.

"A stranger I within your land, from distant Palestine,  
 Yet not unknown to fame is Albrecht, Count of Litchenstein.  
 And hearing noised both far and near your beauty and your pride,  
 I came to see this froward maid, who would be no man's bride."

Her heart beat quick, her bosom throbbed in wild yet sweet alarm,  
 And crimson grew her cheeks and brow with blushes soft and warm,  
 As bending down her graceful head, to answer firm she tried;  
 But a tremor in her voice all her haughty words belied.

"What merit makes thee thus presume?" Then gently answered he,  
 "Of beauty such as thine true hearts should always worthy be;  
 And if within this hall there's one who dares to slight my word,  
 Let him stand forth! There's lies my glove—I'll prove it with my sword."

Then soft and pleased the lady's eyes upon the young knight rest,  
 While heaving breast and trembling form a struggle plain confest,  
 As stepping from the dais down she went into the hall  
 And blushing took the gauntlet up before the nobles all.

Then taking off her coronet she placed it on his head  
 And "I your loving wife will be, if counted worthy," said.  
 Thus in the towers of Falkenschloss, beside the winding Rhine  
 In one day wooed and won his bride the Count of Litchenstein.



## MARCELLA GRACE

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERNEVIL," "ELDERGOWAN,"  
"THE WALKING TAMES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE MISSING LINK.

BRYAN KILMARTIN was lodged in Kilmainham prison, and the world talked of his guilt, which was accepted as a foregone conclusion, and rejoiced over as the long-missing link, discovered at last, between the Nationalists, with whom this man had openly ranked himself in politics, and the Fenians to whose counsels he had all the while secretly belonged.

His arrest caused a profound sensation in Dublin. In the best circles scarce a voice was lifted in his favour. It was taken for granted that a man of good family and education, who had so far forgotten the traditions of his class and his duty to his Queen as to become a Fenian, was quite capable of lying in wait for his fellow-man and fellow-landlord at a street corner, and doing him to death under cover of darkness. To suggest that a man ought to be held innocent till proved guilty was to be looked on as a secret advocate of murder, or, at least, as one in "sympathy with crime."

For rumour already said that it would be proved in the forthcoming trial that Kilmartin had been a Fenian for years. According to a Central News telegram he was an agent for the American dynamite party, and in the caves and cellars of the isle of Inisheen, where he had of late surlily withdrawn himself from the society of his neighbours in the county, stores of arms and ammunition had been discovered, with material for the manufacture of explosives sufficient to reduce London to a heap of dust.

Many people who had long looked upon him as an enthusiast, but knew him to be quite incapable of crime, were so bewildered at finding themselves objects of disgust and suspicion for holding favourable opinions of him, that they withdrew from his defence, and went blindly with the stream.

Some good, easy, honestly-selfish folk, who had always tried to believe that God had created them solely to take care of themselves, and who had occasionally felt Kilmartin's theories and practice with regard to the lower classes a thorn of reproach in their sleek sides, looked on this misfortune that had befallen him as a judgment upon his folly in meddling with misery that need not have concerned him, and silently wished him well out of the scrape, while they reflected comfortably that the necks of wiser men like themselves could never be placed in such imminent danger.

It was said that startling revelations, such as surpassed the inventions of romance, might be expected on the trial, but the detectives kept their secrets, and society languished on the rack of suspense. The whispers averred that a woman had been mixed up in the plot; some said a girl of low degree, others said a lady; while one version of the tale set forth how a beautiful needlewoman and a wealthy lady of title, both sworn Fenians, and both interested in Kilmartin, had been aiders and abettors of the murder, and were now in danger of being hanged.

Not a few good women thought of his mother, and, hugging their own boy-babies, pitied her for bringing such a monster into the world; while others, of a harder nature, were sure the mother of such a wretch must be worse than himself. Those who had known Mrs. Kilmartin in younger days were fain to remember, even when they spoke gently of her, how warm she had always been on the National side of politics, and held her in some degree accountable for the evil-doing of her son.

The fact that there was a mother in the question was mentioned in all the papers, and the "Press Association" discovered that the said mother was six feet high, with a masculine voice, and had been implicated, while Bryan was still a child, in International outrages abroad, when she had escaped from pursuit disguised as a man.

As yet Marcella's connection with the case had not been unearthed, or, at least, if anything of it was known, the public had not been taken into the confidence of those whose business it is to make such discoveries. Every morning she scanned the papers with burning eyes, dreading to see mention of her own name, or of the house in Weaver's Square, but nothing of the kind appeared, and she allowed herself to hope that no clue existed to that occurrence of the eventful night in January in which she had played so active a part.

The allusions to a woman, to a needlewoman, or lady of title, or both, as having been mixed up in the transaction of the plot to murder, startled her, but as the rumour was vague in the extreme, and seemed to die away instead of gaining more definite form, she hoped that the only foundation for it lay in the bare fact that the police had searched the house in Weavers' Square. Her father's death, accounting for her own disappearance from the scene, and her subsequent sudden and complete change of estate had, she believed, cut off all probability of further inquiry into the particulars of that midnight search.

Still, every hour of the day and night she was conscious of the reality of that scene in the old house. Even in her troubled sleep she could not lose sight of the dimly-visible closet door, could not forget her anxious vigil while listening for the great bell of "Patrick's" tolling the hour which was to enable her to set her prisoner free in safety. It was all so present to her mind that she fancied people would read the story in her eyes or hear the terror of it in her voice, and in those first days of Bryan's imprisonment she was divided between her desire to be in Dublin, close to Kilmainham, and her dread that the reappearance of her face in the streets of the city might in some way bring to mind and to light the daring and secret action of the Liberties' girl who had hidden the present prisoner from the officers of justice, in the hour of, and not far from the scene of the murder for which he was now to be tried.

For the first week or so Mrs. Kilmartin's illness was a positive reason for remaining quietly at Inisheen, but as soon as the poor little mother had recovered from the effects of the first shock she began to make piteous entreaties to be taken to Dublin, where she might be within easy reach of her son.

Then she consulted with Father Daly as to what was the best thing to be done. Neither to him nor to the mother, more than to any other living soul had Marcella whispered the reason why she dreaded to be seen in Dublin. They had as little cause to think that she had ever beheld Bryan Kilmartin in her life before she had met him under Mrs. O'Kelly's chaperonage at the Patrick's ball as had the world at large, and it seemed to her almost as desirable to keep all information to the contrary from their knowledge now as to hide it from the chief of the police. And so it happened that both Mrs. Kilmartin and Father Daly looked on in wonder and doubt at her evident distress and hesitation when the proposal to remove to Dublin, in company

with, and in charge of Bryan's mother was confidently laid before her.

A look of misery came into her face which startled both these true hearts when she said :

"Would it not do for the mother to come with me to Crane's Castle and remain quietly there till the trial is over? Father Daly could bring our messages to and fro—and there is the post. Perhaps we should only do mischief by our presence."

Mrs. Kilmartin turned her face to the wall with a moan and said no more. It was clear to her that too much had been expected of this girl in the fulness and promise of her youth and her heiressship, with the world before her and the brightest possibilities at her feet. She had thrown herself into an engagement with Bryan, not dreaming of the tragedy in which it was to involve her. Though she suffered for him, and refused to believe in his guilt, might she not naturally recoil in dismay at the prospect of the heavy and perhaps enduring cloud which would overshadow a future connection with him? Might she not feel that she ought to be released from her promise and be allowed to go away to happier scenes, while the painful drama was being enacted in which she shrank from playing her part?

The conviction that such was the state of Marcella's mind in the reaction which might be supposed to have followed her first burst of faith in and sympathy with him heaped fresh fuel on the fire of the widow's tribulation, but she resolved to do her duty, and begged Father Daly to speak to the girl on the subject of a release from her engagement.

Father Daly tried to enter into Mrs. Kilmartin's views and admitted that she might be right. It was true that Marcella was changed, and that she showed an unmistakable cowardice about going to Dublin which must be attributed to her horror of appearing before the eyes of the world as the affianced wife of a man in prison under a charge of murder. No doubt the mind of an impressionable girl might almost give way under the pressure of such circumstances. A pleasant life awaited her could she but sever herself from the painful associations which at present surrounded her. Already there were many callers at Crane's Castle to express sympathy with her as one who had been innocently betrayed into friendship with people so dreadful as the prisoner of Kilmainham and his mother. Each visit and letter of Miss O'Donovan put some fresh proof before Marcella of how eagerly a safe and pleasant world was endeavouring to save her from the

consequences of her own rashness. Why should the girl be supposed to be a heroine merely because she had shown generous impulses and had not been able to help loving Bryan Kilmartin whom every one loved ?

To approve of a man while he was safe and well and in an honourable position was one thing. To cleave to him when he stood aloof from society, execrated by the crowd, and suspected by even the most charitable, when standing by him meant pain and sorrow, and humiliation—Father Daly saw that was quite another matter. And so he consented to speak to Marcella.

She was walking up and down the path above the rocks as she was accustomed to do while the priest took her place beside Mrs. Kilmartin. The day was a glorious one in the end of July, but the sumptuous colouring of mountain, moor, and water had no longer meaning or beauty for Marcella, whose eyes saw only wherever they turned, the prison walls and barred gates of Kilmainham.

Father Daly joined her and walked up and down with her for a few minutes trying to keep pace with her restless steps till at last he said :

“My dear, the mother and I have been talking about you, and I want to tell you the conclusion we have come to, if you will give me your attention. We think you ought not to be asked to come to Dublin at present, ought not to get yourself mixed up with this trial.”

“I will not be mixed up in it,” said Marcella, a hectic spot glowing on her cheek as the familiar dread rose and stared her in the face, the fear of being confronted with those policemen to whom she had spoken on the night of the murder, and who, with the keen shrewdness which she imagined must belong to their class and office, would be sure to remember her.

Father Daly was shocked into silence. Her cowardice disappointed him. Yet he had made up his mind that she was to be excused and must do as she pleased, and he would be patient with her.

“I do not want to be mixed up in it,” she said, “because I believe no good could be done that way. What would be gained by the presence of his mother in Dublin? She is not able to visit him, and she would be more lonely and afflicted there than here. My plan is that she should come with me to Crane’s Castle, where I will nurse her and take care of her till all this trouble passes over.”

Then Father Daly thought she spoke lightly, and he felt less compunction for her and spoke a little more of his mind.

"I think she will go to Dublin, but do not trouble yourself about that. I will make arrangements for her there. You see love naturally looks on things with peculiar eyes, and to be near Kilmainham will be to her a sort of satisfaction. And, my dear, after a few more days there will be nothing to hinder your return to Crane's Castle and to comfortable friends."

A little wild sob of a laugh broke from Marcella which had almost been a cry of anguish. It was natural she should be misunderstood, yet how was she to account for herself? Better be thought heartless and fickle, than that she should thrust herself into the danger of being called on to bear witness against Bryan Kilmartin, to give evidence in the case for his prosecution which he himself had admitted might prove almost overwhelming. By hiding among the bogs and mountains she could shield him as she had shielded him before; by weakly yielding to the temptation to see him and be near him, and also to clear herself of hateful suspicion in the eyes of those who also loved him in their own way, she might prove to be his undoing.

He himself could not suspect her. He would know or guess the motive of her conduct. In his letters he did not hint at the danger that was in her mind, and she never dared to put any allusion to it on paper, lest her letter might be read by other eyes than his own.

Yes, let Father Daly see her conduct by the light in which he had just shown it to her. Let Mrs. Kilmartin abhor her as a slight thing whose enthusiasm for a noble man had been blown away by the first breath of the storm. Better even that Bryan himself should believe her to be untrue than that her voice should be lifted to condemn him.

She would lie by here, ignored and forgotten, till, the trial over, the informers confounded, and the absence of all corroborative evidence having saved the accused from the consequences of their machinations, he should be set free, acquitted before the world. Better, if he were then to turn away from her as a creature who had failed him in the hour of his need, as seeming gold that had been tried in the fire and proved to be dross, than that, using her as a tortured instrument, his enemies should prevail.

This thought pressing on her with increasing force hardened her resolution, and enabled her to say to Father Daly while that strange little laugh of hers was still paining his ears: Google

"Of course I know I am my own mistress, and at Crane's Castle I will stay till this is over. If Mrs. Kilmartin will not stay with me, then I fear she must go alone as you suggest."

After this preparations were made for Marcella's return to Crane's Castle and Mrs. Kilmartin's departure for Dublin. How the poor little mother, who found it difficult to move from one room to another in her home, should manage to accomplish the journey was a problem to every one except herself, but she never doubted that the strength of her love would cut the way for her through an army of seeming impossibilities. Meanwhile she and Marcella spoke less and less together of the subject at both their hearts. Mrs. Kilmartin had accepted it as a settled thing that the girl, eager to save herself from being mixed up in a scandal, had retreated from her position as Bryan's affianced wife, and would take the opportunity of his mother's departure for the city to withdraw all but a friend's interest (and perhaps even that too) from those with whom she had so unfortunately connected herself, not dreaming at the time of discredit and disgrace.

And still the proofs multiplied that others were able and willing to help Marcella out of her unhappy dilemma. More cards, invitations, and such tokens of good-will were brought by Miss O'Donovan to Inisheen, having been left at Crane's Castle for Miss O'Kelly by the surrounding gentry, good people who drove great distances to show their willingness to reclaim the heiress of Distresna, who was so young and who had received a foreign education, and who ought for all sorts of reasons to be forgiven for having dropped into sad mistakes at the very outset of her career.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE INQUISITOR.

It was the tourist season, the time of year when the few strangers who ever find their way into the highlands of Connemara may be seen climbing on long cars, or standing about looking dissatisfied and supercilious on the door-steps of country inns and half-way houses, or can be heard "drawing out" innocent-looking car-drivers, whose sly answers they accept in the most literal manner, and whom they therefore do not find so witty as they had been led to expect.

A gentlemanly-looking man, who appeared to be a tourist, for he was certainly a stranger, and seemed to have no business in travelling but to gaze about at the scenery and question the driver about the state of the country, took one morning the seat next the horses on the long car from Galway, and made himself as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. There were two points of evidence in favour of his being a native of our island, even if a tourist : one was his rich, rolling, though by no means vulgar brogue, the other was the fact that he grumbled at nothing that happened. The splendid weather and the glowing scenery evidently rejoiced him, and as he presented a cigar to the gladdened driver, it was with an eye-twinkle of sympathy which had never been learned on the thither side of the channel.

This eye-twinkle was only one small outward sign of a curious power of sympathy possessed by the man, somewhat like the power by which the snake-charmer is supposed to charm the snake. We hear in these days a great deal of the strange exercise of volition by which one person draws another to move from place to place, but this traveller's speciality was to induce people to speak their minds to him truly, whether it was for their interest to do so or not. Just as the serpent comes forth out of its hiding-place at the sound of the charmer's piping, so would the fondly-hidden thought issue from the lips of the reticent at the will of this apparently uninquisitive and easy-mannered gentleman, and many who had thoroughly enjoyed his company would, having left it, feel a sudden reaction leading them to search their memories for their secrets, much as they might on other occasions feel in their pockets for the safety of purse and watch.

This being so, Mr. O'Malley, who lived by judicious exercise of his singular power, and enjoyed the practice of it even in unofficial moments, passed his time very pleasantly during the long day's journey into the mountains, and filched more or less information which would be useful to him hereafter from his unconscious fellow-passengers who had no idea that their brains were being picked.

At present he was abroad on decidedly official business, but as a painter on his way to paint the portrait of a great man which he expects to bring him fame, may beguile his journey by making sketches which will work up into future pictures, so did the great agent of the police make studies peculiar to his own art as he hastened towards the most promising and interesting piece of work which his experienced hands had touched for many a day.



He was going to lay hold of an important piece of evidence in a pending criminal prosecution which it was highly desirable should end in conviction and punishment of the accused. There had been some trouble in tracing up this witness, but all that was over, and now there only remained to claim her assistance for the prosecution. For it was a woman who held this power in her hands, and a pretty woman too, as Mr. O'Malley had been credibly informed.

He put up for the night at a small inn among the mountains, much to the surprise of the driver, who, disappointed at losing him for the rest of the journey, tried to convince him that no sport of any kind was to be found on the spot where he proposed to remain. However there Mr. O'Malley stayed till morning, when he hired a small car and started early, accompanied by a quiet-looking man who had the day before occupied a seat on the opposite side of the public conveyance and had also passed the night at the inn. Early in the golden afternoon they left their car at a wayside cottage which signalled "lodging and entertainment for man and beast," and walked a mile till they reached the shore of the lake which encircled Inisheen.

Marcella was sitting, reading to Mrs. Kilmartin on a low seat by her couch. Neither woman gave her mind to the sense of what was read, but the mere exercise of pretending to hear and understand, of making believe to turn the thoughts from one ever present subject, was a sort of necessity for both in the long monotony of their day in this solitude.

The mother's brain was busy counting the hours and moments that must still elapse before she should find herself on the road to Dublin. The journey was to begin to-morrow, but to-morrow seemed far away to her impatient expectation. In the meantime, Marcella's voice rather irritated than soothed her. She began to feel that it would be a relief to her to get away from this girl who so visibly suffered through Bryan's misfortune, yet had not the courage to take up her cross and be a martyr for his sake.

Marcella, while she read, simply felt that this reading afforded her a sort of grasp by which she held herself balanced over a precipice which might any moment engulf her. The continual utterance of words, words, words, which bore no meaning to her mind, were so many jerks which broke the thread of consecutive thought, and kept it from winding round her throat and strangling her. She also was aware that it would be a relief to be separated from the unhappy mother who must be allowed to misunderstand

her so terribly, who was going on her lonely way to-morrow, that to-morrow which would thus sever the link which bound her, Marcella, in with the daily chain of a slowly unfolding tragedy. How she was to live after that link had been snapped, and she found herself alone with her grief and horror in the desert region of Crane's Castle, she could not dare to ask herself. And so the reading went on, more words without meaning, more sound without sense, anything to make a monotonous noise that should interrupt thought and forbid conversation, till the little parlour-maid opened the drawing-room door, and said that a gentleman wanted to see Miss O'Kelly.

Nothing more unexpected could well have happened to interrupt the perfunctory reading, for the virtuous county people, with all their charity towards Marcella, had known where to draw the line in making their demonstrations, and everyone, even the impatient Mr. O'Flaherty, had forborne to make a call at Inisheen.

Therefore, if the venerable golden eagle who was supposed to haunt the topmost crags of Ben-dhu overhanging the lake, had been found tapping for admittance at the cottage-windows, the circumstance would not have been more surprising than was this announcement of a gentleman's visit.

He was shown in, and, though seen to be a complete stranger, was invited to take a chair opposite the ladies, for he looked like a man who had come there for a purpose. Mrs. Kilmartin thought he might be her son's solicitor arrived with some comforting intelligence. Marcella had time to think of nothing before meeting the strange man's eyes fixed upon hers, full of that latent power of seeing through thick veils, and luring forth the truth from its seemingly secure hiding-place, and having met and instinctively recognised the look, she knew who he was and what errand had brought him there. The day she had prayed might never rise had dawned and had already passed its noon. The hour she had dreaded and hidden from was at hand. It was not at Miss O'Kelly, the heiress, that this person was looking with that strange conciliating yet pitiless glance which made her suddenly feel as if stealthy fingers were upon her throat, but at Marcella Grace, the audacious girl whose daring hands and deceiving tongue had interfered with the law, and upon whom the law would now be revenged.

For one moment she quailed and sickened, and from the depths of her soul cried to the earth to swallow her; the next her resolution had come to her aid and stood as a bar between her and the enemy.

"Mrs. Kilmartin," began the visitor, addressing the small frail woman who sat up on her couch with a glimmer of hope in the pale blue eyes that strained towards him. "I am sorry to have to come here on a painful errand, and I will try to hurt you as little as possible. My business is with this young lady, and if I may see her alone it will save you some uneasiness, perhaps."

"If it is anything connected with my son's affairs I want to know it at once," faltered the mother, shuddering under the ominous warning of his words. "I am the nearest to him, no one is so near as a mother. Nothing must be hid from me."

Mr. O'Malley sighed. This white, trembling ghost of a mother was harder to deal with than the masculine personage for whom rumour had prepared him. But his time was precious and the indulgence of sentiment was no way included in the rôle of his duty.

He merely remarked as he took a note-book from his pocket, "I should have preferred to have seen this lady alone. But it must be as you will."

Marcella, having rapidly reviewed the position in her mind, felt that a struggle would be useless, and sat perfectly still, holding the closed book upright on her knees with both hands, as if it were the outward form of that barricade which she had erected and meant to stand, between her and the powers that were set to destroy Bryan.

"Now, I must beg of you not to be frightened or annoyed at anything I am going to say to you, Miss O'Kelly," pursued the visitor, as, having glanced over a page of his note-book, he closed it, keeping his finger in the page, and looked mildly but firmly at Marcella. "If I ask you questions pray believe that personal inquisitiveness has nothing to do with them. You and I have both a duty to discharge, and I rely on you to co-operate with me in a matter of very serious and solemn moment, by telling me all that you remember hearing on the circumstances which I shall suggest to you."

Marcella bowed her head, and for one moment drooped her eyes, only to fix them again on his. Her face had grown sharp and white during the last few minutes, and only the eyes, dark, wide-awake, and full of intelligence, seemed to live in it. Lips, brow, and chin, were set as if in a swoon.

"I have addressed you by your present name as Miss O'Kelly, but I will now speak to you as Miss Marcella Grace. It was as

Marcella Grace that you were concerned in the matter of which I am now about to question you."

"There you make a mistake," said Mrs. Kilmartin, with an accent of faint triumph. "She is the daughter of a cousin of the late Mrs. O'Kelly of Distresna and Merrion-square, Dublin. Her name never was Grace."

Marcella made no remark, and Mrs. Kilmartin sank back on her cushions exhausted.

Mr. O'Malley glanced at her with sympathy, and then pursued his examination of Marcella.

"You lived during last January in the large gable house at the corner of Weavers'-square in the Liberties of Dublin? You lived there with your father who was a weaver of poplin?"

Marcella's lips moved in assent.

"You remember the night of the 10th of January?"

"Yes, I remember it well. The police roused my father and me from our rest and demanded to search the house. My father was angry, but had to submit because of the Coercion Act. The police searched and went away, having found nothing they were looking for."

There was a burning light in her eyes now, and the colour had come into her lips again. Her glance never flinched as she made her statement.

"Is that all you remember of the night of the 10th of January last. Try and think about it a little. Did you not admit any one that night at an unusual hour?"

"No."

"Indeed! You are sure of that? No one knocked at the door as you were sitting up late at your work and asked for shelter?"

"No one."

Mr. O'Malley looked at her silently for a few moments, then said "Ah!" and again reflected a little as he knit his brows over his note-book.

"There is a secret closet in that house in which you were then residing, Miss O'Kelly," he continued presently, as if he had been quite satisfied on the other point and had let it go.

"Yes."

"You did not show it to the police that night when they were making their search, nor tell them of its existence?"

"No."

"You were quite sure no one was hiding in it on that occasion."

"Yes."

Mr. O'Malley made an entry in his book, and again resumed his questions as if quite content with the answers he had already received.

"Now, tell me, when did you first learn that a murder had been committed on that night of the 10th, not far from the street in which you lived?"

"My father told me the next morning. We knew nothing of it till he brought the paper in."

The terrible questioner closed his book and leaned back slightly in his chair, while he fixed his quiet observant gaze on those tortured burning eyes of hers, and lowered his voice with a swift glance at the motionless form of the mother, who lay, whether listening or not it were hard to tell, and made no sign as the inquisition went on.

"Now, Miss Grace, I want you to tell me what was the special occasion on which you first made the acquaintance of Mr. Bryan Kilmartin?"

"I met him at the St. Patrick's Ball at Dublin Castle, where my relative Mrs. O'Kelly introduced me to him."

"And never before that night?"

"Never."

Mr. O'Malley made no remark, but sat looking at her with that gentle penetrating gaze under which her heart froze and burned with the pain of her falsehood. And while he observed her he was thinking:

"She lies bravely, but the lie will destroy her. When a truthful spirit consents to falsehood, there is war between body and soul. Even if we had no case to be completed by her evidence she must be got to speak the truth, to save her own life or reason."

He drew the strap across his note-book, and took up his gloves as if all were over and he was going, but as he stood up, hat in hand, he suddenly said:

"And you are prepared to swear that on the night, and in the hour of Mr. Ffont's murder you did not admit Bryan Kilmartin secretly into your house, did not listen to his prayer for shelter, did not hide him in that secret closet, nor liberate him from it the next morning early, long after the fruitless visit of the police who were searching for him? You are prepared to swear all this if need be?"

"I am."

"That is all, then. I will not trouble you with any more

questions for to-day. But I must tell you, Miss Grace, that unpleasant as I fear it will be to you, you will be summoned and will be bound to appear on the trial of Bryan Kilmartin, and you are expected to give evidence in accordance with the circumstances I have stated to you, and which are believed to be facts."

Marcella had also stood up, and had never removed her unhappy eyes from his face. When he quitted the room which he did with a certain polite abruptness, she followed him to the hall-door, where he turned and looked at her inquiringly, encouraging her to speak whatever thought was struggling within her for utterance.

She advanced a step to him, her hands outstretched: the spell of this man's strange power was upon her, urging her to tell him everything, to claim his help, his counsel. He looked strong, kind, sympathizing, he would rid her of this torturing lie that was already eating her heart, he would guard her confidence, and advise her as to what course of conduct might be best for her in Bryan's interests.

Seeing her thoughts in her face, O'Malley stepped back across the threshold, removing his hat again and taking her kindly by the hand.

"You have something more to tell me," he said; "speak, do not be afraid. You are not one to live through the part you have undertaken. Have mercy on yourself."

But at the same moment Marcella regained her presence of mind, and by force of will broke the spell to which she had nearly yielded.

"I have lived through trouble already," she said. "I can live through more. I have spoken, and I have nothing to add. But will you not come in and take some refreshment? If Mr. Kilmartin were—at home," she said, forcing a bright smile, "if he were in his rightful place, he would not let you go in this inhospitable fashion. Neither would his mother, but she is ill——"

"Thank you, I have ordered lunch not far away, and I will torment you no more to-day," he answered, pitiful of her scorched eyes that seemed, in spite of her words and bearing, to moan to him to go. And so he left her and went rapidly towards the boat where his henchman was awaiting him.

Then, Marcella went back to the drawingroom, still strong in her knowledge that she had baffled Bryan's enemies, that she had denied them the morsel of evidence they were hungering for, that she had broken the chains they were forging, and overthrown

their plots, and that, though she died of the pain of her sin, she would set him free.

Mrs. Kilmartin was sitting upright on her couch; watching for the girl's return, and immediately began to talk to her.

"What did that dreadful man mean by asking you such extraordinary questions, Marcella? And tell me what you answered him. My mind is so confused. It seemed to me he mistook you for somebody else. And yet you allowed him to suppose you were somebody else. I think I was in a kind of swoon part of the time, so that I did not follow all that was said."

"He did not mistake me for any one else, mother. He has found out who I am, who I was, that is all. I had hoped they would not find me out. But it has not done them any good—their tracking me."

"I do not understand you in the least. He called you Marcella Grace. Was that ever your name?"

"It is my real name. I might have told you so any day, only it seemed so unnecessary, and there were one or two good reasons for not bringing it forward."

"And your father? Did that man not say that your father was a weaver of poplin?"

"He said so. And it was true. My father and I were very very poor until Mrs. O'Kelly found us. It was by my mother, my poor young mother who had made a strange kind of marriage through reverse of fortune, that Mrs. O'Kelly was related to me. She did not wish it known that we were exactly what she found us."

"Nothing surprises me now," said Mrs. Kilmartin, pathetically. "And it does not matter, except that you might have confided in me. But what," she went on, putting her hand to her head, "what did he mean by asking you about the police searching your house on the night of the murder, and about where you hid Bryan? You said you never saw him till the night of the St. Patrick's Ball, and you held to that. It was true, Marcella, was it not? Look me in the face and say it was true."

There was an agony in her eyes that Marcella could not lie to. She dropped on her knees and pressed the mother's cold hand to her own burning eyes.

"It was not true. I had seen Bryan before. I have denied it to them, but I cannot go on deceiving you. I have sent him away baffled, that man, but I know he has not done with me. He

will come back, they will set on me, now they have got the clue, and I shall be worried and torn like a hunted animal. But they shall not get the truth from me, the wicked, false truth that would pretend to make Bryan guilty. So never fear, mother, I will not tell. Only I must speak truth to you when you look at me like that——”

“Where had you seen him?”

“You heard it said. That dreadful man with his kind eyes and his gentle voice—he told it all in your presence, but maybe you did not hear him. How they got the information I cannot guess, for even my father did not know what happened.”

“What happened?”

“I was sewing late at night, that hateful night. I was a poor, a very poor girl, sewing to earn sixpence. My father had gone to bed. He was weak and old, and failing from his work, and I was almost in despair because I could earn so little. I heard a knock at the door and a man asked to come in, and it was Bryan. I had never seen him before, but in a moment I saw what he was. I let him in because of the tone of his voice, and I hid him because of the look in his face. And after he was hid safely, the police came and searched, and did not find him, and went away. And my father was angry at the disturbance, because he knew nothing about a man’s being hidden in his house. Very early in the morning I let Bryan out of the closet, that closet you heard mentioned, and he went away. And afterwards I met him at the Patrick’s Ball, but he did not know me though I knew him. And he never knew me all the long time I have been here, until they came to take him from us, and he told me that a girl who had hidden him that night in Weavers’-square, might give the most telling evidence that could be produced against him. Then I told him who I was, that his mind might be at rest——”

An ashen look had been creeping over Mrs. Kilmartin’s face while she listened. The strange information just given only meant one thing for her. Marcella’s confession as to her own antecedents scarcely touched her. If the girl had told her she had been, before coming to Inisheen, a beggar, craving alms in the street, or a royal princess standing beside a throne, she would have felt no surprise. One only and terrible thought had taken possession of her as she listened: what brought Bryan into hiding on such a night and at such an hour?

“You took him in?” she muttered, “you hid him. Bryan Kilmartin hiding because a murder had been done! Did he tell



you why he hid, what had brought him there? My God, girl, speak! Tell me the rest or you will kill me."

"I do not know the rest," said Marcella, with dry lips. "I never asked him. I would not ask him, unless he chose to tell me—not in a hundred years, whatever brought him there, it was nothing wrong. That much he said, though it was not necessary to me to hear it."

Mrs. Kilmartin stared at her dumbly, with a look that asked a terrible question, a question that Marcella would not see.

"I must know why Bryan hid that night. I am his mother, and I must know. I cannot live on quietly like anybody else—like you—without having so terrible a mystery cleared up. The Fenians did the murder no doubt, and Bryan was a Fenian. I brought him up to it. I filled him with romantic love for his country, and I did not know what I had done till I found he had rushed, child as he was, headlong into the arms of a secret society. He thought to shake himself free of them, but they have had him in their clutches. How do I know what they have not compelled him to do——?"

Her voice sank into a terrified whisper, while the look of horror deepened and widened in her eyes.

"I do not know what you mean," said Marcella, coldly.

The mother hid her face and moaned.

"You must know what I mean. You shall know what I mean. I cannot bear such a burden alone. I shall go mad in an hour if you do not help me under this fear——"

"You mean that you doubt he may be guilty."

"O God! O God! that I should endure to hear you say it!"

"You, his mother! Yes, indeed, you ought to be ashamed," said Marcella. "You who nursed Bryan Kilmartin on your knee and brought him up to be a man, and knew his thoughts, and his actions, and his aspirations, to turn and be a traitor to him because of a little base, lying, circumstantial evidence. Oh, I thought Bryan had a mother who loved and believed in him; and, poor fellow, he so believed in you, and was so thankful to you for educating him as you did, was so proud of your devotion to Ireland and to your poor fellow-creatures, so glad that you had taught him early to think more of the sufferings of others than of his own ease; and you reward him for all this trust by harbouring such a hideous doubt of him. You imagine that he, who had courage to go out a mere boy to learn to use his gun in honourable warfare for

a glorious cause, could afterwards, in his mature manhood, be coward enough to strike another man to death in the dark."

"Spare me," wailed Mrs. Kilmartin, "spare me."

"You have not spared yourself," said Marcella, scornfully. "I am only a poor girl, and it is not a year yet since I first knew Bryan; but such a detestable thought of him could never have entered my head; and you his mother!—his mother!— Just heaven! what will the world say when *she* can doubt him?"

"You do not know the horrors of the working of a secret society," persisted the mother; but something of the maddened tension of her gaze had relaxed, as she followed with hungry eyes every movement of Marcella's eyes and lips while she reproached her, as if life, and health, and hope, were all being rained down on her with the scorn from the girl's face and voice; "you do not know how pitiless orders are given, and how death follows at once if they are not carried out."

"I have heard of it," said Marcella, "and Bryan is one who would have unflinchingly accepted the doom of disobedience. He would have refused to kill, and would have died."

"His oath," murmured the mother.

"Had been retracted. He had separated himself from Fenianism long before—he is the victim of the vengeance of a secret society for having deserted it. If he dies, he will die a martyr, even though his own mother ——"

A cry broke from Mrs. Kilmartin, and she broke into wild weeping. Marcella was on her knees by her side in an instant.

"O mother! mother! why will you torture your own heart and mine imagining impossibilities? He will be safe because he is innocent."

"My darling!" sobbed the mother, holding her to her heart, "you have conquered for me. You have driven the demon away from me. Never again shall such a maddening fear get possession of me; you are worthy to be his wife, Marcella, and I—I—have been wronging you too."

"I know you have," said the girl, quietly, "but this dreadful thing that I have feared has come to make us understand each other better. Now that it has come, I have met the worst, and we will go to Dublin; I shall not be afraid of being seen in the streets now that they know me and have followed me here; I shall have to go to the front and defy them."

Then followed long explanations, in which Marcella made the mother understand the motives which had been at work in her;

and, after all had been said and realised, Mrs. Kilmartin remained aghast at the girl's quiet resolution to deny the truth that would lie to condemn Bryan.

The idea remained fixed in her mind, "They shall not get it from me, that morsel of cruel evidence which they would distort to their own purposes; I, only, hold it in my hand. They may kill me, but they shall not have it."

The very next day a document arrived, in which she was formally summoned to appear on the trial, which was to take place in December, as a witness in support of the case of the Crown against Bryan Kilmartin for the murder of Gerald French Ffont, on the night of the 10th of January.

"They are determined to have me," she said, "and they shall get me. I will be there, never fear, and if I live I will foil them. Good God! to think of their setting on a man like Bryan to destroy him, and making use of me to carry out their purpose. Come, little mother, cheer up. Without me they are powerless to hurt him, or they would not make such a fuss about getting me, and I will foil them or I will die—I will die."

She sat down and wrote her orders concerning her change of plans. The house in Merrion-square was to be opened up, and Miss O'Donovan was to accompany her to Dublin, or to remain at Crane's Castle, whichever she pleased. Miss O'Donovan elected to go to Dublin. Where a great sensation was going on, there Miss O'Donovan liked to be, and the coming trial, with all its peculiar circumstances, promised to be a great sensation. Miss O'Donovan had greatly improved in condition since last she had appeared in Dublin, in the character of an impoverished gentlewoman. Her wardrobe had been plentifully and elegantly replenished, and she had the use of more pocket-money than ever she had enjoyed in her life before. In and about Dublin she had hosts of friends, and she foresaw that a pleasant and exciting season was awaiting her; yet she was not at all unkind in her nature, and she liked both Bryan and Marcella.

"Miss O'Donovan will come, mother, and she will stand between us and the world, I know; that part of it will be congenial to her. She will see all dear Mrs. O'Kelly's old friends, who will come to look me up and to pay me attention, and to find out what my connection really is with this trial. She will shake her head with them and say 'yes, yes, *you* remember what this house was; it is sad to find it fallen into such hands; yet she is not a bad girl, only there is a taint in her blood, through her belonging, on one

side, to the people; and the Kilmartins are not quite bad either, only both mother and son are mad on one point.' ”

So Marcella would talk, bustling about getting ready for the journey for Dublin, making all Mrs. Kilmartin's preparations for leaving Inisheen, while the poor little mother watched her with fascinated eyes and a frozen heart, hardly venturing to ask herself would this girl really dare to perjure herself to save Bryan ? She must not be allowed to do it ; she could not be suffered to do it ; and yet who was to stop her if she determined to stand up in the witness-box and swear a lie ? No eye saw that occurrence between them that night ; it was all a secret lying with her and him and God. If she wounded her own moral nature to set him free, who could prevent her, what should spring up to contradict her ?

Then the same thought came to Mrs. Kilmartin that had crossed the mind of the terrible inquisitor of the police, that the girl would die of her sin.

“ And if she did so die and go to God to be pardoned because of the source of her sin in love, and its expiation in agony,” asked the mother's hungry heart that craved for her child, “ would not Bryan still be free—Bryan who was not guilty but innocent ; would not the widow's son come back to her cleared of impossible guilt before the world ? And there were other women to love him, as fair and as sweet as Marcella, though maybe not so terribly strong in their love. That great strength in women was not always desirable, not always lovable in the eyes of men.”

And then the unhappy mother flung up her hands and fell on her face before heaven, and craved mercy for having dreamed such wicked dreams, and cried aloud for courage to thrust the desire for evil out of her tortured soul.

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## THE SACRISTAN OF ROUMANIA.

BY MARIAN S. LA PUY.

**A** CROSS Roumania's perilous wold  
 The horses fleet are hasting;  
 The stars burn pale; the crescent cold  
 With each swift hour is wasting.  
 Frosty the air; the crystal ground  
 Breaks with the hoof's light tread;  
 And life and death are in each bound  
 That bears the low rude sled.

White-haired the priest, with furrowed brow,  
 And eye where Heaven dwelleth;  
 Hands clasped on heart, and head bent low,  
 Another Presence telleth!  
 A gentle boy doth guide the rein—  
 O fair as angels be!  
 His eyes flash as they skim the plain,  
 Of dying soul thinks he;

Of soul unshrived—each sinful year  
 Dark spirits fast unrolling;  
 He starts: "My Father, dost not hear  
 Far off the death-bell tolling?"  
 "Nay, child, God wills that soul we save!"—  
 Hark to that echoing yell!  
 The wolves! near, nearer still they rave  
 And howl like fiends from hell.

Like lightning spring the trembling steeds—  
 Closer their foes are flying—  
 "God save us, child! Sore, sore our needs,  
 For we, too, are the dying."  
 Around them press the murderous bands,  
 Struggling they mount the sled;  
 The youth quick knelt—with clasped hands,  
 "Father, absolve me!" said.

Then 'mid the wolfish pack he sprang;  
 They close in hordes around him;  
 Not long he feels the deadly fang,  
 The martyr's wreath has crowned him.  
 Fast speeds the sorrowing priest; the soul  
 Another died to save,  
 Goes forth robed in the snowy stole  
 Which Christ's dear Passion gave.

O'er crimsoned snow and mangled bones,  
 Angels their watch are keeping;  
 Morn breaks; a crowd, 'mid stifled moans,  
 Kneel, while the pale priest weeping,  
 With reverent hand each relic lays  
 Upon the virgin bier:  
 Then soft the chant for martyrs raise  
 As slow they disappear.

A marble cross to passers by  
 Now tells the touching story  
 Of one who could as bravely die  
 As heroes crowned with glory.  
 And children, at their mother's knee  
 Still hear with faces wan,  
 How cruel wolves to Heaven set free  
 Their Angel Sacristan.

## HINTS TO STUDENTS.

[We recur to the "Answers to Correspondents" in the old *Nation* for some replies and suggestions to inquiring students, which are not perhaps yet out of date.]

"Zero," Cork.—Books alone will not do, though you had the British museum. The book that is within your reach is well worth all the rest—it was the only one the fathers of poetry possessed—the book of nature. You have sailed down the noble river that Spenser described three hundred years before you saw it, as surrounding Cork "like a sea." Was not this seeing nature under one of her finest and most impressive forms? And you have looked from Cove-hill over the giant harbour, and seen the strange ships sail in between the jutting necks of land, that seem to meet in an embrace, enclosing the sea in an emerald ring: there are few finer sights in Ireland. And there, too, is Blarney Castle within an hour's drive of you. It will teach you what the baronial castles of Irish nobles were when they were armed chiefs, not laced laqueys of the Court. Do not despair—Nature is everywhere. We fear your list of books is already too long, but some time or other you ought to plunge into Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" (his own experience, under a strange fiction); Carleton's "Traits and Stories;" Banim's "Tales of the O'Hara Family;" Moore's "Captain Rock," (his history is poor); Miss Bremer's Novels, (for sketches of domestic life); Thierry's "Norman Conquest" (to see how picturesque history may be made); Retzsch's "Illustrations of Faust or Shake-

peare" (to become familiar with graceful art); or better still, Flaxman's "Designs." But again we repeat, all will be vain without the sky, and the sea, and the green fields, and the waving trees, and the grand mountains, and God's people, who live among them fresh and earnest lives, far away from the city.

"Zero"—We should be glad to write you a lecture upon the nature of poetic training (which does *not* mean trying to think) in answer to your frank and exceedingly agreeable letter, which has just come to hand, looking and smiling like an early spring flower. But, alas! we have a particular engagement with the Attorney-General. However, if you will tell us what poets you have read—what criticism upon poetry (if any) you are familiar with—whether you have looked into the essays of Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and Southey, or the exquisitely discriminated and almost scientific treatise on the nature and structure of poetry prefixed to Wordsworth's poems, we will know whether you have anything to learn that we can teach, and find time to write it by-and-by. Extend your acquaintance with the poets, by adding to your list Wordsworth, Keats, Southey, Coleridge, and the old and new ballads—your historical knowledge by a study of Lingard, Thierry, Arnold, (Rome,) Carlyle's French Revolution, and Bancroft's American. Also, if you can get hold of them, read the Chronicles of Froissart, De Commynes, and Monstrelet, and do not omit the historians (though they be bad ones) of your own country—MacGeoghegan, Leland, Moore, Plowden, &c. Read some travels—Clarke's (in Russia,) Park's, (in Africa,) Chateaubriand's, (in Syria,) and especially all Burckhardt's, but *not* Lamar-tine's; read also such books as Elphinstone's "Caulbul" and Laing's "Norway" and anything of Humboldt's that you can lay hands upon. And read Lyell's Geology (his larger work,) and—but we have given you a list already that may occupy your time for two or three years not unprofitably.

"Two Students."—We have no ambition to decide such moot points; but since you will have it so, we are clearly of opinion that the *Edinburgh Review* has been an abler and more valuable periodical for the last fifteen or twenty years than for the earliest years of its existence. Abler and more interesting, but by no means so influential; for the despotism of quarterly reviews over the republic of letters has ceased. The early numbers contain papers of exquisite wit (and very mean sentiment) by Sydney Smith; clear, piquant, agreeable, and shallow criticisms on men and books by Jeffrey; trenchant and slashing articles by Brougham (like his whipping of the boy Byron); lumbering statistics by excellent Francis Horner, whom everybody loved, and scarce anybody (we verily believe) read; Scotch philosophy and international law by Macintosh; foreign literature by Lord Holland —

"Very fine, very learned, and not worth a d—;"

some fascinating gossip about old novelists and new poets (in a vein tenderer and softer than usually belongs to that sullen genius) by poor

William Hazlitt; and more gossip by the true, born, and natural gossip, Leigh Hunt. These are its main charms (for we count little on Hallam or Allen, and Scott was only a temporary contributor) up to 1826, and in the days of its greatest renown. But since that time the historical pictures of Macaulay, and the deep and penetrating speculations and subtle criticisms of Carlyle, have added new dominions to English reviewing. Stephen, Mill the younger, Foster, and others, have occupied, and in some particulars enlarged, this territory; and as one or two of the original contributors, Brougham and Smith, for example, wrote their most effective articles last, we have no hesitation in preferring the volumes since 1826. But as our "Two Students" appear to have been judging for themselves, we strongly advise them to take the dicta of none of these sages. Reviews are very legitimate reading for men full of employment; but students should go to the original sources where the reviewers found their materials, and abjure summaries and results.

"L." proposes that we should recommend a collection of the works of the late Dr. Brennan for the "Library of Ireland." Heaven forbid! We know that he has a traditional reputation among old gentlemen in Dublin; but more vileness, insolence, scurrility, and stupidity, than compose the *Milesian Magazine*, have seldom come between two covers. Wit and humour to dull billingsgate are in the proportion of a unit to a million. Watty Cox was a scamp; but his coarseness was redeemed by true humour. Dr. Brennan was a scamp; and, as far as literature is concerned, nothing more. It is said he had ability in his profession, though none of the respectable practitioners were willing to come in contact with the "wrestling doctor." Our young readers must not confound him with Dr. Drennan, the poet of the United Irishmen, a gentleman and a patriot.

"A Southern" desires to know why Belfast is sometimes called the "Athens of Ireland." Athens had "long walls;" Belfast has a "Long Bridge." Athens had an "Academy;" Belfast has a "Royal Academical Institution." Demosthenes uttered Philippics; so does Dr. Cooke. Athens had a *cerameicus*; Belfast has an extensive brick manufacture. There is a river at Athens; and there is also, moreover, a river at Belfast. Is our correspondent satisfied?

"P." (Cork,) asks who is the Mr. Gifford so frequently referred to in Lord Byron's letters? He was the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He had been originally a shoemaker, wrote a satirical poem on the small poets of the day, assisted Canning in the "Anti-Jacobin," and was appointed editor of the *Quarterly* when that journal was started in opposition to the *Edinburgh Review*. He is the most venomous and hateful critic in English literature, a man of narrow vision, bitter temper, no sense of the grand or beautiful, and an overweening vanity. Hazlitt, Keats, Hunt, Moore, Lady Morgan, Barry Cornwall, and a



most of others, were slandered (for there was more scandal than criticism) by him and his friends in his *Review*. One reads the articles now with a hot itching of the palm to thrash the vagabonds who prostituted criticism to the meanest purposes of party spirit. Byron's constant deference for him we cannot explain, except on a supposition so discreditable to his courage that we reject it. That he *did* respect Gifford, is, however, wholly impossible to believe.

"Allua."—There is no book upon the "domestic manners and habits" of the Ancient Irish. On their dress you will find some information in Ware (Harris's edition), in Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland," in Grose, in "Walker's Irish Bards," and in various of the Archæological Society's publications. As for a general history of the island since the conquest, there is none in existence better than Leland's, and there can hardly be a worse. Moore's, so far as it goes, *ought* to be a great deal better; but we have found it almost unreadable.

"An Irish Catholic" asks why we recommended a study of Thierry (amongst other historians) for the perusal of students, seeing that he is manifestly not an impartial historian. Certainly he is not; but neither is Hume, MacGeoghegan, or Carlyle—in fact, we scarcely know whom we should name as impartial. Yet no historical student would do well to neglect those writers. Our correspondent might remember that in a review of the last Archæological Tract, we characterised Thierry as "grossly unjust and prejudiced," for the very acts of injustice of which our friend complains. Again he asks, in a tone of triumph, whether Thierry is to be relied upon in matters of Irish history? Certainly not. He consults on that subject hardly any authority but the very bad one of Sir Richard Musgrave. We never recommended him for that; but if our correspondent cannot find any qualities in the writings of Augustin Thierry which make it essential for every historical student to make himself acquainted with them, then we strongly advise him to read them again—or, better still, to give up all historical study, as unsuited to his calibre.

[The Spartan discipline which helped to train the contributors of the *Nation* would disgust correspondents in these fastidious days.]

As a somewhat harsh, and mayhap overhasty but very loving father, regards his children—now boxing the ear of a malapert urchin for poking fun at his grandmother—now producing a pocketful of sugar-plums for the good boy who won a "judgment" shining with "V.G.'s," but always having in view the ultimate good of his interesting charge—so do we regard our very dear family of contributors. If, now and then, we use a parent's liberty, and apply the rod, it is solely because we have more faith in Solomon's precepts than in Bell and Lancaster's—the critic who spares the rod spoils the poet.

"L." invites us to "form the public taste in literature," by accepting the most juvenile contributions, and pointing out their deficiencies.

That is not the way any branch of knowledge is taught. The artist is not sent to study *bad* models, or the schoolboy to copy *bad* writing. The best models are set before them, and they are made labour to approach them as near as possible. Those who do not naturally and spontaneously attain a certain success in poetry will labour in vain. Study, training, reflection, are all necessary to perfect a poet, but they cannot *make* one; nature ordains her own priests. And it is by no means necessary or desirable that the country should be covered with a race of rhyming Arcadians, or that Ireland should become

A land of singing and of dancing slaves,  
Love-whispering woods and lute-resounding waves.

There is much higher and better work to do; and we have good hopes of the young men who, instead of rhymes, send us information on their local antiquities, suggestions for popular projects, or accounts of the progress of education and organisation in their own neighbourhood. The influence of poetry to elevate and civilize cannot be over-rated; but if there be half-a-dozen men in the country who have the inspiration and the mission, we would do wisely to leave the work to them, and betake ourselves to the hundred other tasks within our reach.

We do not like "Slievenamon's" Onset of Erin; and we are altogether sick of war-songs in which the old images and phrases are repeated to weariness. The Sunburst has floated in a thousand ballads, the Harp has been taken off the Willow ten thousand times, and the Emerald Gem has flashed in nearly a million of songs of late. Let our contributors sing the condition of the people, the natural beauties of the country, her heroic endurance, her gallant struggles, her heroes past and present, the glorious fate that awaits her, or any of the thousand subjects which love of country suggests; but there is a medium in everything, and we find we lose our appetite apace after reading a score of sanguinary songs of a morning, reeking with the blood of the Saxon, or the better blood that he has shed.

If "J.L." hopes to produce national songs he must resolutely forget "Moore's Melodies" and Campbell's "Exile of Erin;" the public have no fancy for their old favourites hashed up with inferior cookery. Yet three-fourths of the poetry which we receive and reject is of this character. It sparkles with "emeralds," "gems of the ocean," "isles of the sea," and resounds with "harp-striking bards," and "minstrel boys." No better specimen need be desired than the production before us. Take a verse:—

"Now I bid you farewell, ancient Isle of the Ocean—  
My spirit will pant for your welfare and joy—  
May your children no more taste the cup of commotion,  
Nor the grim fiend of fury their hours annoy.

May your *potent Bards strike the strings* of the lyre  
 That carelessly *hangs upon Tara's old hall*;  
 Tho' rusted, may they sound the clear golden wire,  
 And chant a sweet note to the *sons of Fingall*."

Let our young friends think for themselves, if there be thought in them. Models are necessary to form their taste, but they could have none more unsuitable than polished writers like Moore and Campbell, with whom no amount of natural talent would enable them to compete till after long and laborious training. Burns and poor Furlong will induct them into a better school—a school where there is no melodious flow of words to persuade them that sound compensates for sense, and no pedantic allusions to be misconceived and misapplied.

"T. H. F." makes the capital mistake of telling the public, in an elaborate essay, what they know already. The advice which, above all others, we would give to a young writer is, to write upon topics with which he has made himself familiar by the use of his own eyes and ears. We would rather have a faithful description of the Bog of Allen, by somebody who clamped turf in it, than an article on the condition of the Chinese Empire by a Fellow of Trinity College, who never travelled farther than "Botany Bay," as we believe our friends of *Alma Mater* call their back settlements.

"S." is a plagiarist. His original song is stolen from "Paddy's Resource." He "trusts his production will get an early place, as he takes in *THE NATION*." He may "take in *THE NATION*," as he says, but he shall not take in the editor.

The correspondent whom we detected, in a recent number, sending us as original a song plundered from "Paddy's Resource," ventures to excuse himself by declaring that he thought it would be useful to the popular cause to give it circulation. We have heard of "doing good *by stealth*," and blushing to find it fame; but we never anticipated such an illustration of the sentiment.

We receive a letter or two every week accusing us of harshness to our poetic correspondents, and admonishing us that we ought to foster young genius till it grows into maturity. Quite true; but are we to foster a sow's ear, with the hope that it will become a silk purse? We foster genius or even talent when we can find it, and that, thank Providence, is abundantly often; but there is not a more pitiable creature in existence than a man inflicted with the itch of writing verse, but denied the capacity by nature. We would as soon encourage a lame man to turn ballet-master as such a one to woo the impregnable muses.

Declined "Philo-Nation." This gentleman sends us a specimen of poetry by a boy under sixteen years of age, "to surprise us," and has surprised us a good deal, if that will content him. We should have thought that the writer was not in his first, but his second child-

hood. We have some notion of reviving the ancient Irish law which made it imperative on every one aspiring to be a poet to produce at least fifty poems of his own composition, as well as to recite the entire of the *Breithe Naimhidh*: for which latter work we will perhaps, in mercy, substitute the *Spirit of the Nation*. "S——n'r."—We cannot accept your "Posthumous Stories of an Irish Traveller." Dead men tell *no tales*. "Zero."—You may write for an English periodical and no harm done (unless, perhaps, to the enemy, if your contributions chance to be unequal to your reputation—that is to say, if they are below zero). We respect your doubts, but intreat you to give England the benefit of them.

"A Patriot's Song" commencing

"Cheer up, cheer up, my hearts of oak,"

has precisely the same fault. Would any man in the four provinces think of addressing his brother in this phrase? It is the idiom of English sailors, and proper in their mouths; but whoever would reach the Irish heart, must learn to use the warm, imaginative tones that it utters and loves.

"A Bard" is not content with lauding Bolivar out of all measure, but he sings him out of all measures—a sin against the muses to which we will not be a party.

## A SOUL QUESTION.

BY EVELYN PYNE.

"WHEN He who gave thee roses, gives thee rue,  
And presses on thy brow the wreathéd thorn,  
And leaves thee desolate, in wrath and scorn,  
And shuts the portal of His pleasaunce to,  
So thou without must lie, and hardly through  
The deep dark bars may peer: when His dear hand  
Clasps thine no more, in life's fair morning-land,  
My soul, in such case, say, what wilt thou do?"

"Since that His dear hand gave it, rue shall be  
Set in fair soil, and watered by my tears,  
Until its blossoms win a grace for me,  
And through the bars His sweetest face appears!"  
Dear Lord, the blossomed rue in heart I bear!  
Wilt Thou not droop Thine eyes to see it there?

## A TRUE GHOST STORY.

**H**OW unexpectedly at times memory casts its light over the far and forgotten past, illuminating some stormy peak that casts a shadow over years, some sunny valley with its quiet group of dear friends whose faces we see again, whose pleasant voices sound in our ears as of old. I have been lately in a musing mood.

" Came memory with sad eyes,  
Holding the faded annals of my youth."

I meet there some sad, some joyful pages ; I read last night of the day when I first left home, with tearful eyes, and heart bowed down. I was away for three years During the seemingly endless months of those long, long years how I " mourned the old home I still should love the best." The friends so dear to me, the companions and playmates of my childhood, whom I knew since I could know anything, who were identified with my very being, the hills up which we ran, the stream by which we played, the groves through which we wandered, the adventures through which we went, were often recalled in solitude and silence, and their memory freshened by many a secret tear. At last the oft-counted, the long-wished for, but slowly coming day arrived. Home, sweet home, sounded in my ears and in my heart. How distinctly I remember the stages of the long journey. How impossible it would be to describe my emotion as the road became familiar and the well-known landmarks came one by one into view. The Four Mile House, the Two Mile Bush, were joyously recognised and rapidly passed. With throbbing heart I greeted the great old castle flanked by its massive towers clustered with the ivy of centuries, whose every nook and cranny I had often explored, to whose highest pinnacles I had followed more adventurous spirits many a time with imminent peril of life and limb. There, too, in the distance was the Old Gaol, like a castellated fortress, in whose vicinity were well-known rings for shooting marbles and pegging tops ; and the venerable abbey with its well remembered tomb of King Croodearg, guarded so long and so faithfully by his gallows-glasses. Truly no place on all the earth is to me like this old inland town, as it shone that evening in the glory of the setting sun, as it shines now in the soft light of memory, with its treasured associations, endearing recollections, and unforgotten friends whose like I shall meet no more on the journey of life ; not Bagdad with its shrines of fretted gold, in the days of the good Haroun Alrashchid, not

Camelot with its shadowy palaces and magic hall where Arthur sat and all his Table Round.

Sage moralists sometimes tell us that it is an illusion to speak of the days of youth as the happiest of our lives. The youth, they say, sighs for the time when he shall be a man, free from tasks and schoolmasters, free to indulge his own sweet will. There is no doubt that childhood and youth know their own sorrows as well as manhood and age. But after due pondering it seems to me that in youth, the joy, the freshness, the freedom from care, are real; the sorrows, the tears, as the passing clouds and showers through which the sunshine is already gleaming; while in the after years the cark, the care, the load of grief, are permanent and enduring, enjoyment and forgetfulness of life's burden, sore and transient. The troubles of youth may damp our enjoyment for a moment; the amusements of age may bring us for an instant relief from the trials of the world.

The most marvellous of poets has observed:—

“If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work,  
But when they seldom come they wished for come.”

My holidays had been long and earnestly wished for. They were now thoroughly enjoyed. Every well-known scene was visited and revisited. Each day had some new excursion. One beautiful summer's morning, I remember it well, I set out into the country with two companions, “turning to mirth all things of earth as only boyhood can.” We visited a well called Tubber-na-glug, the Well of the Bells, into which the silver bells of the old abbey were said to have been lowered by the monks, when the persecutor drove them from their quiet home of peace and prayer. Through the crystal water we could see down below certain strong beams extending from side to side. The legend ran that once when the water was very low, a Protestant landlord in the neighbourhood made an attempt to get possession of the long-lost bells. Just as his man laid his hand on them to attach the grappling apparatus with which he was furnished, a fierce serpent darted from a crevice, whose ugly fangs he barely escaped, by instantly giving the signal to haul him up.

Thence we made our way to Martinstown, a demesne filled with fine old timber, covered with the thick foliage of leafy June. The cloudless sky revealed trackless depths of purest azure. The soft sward was green with the freshest verdure, begemmed with wild flowers. From tree and brake and sky, the feathered minstrels of

earth and air poured forth ceaseless floods of liquid melody. I who knew so well what it was to be pent up in a dark schoolroom, while out in the beautiful country the sun shone, the birds sang, and the leaves made music in the breeze, enjoyed myself to my heart's content. Having tired ourselves bird-nesting, climbing trees, leaping, and indulging in other pranks, we at last approached the old mansion, a large square, lofty, substantial house of three stories. It had been uninhabited for years. Many of the windows were broken, some closed with shutters, the lower ones built up with stones. The hall-door approached by a flight of stone steps, through whose joints long grass had grown, was also barricaded with large stones. We examined in detail the front of this deserted hall. We passed round to the back, and climbing, the garden-wall, saw the walks covered with weeds and grass, the fruit trees encrusted with moss and mildew, decay on all around. I turned round and looked up to one of the top windows, and there, to my utter amazement and terror, beheld standing at the window an aged man, dressed in a black cut-away coat. He wore a three-cocked hat, and his skirted coat was braided with gold. A large black dog was on the window-sill before him, and his arm was stretched before the dog's breast, as if restraining him from leaping down at us. All this was taken in at a glance. I pointed to the window. The three of us leaped from the wall, and rushed over "bank, bush, and scaur," through brake and drain. Arriving at the high-road breathless, with clothes torn, hands and faces lacerated, feet and garments bedraggled with mire and wet, I asked the other boys if they had seen the old gentleman and his dog, as I described them. They assured me they had.

This extraordinary apparition at mid-day, so much at variance with the ordinary experience, that such unearthly visitors of the glimpses of the moon, appear only at the witching hour of night, I really beheld; or at least I believed that I beheld it, as truly as any object I had ever seen before. I visited the place lately. The old house has completely disappeared. Not a trace of it remains. Of my two companions on that day, one has long since stolen to his eternal rest. The round earth intervenes between the other and myself.

For years no doubt crossed my mind that I had actually seen that ghost. If you ask me if I believe it still, with the knowledge and experience of after years, I must confess that I have devised a theory to explain the apparition. There were ghost stories connected with the deserted mansion of Martinstown. I

recollected, on reflection, to have heard an old nurse tell, how when the family had all left and some servants remained, they were talking one night round the fire in the servants' hall. Suddenly they heard a footstep as of one walking down the stairs. Step by step the foot came until with stately tread there walked into the room an ancient gentleman, with three-cocked hat, cut-away braided coat, silk stockings, shoes with broad silver buckles, and a diamond-hilted rapier by his side. He gazed intently for a moment on the group by the fire, turned slowly round, walked from the room in the same dignified manner, was heard ascending step by step to the top of the house and shutting a door behind him. That was the last night any of the servants stayed at Martinstown.

The conclusion to which I afterwards came, looking at my ghost adventure through the shadows of years that had passed, was, that some one with a black dog must have been in the house at the time; that he came to the window and looked out at us, and that to my mind's eye he assumed even to the minutest particular the appearance of the old gentleman whose apparition I had heard described years before, but of whom I had no conscious thought at the time. It may be asked how I account for my two companions having witnessed exactly the same apparition. The only answer I can give is that they beheld the man and dog, and that it was only in answer to my questions they agreed as to the cocked hat and braided coat.

At times I am not at all satisfied with this explanation of the adventure, and am inclined to have recourse to the old oft-quoted Shaksperian adage: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than have been dreamt of in thy philosophy." After all, is not the incredulity which wisdom and experience bring, in many ways a loss rather than a gain? How much more interesting a ruined mansion was to me in those days when I could believe some room of it still tenanted by such an ancient gentleman in his old-fashioned dress, the appropriate *genius loci*, the very embodiment of the many men of note of his family who had presided over the hospitable board, and issued red-coated, booted, and spurred from the ruined portals of this once noble hall! There he remains concentrating in himself the history and traditions of his race, mourning the bright eyes now closed for ever, which lent light to those mouldering halls, the sweet voices, now for ever silent, which rang joyously through those decaying corridors, the fair forms whose pictures have long since faded from the walls.



## MISS TYNAN'S "LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE," &amp;c.

THIS, the first volume Miss Katharine Tynan has given to the world (though her name is dear and well-known to all magazine readers) is a very remarkable one in itself, and doubly so as the production of a young girl; the quiet mastery over her art, the perfect strength and subdued richness of colouring, the holy tenderness of thought, and the perfection of rhythmic construction which this young poet shows, are as rare as delightful. We find in Miss Tynan's book neither the blind idolatry of some special form of authority, nor the mad raving against all constituted law and order, neither the contempt for beautiful form, nor the worship of mere technical perfection, by which so many poets of the present day deform noble work: but we do find *real poetry*, and we mean by *real poetry*, *beautiful thought clothed in beautiful language*; all other sense we maintain to be false and dishonouring, not only to the divine art, but to the critic who gives it, and strives thus to clothe the corpse of foul or trivial thought in the kingly raiment of fair speech. Poetry should insensibly lead us (as all true beauty does and must) tenderly, softly, to yearnings and strivings for something beyond this little life of ours, wherein we, even the happiest of us, are constrained to cry with bowed heads and streaming eyes, to the Comforter promised to us, yet who seems to our cold faithless hearts to tarry unduly. The poem giving its name to Miss Tynan's book, is a wonderfully tender and realistic picture of poor Louise de la Vallière, the girl who had sinned through too great faith in a faithless king. We can see her as we read, kneeling at the foot of a Calvary, just at the mystic miserable hour when

"Comes a new day; now pealeth near and far,  
 Rending the silence with its clamorous jar,  
 The midnight bell. Thy set-dead face, Beloved!  
 Glimmereth in the darkness like a star.

We see her trembling with cold and fear, for

"Things walk in dreams 't were deathly fair to meet."

She clings to the cold feet of Him who alone can help and save her, and in thought goes back to her innocent girlhood, hoping

that, if she watches through the haunted night hours, when the blessed daylight comes,

"My feet will go in dreams  
Down by Touraine's fair fields and pleasant streams,  
Where my white girlhood's full fleet days were spent,  
There the breeze freshens, and a great sun gleams.

Like little white-winged birds that fluttering fly,  
Lustrous small clouds come sailing down the sky,  
And the great cattle, breathing thymy sweet,  
Stand where gold cowslips in the grass are high.

Cherries are ripe and red-lipped in the nets,  
And the old pear-tree that its youth forgets,  
Hoary with lichen, stands with aged feet  
Deep in a purple mist of violets."

This is exquisite. And then the bitter thought welling up in the mind of the heart-broken, desolate woman, that all these fair things *were* hers, and might have been hers still.

"Surely, these things had brought me full content,  
Were I Louise clear-eyed and innocent,  
Fifteen unsullied summers 'neath the skies,  
I am Louise, sinner and penitent."

But alas ! she had forgotten in the delirious dream of a transitory passion, the One who alone could keep her "clear-eyed and innocent ;" now she remembers :—

"But my heart heard Thee calling through the years,  
Though I had turned away and closed mine ears.  
O'er the world's noise Thy cry came clear and sweet,  
Sure Thou art gracious to a sinner's tears."

And finally after a beautiful description of death :—

"Flame-shod, but garmented with grey is he,  
Thy messenger, Thy fair strong angel, Death,—

the poem closes in Rosetti's perfect words "with sudden music of pure peace ;" for Louise whispers through her tears, clinging yet closer to the feet of the Crucified Saviour,

"I am but this, a broken reed that He  
Hath bound with His strong fingers tenderly.  
Lord ! where Thy Father's many mansions shine,  
Wilt Thou not keep a last least place for me ? "

After this stately yet sorrowful poem, let us turn to the triumphant love-music of "*King Cophetua's Queen*," one of the strongest and most beautiful things in the volume. Listen to this, the opening verse:—

"Here shall we stay. The terrace walk is cool;  
Yonder thy palace towers rise silver-clear;  
From the dim city, grey and beautiful,  
Snatches of song we hear."

Or this:—

"And the night comes with misty glimmering feet  
Wet from wan waterways in some cool world,  
Shadowed and still: and where her heart doth beat,  
A crescent moon lies curled."

How delicious it is! How Rossetti would have loved to paint a conception like this! We feel sure Miss Tynan is a loving and reverent student of Rossetti, and we should imagine also of Keats, though there is nothing imitative or borrowed in her poetry. It is merely the *manner of looking* at the things created, not the creations themselves that recall these two great masters. But to continue; "*King Cophetua's Queen*," who is nameless in the poem (indeed, what name were sweet enough for her as portrayed by Miss Tynan?) tells the king, as they wander beneath the crescent moon, of her lonely girlhood drawn ever towards this hour of supreme bliss by

" . . . . wonderful grave eyes!  
That drew me all my days to this one day,  
Lighting my feet to thy love's mysteries  
Through moonless nights and grey,—"

and haunted by a dusky face that came to her in dreams, and whispered of one who waited in the south; and so she turned southwards:

"And as I went, thine eyes starred all the way,  
Their sudden splendours made my heart rejoice,  
And in mine ears rang clear the livelong day  
The gold notes of thy voice.  
So did I hear the birds sing in the bowers,  
Where no birds were or bowers, in the desert blind,  
And walked knee-deep in blooming meadow-flowers,  
Blown by a cool wet wind."

After a very lovely description of her arrival at the king's palace, the poem closes with the rapture of happy love:

"We are alone beneath the mystic sky,  
Hand clasped in hand, and heart-beat to heart-beat,  
Together, thou and I."

We have noticed these two poems at some length because we consider them the finest ; but "My Lady" is supremely tender, and most lovely in theme and treatment ; we feel, as we read it, the blown fragrance of wild roses wafted to our nostrils, and the simple pathos of the first lines, in which is compressed a whole life-history :

"She, my sweet, pale lady, goeth down  
Through the grey streets of the wicked town,  
And her steadfast face a shadow hath  
For the sin and pain about her path"—

brings tears to our eyes of very love and reverence.

"Little children hail her coming sweet,  
God's dear dumb things gather round her feet,  
The poor heart that bitter trouble sears,  
Melts at her soft words in healing tears.

*As she goes, she sets no hearts astir,  
Yet I think the sunshine follows her,  
Resting on her broad brows, loving-wise,  
And her wistful mouth, and brave grey eyes."*

Anything more beautiful than the two lines we have italicised has seldom been written : they touch us like the sudden singing of a bird, or the first spring violet, and make an exquisite picture of a woman, by a woman.

As our extracts from Miss Tynan's longer poems have necessarily been fragmentary, it seems right to give one piece entire ; and we choose it among those of which the inspiration is more directly religious. Here is the cry of "A Tired Heart:"

"Dear Lord ! if one should some day come to Thee,  
Weary exceedingly, and poor, and worn,  
With bleeding feet sore-pierced of many a thorn,  
And lips athirst, and eyes too tired to see,  
And, falling down before Thy face, should say :  
'Lord, my day counts but as an idle day,  
My hands have garnered fruit of no fair tree,  
Empty am I of stores of oil and corn,  
Broken am I and utterly forlorn,  
Yet in Thy vineyard hast Thou room for me ?'  
Wouldst turn Thy face away ?  
Nay, Thou wouldst lift Thy lost sheep tenderly.

" ' Lord ! Thou art pale, as one that travaileth,  
And Thy wounds bleed where feet and hands were riven ;  
Thou hast lain all these years, in balms of Heaven,  
Since Thou wert broken in the arms of Death,  
And these have healed not ! ' ' Child ! be comforted.  
I trod the winepress where thy feet have bled ;  
Yea, on the Cross, I cried with mighty breath,  
Thirsting for thee, whose love was elsewhere given,  
I, God, have followed thee from dawn to even,  
With yearning heart, by many a moor and heath,  
My sheep that wanderèd !  
Now on My breast, Mine arm its head beneath.'

" Then, if this stricken one cried out to Thee,  
' Now mine eyes see that Thou art passing fair,  
And Thy face marred of men beyond compare,'  
And so should fall to weeping bitterly,  
With, " Lord, I longed for other love than Thine,  
And my feet followed earthly lovers fine,  
Turning from where Thy gaze entreated me ;  
Now these grow cold, and wander elsewhere,  
And I, heart-empty, poor, and sick, and bare,  
Loved of no lover, turn at last to Thee ; '—  
Wouldst stretch Thine hands divine,  
And stroke the bowed head very pityingly ?

" ' Will not My love suffice, though great thy pain ? '  
' Ah, Lord ! all night without a lighted house,  
While some within held revel and carouse,  
My lost heart wandered in the wind and rain,  
And moaned unheard amid the tempest's din.'  
' Peace, peace ! if one had oped to let thee in,  
Perchance this hour were lost for that hour's gain ;  
Wouldst thou have sought Me then, with thy new vows ?  
Ah, child ! I too, with bleeding feet and brows,  
Knocked all the night at a heart's door in vain,  
And saw the dawn begin,  
On my gold head the dews have left a stain.' "

We would fain linger over every poem in the small book—too small, far too small for our wishes, and it is not often we find ourselves thinking that—but space forbids, and we must content ourselves with merely mentioning the exquisite sonnets, *Charles Lamb* and *Fra Angelico at Fiesole*—the two fine dramatic studies *Vivia Perpetua in Prison* and *Joan of Arc*, and a number of beautiful poems of a more marked religious character like the one just quoted. Many of these are very lovely, and deserve a notice to themselves ; *Faint-Hearted* is perhaps our favourite from the amber clearness and sweetness of thought and diction. We

should think Miss Tynan when writing these poems must have experienced what in her own fine words she ascribes to Fra Angelico :

"Looking from his work a minute's space,  
The sudden blue eyes of an angel's face  
His happy startled eyes are raised to see."

Already the young poet has received most flattering recognition from the Press, and from many men of high authority; and we can give, in farewell, no better wish, than that *Louise de la Vallière* may be as great a success as it deserves to be, and that we may soon welcome a second and larger volume from the same pen.\*

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### FOR THE LAST TIME.

BY FRANCES I. M. KERSHAW.

IT is morning in the valley—dear valley by the sea,  
Where dwell in yon white cottage all that belong to me,  
Nay, mine no longer now; for all this world is stranger grown;—  
In all its length, and breadth, and height, I've nought to call my own.

I am leaving now for ever that home of childhood gay,  
For the calm and peaceful refuge of the convent old and gray.  
As I pass down the little valley, each leaflet nods good-bye;  
Brighter seems every floweret—gayer each butterfly.

Birds never sang so clearly, home never seemed so sweet;  
Never more loved and tender, that turf to my aching feet:  
And each little child that flitteth across my path in play,  
With a silent, wistful blessing, follow these eyes to-day.

Where the old sea slowly floweth, solemn, and grand, and sad—  
Its waves have a vocal music they never before have had,  
And the ivy-clustered cottage, with its wealth of trailing vine—  
And the farewells dumbly spoken—be constant, heart of mine!

Tell not those strained embraces, paint not that loving woe;  
What passed in the ivy cottage, none but our God shall know!  
Never again—ah, never! never to stand by their side;  
Never to sit a-dreaming by the froth of the rising tide!  
Never again so swiftly, those gentle hills to climb!—  
O how my heart throbs, wandering here, for the last, last time.

Yet shall I turn regretful, to the world, its joys and care?  
Seeking the convent's shelter with my heart all otherwhere?  
Nay, for the last time wander, sad eye, o'er yon valley sweet—  
Then to the heavenly country turn eye, and heart, and feet.

\* This, it will have been perceived, is not the summing up which we last month claimed as our right and a right which shall be exercised when many more have spoken beside the many who have already spoken. The foregoing is a true poet's appreciation of a sister-poet.—FD. I. M.

## NEW BOOKS.

THE pyramid of new books that rises from our dissecting-table is now piled up so high that we must forego our purpose of returning to some of those that were announced last month in this place. To the worth and importance of two of these in particular our brief notices were altogether inadequate—the learned treatise by Cardinal Baluffi on “The Charity of the Church a Proof of her Divinity,” admirably translated by the Very Rev. Dr. Gargan of Maynooth College, and the splendid volume published by Pustet and Co. of Ratisbon, New York, and Cincinnati, containing the Latin originals of the authentic rescripts of Indulgences, completed just before his death by Father Joseph Schneider, S.J. This is a work of the highest authority on all the subject of Indulgences.

We have sometimes been consulted about French novels that can be read with safety; and indeed so far back as page 642 of the third volume of this Magazine a short list is given of harmless French tales. The well-known Librairie Blériot of Paris contains many more. One of the latest editions to this library is a translation of one of Miss Rosa Mulholland’s delightful stories which could not be recognised under its French title of “Une Idée Fantasque.” A similar fate has befallen other tales by Miss Mulholland, who has also appeared at Berlin in a German version. This new translation we have examined with care, and we cannot express our opinion better than by adopting the words of a clever writer in the *Freeman’s Journal* of Dublin, changing one word which we think he has mistranslated—“un roman *honnête* et captivant :—

We all remember the impeachment pronounced by Dr. Johnson against a certain leg of mutton, that it was as bad could be, ill fed, ill killed, ill kept, and ill cooked. The book before us deserves a eulogium as marked as the lexicographer’s denunciation was fierce. It is well written, well translated, well edited, and well printed. The story is Miss Mulholland’s, and it displays the qualities which those who know her writings expect to find in any work of hers. It is a simple, artless tale, free from unreal sensationalism, and which yet excites the interest of the reader from the first page, and holds it to the last. The preface by Charles Gounod, the great composer, is very interesting as showing the effect produced upon the sensitive mind of the musician by the well modulated notes of the novelist. “Behold,” he exclaims, “a pure and captivating romance, the author of which respects herself and her readers. In it we do not breathe the deadly miasma in which sensational literature seeks so-called remedies against passions and vices which, forsooth, it would have us hold in horror.” Such sensational literature jars upon the finely wrought mind of Gounod like false notes in music; and, as he says in his preface, it must tend to destroy in those who indulge it the appreciation of emotion of an elevated order. The translator has done excellent justice to the book which Miss Mulholland wrote in her happiest vein, and which Gounod has gracefully introduced to French readers.

By way of retaliation let a good English translation of a good French Tale follow the French version of “The Late Miss Hollingford”—

which, by the way, was paid a still higher compliment by Charles Dickens himself. When Tauchnitz was reprinting "No Thoroughfare" in his famous library, and when it was found somewhat too small for the series, the great novelist chose as a companion for his own story, within the same covers, that story of Miss Mulholland's which has now reappeared on the continent in a French garb. The translator of "A Noble Heart" (published by Richardsons of London and Derby) informs us that "Etienne Marcel" is the assumed name of a lady deservedly popular in France as well as in her native Belgium. The present tale is, *although* edifying, very interesting, well told, and well translated—but surely "bridal dress" is not of epicene gender, as a phrase in the eighth page would imply,

Miss Anna Sadlier's "Women of Catholicity" (Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis) consists of very well written sketches of Margaret O'Carroll, Isabella of Castile, Margaret Roper, Marie de Incarnation, Marguerite Bourgeoys, and Fanny Allen. The last is called "Ethan Allen's Daughter," a title which has a meaning for American ears, just as the third of these brave women might be called Sir Thomas More's Daughter. The first of the band will be the least known even for our readers, though she was an Irish princess of the fifteenth century, who, as an old chronicler states, was "the one woman that did the most in preparing highways and making bridges, churches and mass-books, and in all manner of things profitable to serve God and her soul." "The First American Nun," the aforesaid Frances Allen, fitly closes this attractive book, the binding of which helps its contents to render it very suitable as a convent prize.

Messrs. James Duffy and Sons have brought out in most readable form a series of nineteen short and sensible lectures by the Rev. Bernard Feeney on "Home Duties and Home Difficulties," which Cardinal Manning in a few cordial words recommends to all readers and especially priests. Father Feeney is an Irish priest who has joined the Pious Society of Missions in London. He treats of the place of home in the Divine plan of creation, and its recognition by Jesus Christ; of the church and home, husband and wife, father and mother, parental love, filial love, education of children, masters and servants: and under the head of "Stumbling Blocks" he speaks of drink, unhealthy literature, unthriftiness, untidiness, unsociableness. He very judiciously refrains from any attempt at eloquence or fine writing. Practical common sense is liable to be a little commonplace; but this is a commonplace world of ours, and these lectures will be useful for a great number of readers.

The Rev. Francis Goldie, S.J., has devoted much care and loving research to the composition of his sketches of "The Saints of Wessex and Wiltshire" (Burns and Oates). The six saints are Birinus, Headda, Aldhelm, Osmund, Edith, and Edward the Martyr. All the available



sources of information have been searched, and the reference to authorities are given carefully, while at the same time pains are taken to tell the story of these ancient saints in as interesting a manner as possible, with occasional picturesque glimpses of local scenery.

A very different tribute to a Saxon saint, but not bad in its way, is "St. Kenelm the Martyr Prince" (Richardsons). This only professes to be a story for boys; but we should think that the real story, as it might be told by Father Goldie, would be far more satisfactory, even for youthful readers.

It is not the fault of the printers (who have done their part admirably) that we have not been tempted to read through "Exiled from Erin: a story of Irish Peasant Life," by M. E. T. (Dublin: James Duffy and Sons). We have, however, read enough to see that the story is innocent and full of good feeling and good taste, and also that it is told with a good deal of liveliness. But M. E. T. herself (we venture on the feminine pronoun on our own responsibility) warns us on the very threshold that she is like the Needy Knifegrinder—"Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir." A Saturday Reviewer would not have much trouble in making an amusing article out of the book before us; and even the present amiable critic cannot bestow upon it the praise which he would wish to give to any book written in so earnest an Irish spirit as is evidenced even by the poetical mottoes of the chapters.

Nay, we do not care much for the tone of the Irish stories of Mr. Nugent Robinson. Mr. Robinson writes clearly, is a practised storyteller, and keeps the reader interested. But is there not a trace of the patronising tone of the Lover-and-Lever rollicking school of novelists with regard to Irish peasants and Irish character in general? We speak from our general recollection of Mr. Robinson's many Irish tales in the American magazines, *The Catholic World* and the *Ave Maria*. The managers of this last excellent religious periodical have reprinted one of his stories "Better than Gold" in "The Ave Maria Series of cheap Catholic Books." Three other numbers of the Series, to which we can give unqualified praise, are "Francis Macary the Cabinet-maker of Lavaur," one of Henry Lasserre's interesting tributes to Our Lady of Lourdes—a translation of Father Perreyve's "Mémoir and Letters of Rosa Ferrucci," that holy and accomplished Italian lady, of whose brief life some account was given in our eighth volume (1880)—and "Two Italian Sanctuaries of the Madonna," of which the first is the shrine of the Miraculous Picture at Genazzano which has lately grown so popular under the title of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Besides the excellence of these *pia opuscula*, they have cheapness to recommend them, though the indefatigable Notre Dame Press devotes to them the best of type and paper.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons, London, have just published under royal auspices, a magnificent volume, with a hundred and thirty etchings, engravings, maps, and plans, "the History of Hampton Court Palace in Tudor Times," by Mr. Ernest Law, B.A., Barrister-at Law. Mr. Law was already the author of an "Historical Catalogue of the Pictures at Hampton Court" and of a "New Guide to Hampton Court." He possesses very special qualifications and opportunities for the proper execution of his difficult task; and he has produced a work of great historic and artistic interest and importance.

Messrs. Duffy & Sons have sent us a large sheet containing lithographed portraits of Mr. Parnell and the following members of his parliamentary party: Messrs. Justin M'Carthy, Huntley M'Carthy, Gray, O'Gorman Mahon, Meagher, Sexton, Barry, Oallan, Dawson, R. Power, Healy, Sullivan, J. E. Redmond, W. Redmond, O'Brien, Kenny, O'Kelly, Shiel, Small, Harrington, Biggar, Leamy, J. O'Connor, and T. P. O'Connor; with whom are joined Mr. P. Egan, Michael Davitt, and the Archbishop of Cashel. The likenesses seem to be very well caught.

A second edition has just been published by Burns and Oates of "Mary in the Gospels, or Lectures on the History of our Blessed Lady as recorded by the Evangelists," by the Very Rev. Dr. Spencer Northcote, Provost of Birmingham. It is an excellent and most solid work and a second edition of it ought to have been required long ago. Its present form is cheap and elegant.

An English Dominican, Father Maltus, gives the name of "The Little Garden of Divine Love," to a small collection of very devout elevations of the soul which very many, we hope, will use with great spiritual profit and comfort.

Another English Dominican, Father John Placid Conway of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has compiled from various sources "The Story of Early and Medieval Abingdon" (London, Burns and Oates) which contains interesting references to St. Alice, St. Ethelburga, St. Edward, and many other saints.

The Catholic Publication Society of New York, of which Burns and Oates are the English representatives, have brought out the first part of a learned work by the Rev. William Strang, called "The Eve of the Reformation," which the author further describes as "an historical essay on the religious, literary, and social condition of Christendom, with special reference to Germany and England, from the year 1450 to the outbreak of the religious revolt." This first part consists of five chapters on the papacy, hierarchy, clergy, and saints of the half century preceding the so-called Reformation, and finally a chapter on the Divine Art, which turns out to be the art of printing. The list of the principal authorities gives the names of some fifty solid works chiefly by German and English writers.

Mr. R. E. White of San Francisco, who in his poems has done much for the fame of Father Juniper Serra, the Apostle of California, has devoted also an interesting brochure in prose to his holy memory.

The "Boston College Stylus" is a very spirited piece of work, evidently produced by the lads themselves. The class which in such Jesuit schools is called "poetry" celebrated Longfellow's birthday by a literary séance, and two of the essays are printed here. We should have read with more interest the letter addressed to them by the poet's niece—we suppose Miss Adela Longfellow, who became a Catholic some years ago.

Dr. More Madden's great experience and reputation in a special department of his profession add value to his lecture "On Child-Culture, Mental, Moral, and Physical" of which Fannin & Co. have just published a second edition. In twenty pages he treats of the mortality of children, of the management of infancy, of artificial milk foods, the hygiene of early childhood, the nursery, exercise, sleep, childhood, the moral culture of children, and their mental culture or education.

The Rev. Thomas Jenkins of the Diocese of Louisville, has published an extremely interesting account of "Six Seasons on our Prairies, and Six Weeks in our Rockies" (Rogers, Louisville).

At the New Orleans Exhibition, in the part assigned to literature, the lady-authors of Louisiana were headed by a nun—namely, the Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy, Mother Austin Carroll, who has contributed so many delightful "Southern Sketches" to our pages. The American volume of her "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," will soon be published.

Music is not sufficiently cultivated among our Irish people or our Irish priests. In that department also justice has not yet been done by art to the gifts of the Celtic nature. The learned President of Maynooth, who (like Dr. Renehan the predecessor of his immediate predecessor) is at home in every class in the great college, not merely in Theology and Canon Law, but even in music and the Irish language—Dr. Walsh has just brought out a volume which in a small space contains a great amount of matter arranged in the clearest manner. It is entitled "A Grammar of Gregorian Music, with Numerous Exercises and Examples; a complete collection of the liturgical chants at High Mass, Vespers, Compline, and other functions; Dumont's Masses of the 1st, 2nd, and 6th tones; the Mass De Angelis, &c., &c." A critic of the highest authority in ecclesiastical music gives in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for June an earnest welcome to Dr. Walsh's treatise, which was the last book to receive the Imprimatur of Cardinal Mac Caba.

To pass from grave to gay or at least from sacred to profane, we welcome from the active press of James Duffy and Sons, "The School

and Home Song-book : a Collection of Songs for use in Irish Schools" by Mr. P. Goodman, Professor of Music in the Central Training College, Marlborough-street, and St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, Dublin. After thirty-two pages devoted to the "Elements of the Theory of Music," we have seventy-six Irish songs, twelve English songs, eight Scotch songs, and thirty German part-songs. Of course among the Irish are many of the most beautiful of Moore's Melodies. A clever critic has approved warmly of the air that is here for the first time wedded to "The Bells of Shandon."

Mr. William J. Doherty, C.E., M.R.I.A., furnishes in a shilling volume, a clear "Digest of the Evidence given before the Select Committee on Harbours and Fisheries, and the modern use of concrete in Engineering" (Dublin : M. H. Gill & Sons).

"The Messenger of St. Joseph" appears now in type and paper worthy of its great patron. We hope our previous announcements have helped to embarrass the Rev. President of Rockwell College, Co. Tipperary, by a constant influx of five-shilling postal orders; for that is all that the yearly subscription amounts to.

The Catholic Truth Society is pursuing its useful labours under the presidency of the Bishop of Salford. One of its latest issues is a list of small and cheap publications from sixpence to a half-penny each, selected from the catalogues of various publishers or published by the Society itself. The annual subscription is ten shillings. All information will be supplied by the indefatigable secretary, Mr. James Britten 18 West Square, Southwark, London S.E.

Who is the "Amateur Mechanic" who is able to wield his pen so skilfully, whatever he may do with hammer, gimlet, plane, and chisel? Messrs. M. H. Gill have published for him an attractive volume, with seventy-five illustrations, entitled "Handicraft for Handy People: Plain instructions on choice and use of tools, carpentry, locks and hinges, housepainting, staining, varnishing, distempering, paper-hanging, glazing, picture-framing, soldering and metal work, gilding, filters, map-mounting, cementing, the graph, &c., &c." Yes, after this ample catalogue, an etcetera covers an immense number of practical details which will delight the souls of those who aspire to be amateur mechanics. The prices of all the tools and other things brought into requisition are given in this very able little book.

At the very last moment comes to us the second edition, much cheaper and yet prettier than the first, of "A Saint among Saints—the Life of St. Emmelia." Aubrey de Vere prefixes two beautiful sonnets to the work of "the daughter of his old and valued friend Denis Florence MacCarthy." We hope that this most holy and charming book is even still in time for convent prize-lists.

We have now mentioned all the books sent to us for review, except four, for which we shall show our regard by again postponing a fuller notice of them. Except one volume which we must name so often again that we deem it best to refrain from naming it now, the daintiest book of poetry we have met for years is Maurice Egan's "Songs and Sonnets," with which Mr. Conde Pallen's "Carmina" are joined and are almost worthy of being joined. A much more sumptuous and indeed very beautiful book is Miss Ruth O'Connor's "Wild Flowers." Of these again, and also of Sir John Croker Barrow's "Towards the Truth."

Finally, we can no longer defer calling the attention of our religious communities, and others whose spiritual reading extends to the French language, to the very interesting and edifying life of Father Labonde, S.J., which has recently been written by Father Carruau of the same Society. The career of the venerable Jesuit is divided into two portions which portray him as the Apostle of young people, and the Apostle of the working classes. In the former character his work lay chiefly in the Jesuit Colleges at St. Acheul and at Friburg; in the latter at Nantes where the memory of his long life is still affectionately cherished. He was a saint of a very amiable and original stamp, and Father Carruau has told his story admirably.

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## WINGED WORDS.

1. In five years one-fifth of the human race leave this earth for good, or, at all events, for good and all.—*James Payn*.

2. In the region of faith there is light enough for those who wish to see, and obscurity enough for those of an opposite disposition.—*Pascal*.

3. Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely painted windows. Standing *without* you see no glory nor can possibly imagine any; standing *within*, each ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendour.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*.

4. We should manage our fortunes as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.—*Anon*.

5. Under certain known conditions, the force which generates heat will also generate light, electricity, and even sound. So the powers of the mind are convertible into each other. Mental drill and discipline gained in one way will avail us in a hundred different other ways. Knowledge in one direction has intimate relation with all

other knowledge. Power developed and exercised in one sphere, is ready for use in another; and he who has drawn it from many sources will be best fitted to put it forth in his chosen vocation.—*Anon.*

6. It is difficult to say which is the greatest defect in a parent—strictness and firmness in his family without feeling or affection, or feeling and affection without strictness and firmness. Under the one bad system the children are apt to become slaves or hypocrites under the other, tyrants or rebels. But true love is always firm, and true firmness is always loving.—*Anon.*

7. There is no rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years.—*Tennyson.*

8. Not to fear death is a slight to Him who made it our special punishment. Not to desire death is an indifference to Him whom we can only reach by passing through it.—*F. W. Faber.*

9. Compromise is a good umbrella but a bad roof.—*James Russell Lowell.*

10. The only argument against an east wind is an overcoat.—*The Same.*

11. Things in possession have a very firm grip.—*The Same.*

12. In the scales of the destinies brawn will never weigh as much as brain.—*The Same.*

13. It is only by instigation of the wrongs of men that the rights of men become turbulent and dangerous.—*The Same.*

14. I was given a seed to plant, and, when most I loved it, I was bidden to bury it in the ground; and I buried it, not knowing I was sowing.—*Captain Allen Gardiner.*

15. There is none so great, but he may both need the help and service and stand in fear of the power and unkindness even of the meanest of mortals.—*Seneca.*

16. If parliament were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as sporting in manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, there are many would thank them for the bill.—*Sheridan.*

17. A man's genius is always, in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to those undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind.—*Hume.*

18. If all the happiness that is dispersed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into the possession of any single man, it would not make a very happy being—though, on the contrary, if the miseries of the whole species were fixed in a single person, they would make a very miserable one.—*Addison.*

## MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

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"THE WALKING TREES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## WHAT THE WORLD SAID.

DUBLIN in September is as deserted as other cities in that month, and there is no life in its fashionable squares and streets, except when a horse show or a flower show draws a fluttering crowd of pretty faces and gay dresses from far country houses among fields and pastures, or from near and delightful sea-side resorts along the shores of Dublin Bay.

When Miss O'Donovan had opened up Mrs. O'Kelly's old house in Merrion-square and made it comfortable for the reception of the ladies who were to follow her, she found herself almost alone in the fine old square which is one of the handsomest bits of Dublin, and had to travel out to Killiney and Bray, and further still into Wicklow county, to discuss with her acquaintances Miss O'Kelly's connection with Bryan Kilmartin and the approaching trial.

Mr. O'Flaherty and his daughter had preceded her to Dublin and were staying at Killiney at the charming summer residence of a friend, a wealthy widow lady who was also a bosom-friend of Miss O'Donovan. Here the latter lady paid one of her first visits, and her appearance was hailed with pleasure by a group of idle people assembled on a green terrace overlooking that blue bay which is said to be like the Bay of Naples, and which many people, bitten with Erin-mania, declare to be even much lovelier from certain points of view.

The steep green hill of Killiney, soaring to that furze-girdled and rock-crowned point which pierces the towering rings of silver cloud crowning it, is covered with a network of groves, gardens, and villas, each with its own vantage ground for the enjoyment of a view of unspeakable beauty, and under the hill, following the exquisite curves of Killiney shore, runs the living sea, palpitating

beneath its veils of delicate colour, now blue as violets, and now green as the drift weeds in a valley river, one hour tossing flame all along its shifting lines, the next overflowing its glittering boundaries with a motionless tide of molten silver and gold.

Out of the green bowers around their terrace, a little crowd of prosperous people gossiped and jested, looking over at the distant hill of Howth, wrapped in its mists of rich, languorous, melancholy blue.

"I declare here is Bride O'Donovan," said Mrs. Fitzgibbon, the mistress of the house. "How very opportune! She will tell us some news, if anyone can, on the subject."

"I don't think she knows any more than we do," said Miss O'Flaherty, who had been chief authority up to this moment.

"Oh, but she is straight from Connaught, and you have been a month in Scarborough, my dear Julia. Your father, I know, is excellently well-informed, but then women always pick up scraps of gossip so much better than men; now don't they, Mr. O'Flaherty?"

Mr. O'Flaherty would have agreed that snow was falling from the daffodil-tinted sky before him if Mrs. Fitzgibbon had called upon him to do so.

"My dear Bride! Got all that tiresome house-opening business over, and not too tired to talk to your friends? I hope not, for here we are pining for a little light on this Kilmartin business. It is a real godsend to meet a person who has come from the very source of all knowledge on the subject."

Miss O'Donovan took the seat eagerly presented to her by Mr. O'Flaherty, and folded her nicely gloved hands at her ample waist, and enjoyed a moment of triumph, while not unconscious of the difficulties of her position.

She had several interests to reconcile while preserving her reputation as a person who could tell a great deal if she would. She must please her friend Mrs. Fitzgibbon, whose countenance was very precious to her just now, and also beware of alarming Mr. O'Flaherty whose chosen ally she was, and whom she must not deprive at present of his hope that Miss O'Kelly of Crane's Castle would ultimately listen to his suit, though hitherto she had apparently discouraged it. Were this hope suddenly extinguished, he might devote himself completely to Mrs. Fitzgibbon. And he was at present wearing the blue ribbon, was a man of good position in his county; and there was no knowing what might happen; widows are so foolish.



"In the first place, how much do you want to know?" said Miss O'Donovan. "You must remember my position is a delicate one. I cannot betray anything in the nature of a confidence."

"Quite true, quite true. We only want to know what every one has a right to know," said another lady, erecting her parasol against the sun with a very decided snap of its machinery. "There are certain things that ought to be open to the public in matters of this kind. I don't hold with secret investigations."

"Everything will come out on the trial," said a sly young barrister, with the air of having thrown a good deal of light on the subject.

"Thank you, Mr. Shine. Belonging to the law naturally makes one very perspicuous," said Mrs. Fitzgibbon. "But in the meantime until the 'whole discovery is found out' as the newspaper-selling imps cry, we want a little help at our guess-work. Who is the mysterious lady for instance who has been hinted at so often in the Central News telegrams?"

"Is it true that Miss O'Kelly is or was engaged to Bryan Kilmartin?" asked a girl whose soft grey eyes were full of an interest in the matter that was not all vulgar curiosity.

"If that were so, I should certainly have known," said Miss O'Donovan. "How could I have helped knowing?" she added urgently, delighted to be able to put down this suggestion without positive breach of truth. Certainly she never had been told of any such engagement. But she had guessed its existence for all that.

"There!" said the lady with the parasol. "I knew a girl with Miss O'Kelly's advantages would never destroy herself in such a manner."

"He is very handsome," said the grey-eyed girl in a low voice. "I saw him only once, but I thought he had such a noble countenance."

"Oh, I suppose all the young ladies will take his part like Miss Eyre because he is good-looking, but I think that sort of sentimental sympathy with criminals is one of the most unwholesome signs of the age."

"A man is not known to be a criminal until he has been tried and found guilty," said Mr. Shine, with an approving glance at the girl with the grey eyes."

"Is he a friend of yours, Mr. Shine?" asked the owner of the parasol.

"He had once many friends," put in Mrs. Fitzgibbon. "I

fear it is a bad sign when a man drops away from the society to which he was born. When he came home from Cambridge some years ago he was at a party at my house, and I thought him one of the finest young fellows I had ever seen. And his mother was so proud of him."

"Oh, you know the mother, the—the—Amazon?" lisped a small ugly woman, who based her claim as a charmer of men on her infantile manners. "You see, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, I think these tall masculine women are always so cruel ——"

"Amazon! She is as small as you!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitzgibbon, "and much prettier and more feminine," she added aside to her next neighbour, "though she speaks and acts like an ordinary adult."

"Really!" cried several voices.

"At present she is more like the ghost of a sick child than anything else," said Miss O'Donovan. "I believe she will weep herself to death before the trial comes on."

"Better she should," faltered an old gentleman. "When the only son of a widow turns out a rascal it is enough to make angels weep."

"But you have not told us anything about Miss O'Kelly," said Miss Eyre. "How is she mixed up in the affair?"

"Really, I do not know that she is mixed up in it at all, except that circumstances threw her into the arms of the Kilmartins, as it were, in the very beginning. Dear Mrs. O'Kelly's death was so sudden, and the girl, having been brought up abroad, was so utterly without friends in Ireland; had only paid one short visit to her aunt, and had gone back to finish her schooling, when she was called upon to step into Mrs. O'Kelly's place. Father Daly, the priest down at Distresna, attended Mrs. O'Kelly on her deathbed, and went straight to France when all was over and brought the girl home. It appears that though he was such a friend of dear Mrs. O'Kelly, who was always so nice and conservative, he was also a friend of the Kilmartins—the country priests all do sympathise with the Nationalists, you know ——"

"There was no taint of Nationalism in the Kilmartins originally," said Mr. O'Flaherty, "I will say so much for them. All that came in with the mother, let her be an Amazon or a pigmy. She is descended from some of the Irish Brigades; '*Wild Geese*,' and all that sort of thing."

"It is surprising how that old continental service is still making foreigners of some of us," said the nice old gentleman.

"Great grandfather's old French sword hanging up in the hall, you know," continued Mr. O'Flaherty. "Even old Kilmartin would point to it with pride and say 'my wife's fortune, O'Flaherty. The only legacy ever bequeathed to her.' And he had as little nonsense about him as any one of us. He was as sensible and sociable a neighbour as ever rode to hounds."

"Or mixed a glass of whiskey-punch," said Mr. Shine, without any alteration in the gravity of his demeanour, as he fixed his eyes innocently on Mr. O'Flaherty.

"Or mixed a glass of whiskey-punch, as you say, ha! ha! A very good thing too, Mr. Shine, and a great deal better to be mixing it at home than strolling abroad preaching new doctrines to make the poor discontented with their lot, sir."

Mr. Shine smiled and felt that he was not hit. He loved neither whiskey-punch nor preaching to the poor. All his desires were covered by the dome of the Four Courts, and to get leave to talk to a judge and jury all day long was his idea of bliss. He wisely held that, if courts of justice must exist, it is better to sit with the bar for prosecution or defence than to stand in the dock, either as a consequence of drinking too much whiskey, or of teaching strange doctrines to the poor.

"That shaft was thrown away, papa," said Miss Julia, "as we are all ladies and gentlemen here. Don't make Mr. Jones think that he has got among dangerous people," upon which Mr. Jones, a portly iron-master whom Miss Julia had met at Scarborough, and beguiled across the channel, began to declare that he had never been more delighted with any people in his life than the Irish, as he now found them, that he had no idea—that he couldn't have conceived, &c., &c.; the rest being for Miss Julia's ear alone.

"Then it is merely from a girlish feeling of gratitude to her first friends that Miss O'Kelly clings to the Kilmartins," said Mrs. Fitzgibbon. "Very pretty of her, I must say; but very dreary. What must we do to save her from the unpleasant consequences of her rashness?"

"Excellent lady!" exclaimed Mr. O'Flaherty.

"How shall we approach this Donna Quixote?" asked Mrs. Fitzgibbon of Miss O'Donovan.

"I can give no advice. Miss O'Kelly is so firm in her own views, I really think it would be impossible to withdraw her from her assumed guardianship of Mrs. Kilmartin at present," said Miss O'Donovan. "However you can come and try. She will be at Merrion-square to-morrow."

"And Mrs. Kilmartin?"

"Will also be there, to stay till the trial is over."

"The mother of the man in prison for murder. I am not sure that my enthusiasm for Miss O'Kelly will lead me so far as to connect myself with her," said Mrs. Fitzgibbon, slowly. "One must think of what would be said."

Mr. O'Flaherty's jaw fell.

"I—I—I—think it would be kind," he murmured.

"Now, papa, you see I was right," said Julia. "You wanted me to go, and I thought whatever might be done in the country we should have to be careful here. How would you like to see yourself spoken of in the papers as a sympathiser with crime?"

"It would be no use, at any rate," said Miss Eyre to Mr. Shine, who had edged himself near her in the course of the conversation. "I believe that girl will stick to her post. I met her several times, at last Patrick's Ball, and at Mrs. O'Kelly's. There was something about her I can't describe. Did you know her?"

"Like you I have just met her. I am not as romantic as you, but I thought she had character in her face."

"It is a dreadful tragedy. Do you think he did it, Mr. Shine?"

"I am junior counsel for the prosecution, Miss Eyre, so what can I think? I believe at all events that you have jumped to the right conclusion in deciding that Miss O'Kelly will stand by the Kilmartins. She is too deeply concerned with them to dream of such a thing as deserting them."

"You know more about it all than we do."

"A little."

So it was that nobody of importance called on Miss O'Kelly when she arrived for the first time in Dublin to inhabit her house in Merrion-square, and this state of things was not much of a surprise, but a great relief to Marcella, who had nerved herself to encounter questions, condolences, and counsels from people who knew nothing about her affairs. She had brought Miss O'Donovan to Dublin to stand between her and much of this kind of thing, but in order to show she was not afraid of it, she had insisted upon taking up her abode in her own house, prominent as it was in situation, and had placed flowers on her window-sills, and hung fresh curtains in her windows, that the world might see no trace of the terror in her heart, might not suspect her of feeling the slightest fear of the result of the trial of Bryan Kilmartin.

For this reason she had refrained from following her impulse to take quiet lodgings near the prison of Kilmainham out of sight and hearing of the world, and thus putting the smallest possible space between the prisoner and those whose constant thoughts were with him. She would not hang back in the shade as if she was conscious that they had reason to be ashamed of him. Nevertheless she was thankful that the world left her unmolested, and never troubled herself about the tales that were told and the speculations indulged in when Miss O'Donovan went to pay her daily visits to her fashionable friends out of town.

The shock of the first unhappy visit to Bryan being over when Kilmartin and his mother met for the first time since his arrest, Marcella looked round for some means of passing the dreadful hours from every morning till every night, and from the beginning of one week till the beginning of another. In presence of his mother and a warder, she dared not speak to him fully of the terrible visitor at Inisheen. The matter was alluded to, and she simply stated that strange questions had been asked her to which she had of course returned an absolute denial. Bryan had turned pale as she spoke, and made an exclamation. She had glanced at the warder and then at him imploringly, and Kilmartin said no more, and so the matter passed. That was on the occasion of their first visit, hers and his mother's, to his prison cell. What could be said with a warder standing near, within ear-shot of every word that was spoken? The mother's affliction called for all Marcella's care and attention, and the visit was a short agony, the poor little mother being carried back to the carriage in a fainting condition. No one could see the prisoner again for a certain number of days, and meantime Marcella had another visit from Mr. O'Malley at her house, and again denied that she had ever hidden or harboured the prisoner, or seen him at all before the night of the Patrick's Ball. While she was saying the false words she felt his eyes looking through her as they had done before, and knew that hers had acknowledged her guilt to him a hundred times in the course of the interview. But what did that signify so long as she would not speak?

It was the morning after that first visit to Bryan that she had again seen and foiled O'Malley, and after he was gone she felt that she must secure some distraction for her thoughts or lose her mind. Leaving Mrs. Kilmartin slumbering in a state of reaction from the tension of yesterday's excitement, she took Bridget, the old housekeeper, whom she had brought to town to stand between

her and the Dublin servants, as she had brought Miss O'Donovan to stand between her and the Dublin gentry, and muffled in a close black bonnet, veil, and cloak, went to take a walk through the part of the city she knew so well, to have another look at the old street, the old house, the spot where she had first met Bryan, and where she was going to swear she had never met him. She need not be afraid now of anyone who knew her meeting and recognising her. She had been tracked, and traced, and was soon to appear before the world as Marcella Grace, her father's daughter, the girl who had sewed for her living in the Liberties. That story of her foreign rearing, so ingeniously set on foot by poor Mrs. O'Kelly, was soon to be blown to the winds. She would stand in the witness-box as a girl who had pretended to be what she was not, and deceived her little world, and perhaps might therefore be open to suspicion as a credible witness. Well, in that matter, at least she had not intended to deceive anyone. Mrs. O'Kelly had set the story on foot, and she had not ventured to contradict it in any large way, that was all. She had not thought much about it, it would have pleased her better to have informed every one of the exact state of her circumstances. But now, as to being a credible witness—she shuddered and walked faster to drive away the dreadful thought that pursued her wherever she turned, the thought that she was now a liar, and was going to be a perjurer. She felt a vague wonder as she walked so fast that poor old Bridget could scarcely keep pace with her, as to what Father Daly would say to her, how she was going to live under his eye when he came to understand what she was doing. She knew she would not be able to deceive him, any more than she had been able to deceive the mother. Dearly as he loved Bryan, he could not have the mother's instinct which tempted her to permit sin that justice might be had for her son. He would urge, preach, scold, put her under a ban—but she would be firm. They should not hang Bryan on words coming from her lips, not though—O God! that she could stop this thinking—ay, here they were coming into Patrick's Close, and the old ground was near at hand. There was the tower of Patrick's lifting its dark body at the foot of the descending street. Here was the low-lying Coombe (vale) which she had traversed many times dreaming of sixpences and shillings earned, and half crowns hard to earn. Now she had money to throw to any poor girl who might be passing by with starved eyes that saw nothing but the struggle for existence, yet what was this horror of sin that had come into her life? Sin, was it sin? Sin

to refuse to murder Bryan Kilmartin with her own hand, that had once been so proud of having saved him ?

"That is the house I want to go into, Bridget. I once knew some poor people who lived in it. I wish to ask about them."

There stood the old house at the corner of Weaver's-square, seeming more dingy, old, and battered even than it had looked six months ago. It appeared forlorn, deserted; she could not tell whether it was inhabited or not. This woman with the shawl over her head coming down the street might be able to tell her. Oh, yes, the woman could tell her anything she wanted to know about that very house.

"The key is kep' in the next neighbour's, ma'am, an' that's meself, and ready enough, but sure it's not much of a place for the likes of you to go into (Patsie! bring out the big key!) Nobody lives in it since ould Grace the weaver died, and the lan'-lord doesn't find it so easy to set it in tinimints, Miss, because of the holes in the stairs, and that. An' he doesn't want to spend money on it because people do be sayin' that it's clane pulled down it'll be next year by the sanitary gentlemen. Sure there's great improvements entirely goin' on; and look at Guinness's buildin's! 'They may say what they like, callin' them that lives in them *Guinness's flats*, but meself thinks they're sharp enough afther their own comfort that takes to them. Now ma'am, here's the key comin', and you can take a walk through the ould house—only mind the holes!"

In at the old familiar door again, and up the well-known stairs. Here was where Bryan stood when he told her with his straight stern glance that he had done nothing wrong. There on the landing she had waited while the police searched the house. Here her poor father had stood while he unfolded the newspaper that told of a murder in the streets; and now for the crazy room where she had put Bryan into hiding.

"There's nothing particular about the place, ma'am, ye see, except it be that ould closet. Sure ye'd niver see the door of it in the wood, only I showed it to you. It's a sort of a black hole. God knows what it was put there for, but the police have got an eye on it this while back, somethin' about a murder that was done in the street, and I'm tould that they suspect it's in there the man was murdered, but whether he was shut up in it till he was starved, or whether he was knocked on the head, I couldn't rightly tell you. I'm only a matter of a month in the street meself, but there's Mrs. Casey, a neighbour of mine, says it couldn't 'a' been in ould

Grace's time, because he was a decent crature, and besides she would ha' knowed. Anyhow, there's somethin' goin' on about it, an' if Mrs. Casey 'd been here she'd ha' tould you the whole thing: but I niver had a head meself for the rights of a story. If you'd like to wait a bit, ma'am, Mrs. Casey 'll be in at three, an' if ye'd sit down in my own poor little place till she comes, I'll dust the best chair for ye."

"Oh no, thank you greatly," said Marcella, who had no wish to be confronted with Mrs. Casey, the woman who had come for her to Mrs. O'Kelly's, that night when she had hurried home after the ball to her father's deathbed. Another time she could be pleased to see the kind old neighbour, but she felt that at sight of her now she must break down. She felt as eager to be gone as she had been an hour ago to make her way to this spot, and summoning Bridget she hastened out of the street, nor thought of where she was going till she found herself pausing before the entrance into the shabby old church where as child and girl she had prayed.

She stood at the gate a few moments, looking up as if at a strange building. Had she ever noticed in the old time those two large keys carved in the stonework, Peter's keys, she knew, the keys of heaven? They looked now as if they had been crossed, like bars, to shut the sinner out beyond the gate they guarded. And yet she would dare to go in, she would not be thrust out.

"Sure Miss, it's an ugly ould chapel; there's far purtier ones all round the city," whispered Bridget, to whom this was a sight-seeing expedition. But she followed the young lady into the church, and dropped on her knees in a corner and pulled out her beads, while Marcella walked slowly, with bowed head and eyelids scarcely raised, up the old familiar nave, and knelt down in one of the worm-eaten benches, and remembered her old sorrows, and struggles, and fears, and thought of them as bliss compared with the agony through which she was living now. Then she could pray, and depart comforted. Now she dared not pray, and there was no comfort for the obstinate sinner. Slowly her gaze moved round the walls, following along that Way of the Cross which in other days her feet had travelled with childlike faith and unreasoning hope. Why had faith and hope departed from her now? Why could she no longer travel that way of the cross on her knees as she had done on the morning after she had first succoured him, offering her prayers for him, and leaving him safe in the hands of a God who knew all his difficulty? Why? Because she had



sinned for him, and was going to sin more deeply for his sake. Because she had allowed his life to become dearer to her than her soul. How should God be with her in this struggle when she had shut her lips to prayer, and opened them to perjury? With Bryan safe and well by her side, could she evermore dare to pray? Would not God cut her off for all eternity? Would not Bryan himself learn to hate her for her crime? And yet to hang Bryan with her own hand, to lift up her voice and give the signal for the murder of her love! She could not do it. Even with the dear Christ turning his dying eyes on her from yonder Cross she could not promise to think of it. A blinding conviction that she was lost, body and soul, ruined before God and man, smote her like the blow of a mailed fist, and a deathlike faintness seized her brain, her senses.

The church was empty now of all but the two women, and in her distant corner Bridget heard a faint cry as Marcella called on the name of the Saviour, and slipped away off her knees upon the narrow floor between the benches, where the old servant presently found her, lying stiff and cold in a swoon.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS.

THE morning after her walk through the city with Bridget, Marcella received a message in her room that a gentleman requested an interview with her on business. Expecting another encounter with Mr. O'Malley, she went slowly down stairs, trembling, but with head erect, and entered the study, looking more like a ghost than a mortal woman. However, the visitor proved to be Bryan's solicitor, not the chief of the police.

His errand was to tell her that Mr. Kilmartin wished to see her alone. Not even his mother was to be present at the meeting, virtually not even the warder, who could be relied on to keep sufficiently at a distance to allow of a private conversation. Mr. Kilmartin had something very important to say to Miss O'Kelly.

She lost no time, but set out at once for Kilmainham with Bridget.

Dismissing her conveyance at the gate of the Old Men's Hospital she walked through that peaceful enclosure of ancient

walls and green lawns and alleys, and saw the aged pensioners sitting in the sun, or doing a bit of gardening, or tottering up and down under the trees, stick in hand, enjoying the balmy summer air and the feeble conceits of their own tranquil and overweary brains. Death could not be far away from some of these, but they were ripe to go, must be ready, and were, maybe, eager for a renewal of the youth which had long ago been drained out of their veins. But Bryan. O God! which of these old men, so carefully nurtured here, had in the whole space of his long life done one-third of the service to his fellow-men which Bryan had accomplished in his shorter span? And yet they wanted to thrust him out of the world, to put him to death as a malefactor who could not, for the safety of others, be suffered to enjoy the light of the sun! Traveling through a long green lane of shade under high arching trees, an ideal summer walk for coolness and peace, she emerged suddenly from under an ancient archway upon the highroad of Kilmainham, and saw the prison staring her in the face.

Oh, that cruel front of granite and iron, those envious barred windows, and bitter gates. How many a savage injustice had been wrought behind them, how often had the innocent herded with murderers and gone to the scaffold branded with guilt, while the informer, with blood-stained hands and blood-guilty heart, came forth into the light of heaven and heard the birds sing once more in the blue air, and saw the flowers bloom again in the green! After a great ringing of bells, rattling of keys, and clanging of gates, the two women having satisfactorily answered the questions put to them, were admitted to the inner precincts of the prison.

The key grated in the lock of Bryan's cell, the door was thrown open and she saw him. The warder said respectfully, "When you want to get out, Miss, you can tap at the door—I'll be just outside; not rightly outside, I mean, but *out of hearing*." And the man, who was from Kilmartin's county, whose father was still a tenant of Kilmartin's, and whose sympathies were with the prisoner, closed the door behind him where he stood on the threshold, and left the prisoner and his visitor to all intents and purposes alone. And that they might be reassured on the subject of his deafness to their conversation, he whistled softly between his teeth the tune of the "Wearin' o' the Green" during the entire duration of the interview.

Within the narrow limits of four cold stone walls whose unbroken whiteness made the eyes ache and swim, she saw Bryan stretching out his hands to draw her towards him, and the first

conscious thought in her mind as she stood for a moment silently, looking at him, was that she had never seen his grey eyes look so blue under the shadow of his grave brows, that they were as blue as a child's eyes, or as the lake of Inisheen. Then there were a few minutes of inevitable and immeasurable joy for both, which all the impending horrors of the future could not kill, while they stood hand in hand seeing no prison walls, only the purple hills, and the flying clouds, and the laughing sea around them, till the tragedy of their lives stalked at last between, and put them asunder, and they sat gazing at each other dumbly across its presence.

When the little flush of gladness had faded away from her young face, he saw how hollow her cheeks had grown, how pale her lips, and noticed the dark shadows that had settled round her eyes. Even the half-starved Marcella of the Liberties never looked so great a wreck as this.

"My love," he said, "you have been killing yourself. You will not leave me a chance for my own life. If you drop into your grave before even the trial comes on, what have I to live for?"

"For your mother, for yourself, perhaps for some other woman who will love you more wisely than I know how to do. I do not care, so that I am spent in saving you."

"There could be no other woman for me in such a case. There is no other for me in any case. You are my beginning and my end. If you waste yourself away, I shall be left solitary."

Marcella smiled a little, chiefly for the hope that underlay his speech.

"You see I am determined to live," he went on, smiling to see her smile, "and you must not refuse to live also. Unless you are anxious to give me over to that other woman."

She tightened her clasp on his hand, to which she was holding as if she felt death already trying to undo her grip.

"Dear, I have asked you to come that we may talk about this. It is not altogether fear for me that is killing you, Marcella, for I know how brave you are—I have reason to know it. There is something else that is gnawing your life away. Dearest, it is that falsehood—which we must have done with."

Marcella's face drooped to her breast, and her attempt to speak ended in a faint muttering. She withdrew her hand from his, locked her own together, and sat silent.

"Speak, Marcella, say something to me!"

She raised her head again and looked at him with a look of suffering that seemed to see him afar off, and as if not belonging to her.

"You have nothing to do with that," she said; "it is my own affair."

"How is it not my affair? Are your truth and your falsehood not my affair, especially when they are to affect, or intended to affect my fate?"

"My conscience is my own—like my life. I hold both in my hand. Even you cannot make me speak, if I choose to be silent—nor make me live if I am to die."

He breathed a hard sigh, and looked at her as she sat with her locked hands as if mutely pleading before the bar of a judgment from which she expected no mercy; and he noted her pale sharpened young features, the strung mouth, the dark locks uncurled by the dew of agony lying heavy upon her brow, the eyes large and strange with woe, startled out of their habitual softness by a horror always confronting them.

"My dearest, dearest love, give me those little fierce hands; they look as if they were locked against me as fast as the prison gates; let me hold them while I talk to you. What, are you angry at me, or afraid of me, because you think I am going to say something hard? You know, you cannot live and breathe without knowing every moment, that I love you. My love for you is beyond what is common among men. I am not a man who loves a woman every year, or every five, or every ten years. As I said before, you are the whole of woman's love to me, and I felt it the first moment I looked at you, felt it without knowing it when I saw you standing, pitying and protecting me in that old room in the Liberties, me who felt all unneedful of pity—do not start and look over your shoulder, no one hears now, but all the world must soon hear—and felt it again more consciously, when I met your eyes in the crowd that other night at the top of the staircase in the Castle. Since then you have grown round the very roots of my heart. Every hair of your bonny head is precious to me, every movement of your lips is sweet, the beauty of your eyes and their tenderness make my delight. You are everything to me, short of nothing but only my honour and my soul, or rather the highest part of my love for you is bound up with my honour and my soul. Give me your hands, sweetest love, and let me hold them fast while I say the rest of what I have to say to you. It is hard to say, and hard to hear, but it must be said. In this I am stronger

than you, as I ought to be, for I am the man, and I must be the master. Your will must be my will if you love me at all, and so—*Marcella, you must not commit perjury!*”

She sat quite still and unmoved, her hands lay limp in his strong grasp, she would not even raise her eyes to see the passion of pleading in his gaze. She knew his love without telling, yet the outpouring of it would have been an exquisite delight to her at any other moment. Now the sweetness was like music heard a long way too far off, or like excessive fragrant perfume scattered by a fierce wind. All of it that touched her sounded like the wooing of a love that wooed them both to death. She could not open her heart to it.

“*Marcella, lift up your dear eyes and look me in the face.*”

She raised them with the same wild piteous gaze she had turned towards the dying Christ on the cross in the church; only her eyes ventured to look this man in the face, who was only man, however god-like he seemed to her, while they had not dared to rise higher than the pierced feet of the pitiful Redeemer of men.

“We must not endure sin. You and I, who are one in heart and mind, will not commit crime to prove our innocence. I am innocent now; what should I be if I were to buy my life with perjury, any one’s perjury, let alone yours? We must not stand up before God and man and deny the truth.”

“I have already denied it,” said *Marcella*, quickly, and withdrew away from him a little, as if she felt herself unworthy to be so near him, and would run before her sentence to meet her punishment.

“I know it, and that is why I made efforts to talk to you alone on this subject. You will not do it again.”

She stood up straight before him with a resolute movement, but her eyes faltered away from his again, and she fixed them blankly on the blinding-white wall.

“What is truth?” she said, with suppressed vehemence. “The truth is that you are innocent. Why should I tell a story that will make you appear guilty, the story of a wretched accident which will seem to mean every false thing that your enemies desire? You told me yourself that it would be, if known, the strongest corroborative evidence against you. Mr. O’Malley thinks so, I know by the way he hungers for it. I have intelligence enough myself to see that it would ruin you. And you—you would have death from my hand—but you shall not have it. Leave me with my sin to God. When all is over, He will deal with me.”

"When all is over?"

"When you are saved and free."

"And you?"

She looked in his face, and her heart, with all its fiery eagerness, grew suddenly cold. She had expected that look she now thought she saw, dreamed of it, cried out against it, nerved herself to bear it, but now she had confronted it, she felt it to be her death-warrant.

"Me?" she said, faintly. "I shall have then passed out of your life for ever. I have felt from the first that you could not love a wicked woman, a woman who could lie even to save you. I think I saw that on your stern brows even the first moment I looked at you. I did not know then what it was that I saw, but now I know. After I have saved you by my sin, I shall have lost you. Have I not said that God would have power to deal with me?"

She turned her face to the wall with a movement of utter forlornness, and leaned her forehead against the stone.

Bryan stood silent a moment gazing at her, and then went to her and drew her towards him.

"Love, love, you are talking wildly. Unless death takes one of us, our lives can never pass away from each other. Even in eternity I do not feel that we can be separated. All the more reason that I will not endure this sin. You cannot take it upon yourself, giving me, after having benefited by it, liberty to fling you away from my more rigid virtue because of the stain of it on your conscience. And yet you and I could have no peace with the shadow of it for ever lying between us. We are both too keenly alive to the beauty and harmony of life regulated by the moral law to be able to smile in each other's faces while conscious of having gained our happiness by so hideous a lapse from it. You are sick now with sorrow, your brain is overwrought, you are a little mad with your passion for self-sacrifice, quite blinded by your thrice-blessed tenderness and sweet concern for me. But just give up this struggle and trust yourself to my guidance. We will weather this storm together, but we will have the truth on our side. Look up at me, and see now if my brows are stern. Oh, love, love, love, would to God I could shelter you from this anguish that my rashness has brought upon you."

Marcella's dry-eyed madness suddenly gave way, a rain of tears drenched her face, and she wept tempestuously on his shoulder.

"Darling, you will promise to obey me."

"O God, I cannot."

He waited a few moments and let her weep her passion out, and meanwhile the warder's whistling of the "Wearing o' the Green" outside the scarce-closed door, filled the silence across her sobbing.

"You will give me your word that you will speak the truth."

Her tears ceased and a long shudder shook her.

"Why, oh, why did you come to me on that hateful night, only that I might be your ruin?"

"Only that your love might be the crown of my life. Had they arrested me before I reached your door, the plot against me would have been developed a little sooner, that is all, and I should have died, if I am to die, without having known the highest joy of living. But my dear, it has not been made certain yet that I am to die. The truth on our side, we will fight the matter out with courage."

"My courage is all dead."

"No, it is not dead, it has only swooned with too much horror. If it were dead I should be left a forlorn and disappointed man to do battle alone. But if I know you at all, you will not desert me."

"I will not desert you."

"Then give me your word. Say, 'On the day when I am called on to stand up before the world and speak, I will not bear false witness.'"

"O God, O pitiful God!"

"Yes, dear, there is a God, and he is pitiful. Say the words I have put to you, 'I will not bear false witness.'"

"I will not bear false witness," said Marcella, mechanically.

"That is my brave darling. And Marcella, sweetheart, listen to me, for we have only a few minutes more to be alone, remember that on your courage in that moment much may depend for us. Truth is great, and innocence ought to be brave."

"If I am there, I will be brave. My bearing shall not do you wrong," and she thought as she spoke that perhaps she should not be there, might be dead in the mercy of heaven before that unimaginable hour should arrive.

"I am sure of it. And now, sweetest, truest, and dearest, you must leave me. The warder has given the signal that time is up," said Kilmartin, as the piping of the pathetic melody which had twined itself all through their conversation suddenly ceased, and Bridget's stoutly shod feet could be heard upon the flags outside

the door. And Marcella, stunned with the weight of the pledge she had given, allowed herself to be dismissed and led away.

After she was gone Kilmartin sat looking at the spot where she had stood, thinking more of the love that had so strongly resisted him than of the victory he had won, or its consequences. He had long ago thought out his case thoroughly, and made up his mind to the worst. By nature he was singularly brave, only needing to know the worth of his aim, and taking no heed to count the cost of effort; possessing all the daring qualities of the Irishman born to be a soldier, but qualified for daily uses by the thoughtful reasoning of the philosopher. The development, more or less full, of whatever high purpose a man might put before him, had always seemed to him the chief reason for a thinking man's existence, and he had easily perceived that in any onward or upward struggle of the masses there must always be a pile of slain on which others pressing forward can mount to clear the breach. If the lot to fall had been cast for him, why let him take it, and go down like a man. This, a year ago, had been his attitude clearly cut against the horizon of his future, and the order to march, as he put it to himself, would have found him ready, with few weakening regrets beyond those which were inevitably linked with the suffering of his mother.

But as he now sat meditating in his cell, he was cruelly aware that, in the last six months, life, mere personal life, had gained a sweetness and a rich vigour for him never known before. Existence had taken the colours of a poet's dream, the beauty which still walketh on the earth and air had captivated his senses, the light that never was on sea or shore had fallen on his path, his heart had flowered into a love that craved for all that human happiness which he had only thought of before as the impediment and hindrance of weaker men. As he sat on his prison bed, his elbow on his knee, his head on his hand, and looked for an hour—time is not precious in a prison-cell—at that spot of the floor where Marcella's feet had rested, he acknowledged that it were keenly sweet to live, and that the victory he had so hardly gained over the madness of a woman's love, strong in her weakness to do wrong for his sake, was a terrible victory, the crown of which burned his brows with a torturing flame.

He still felt the touch of her hand on his, the light of her face shone on him, it seemed as if her breath still made sweet the air of this small chill square of all space into which his manhood was cramped. She was gone out into the sunshine of the autumn world



like a crushed flower, and there was only that door, a little wood and iron to keep him from following her with reviving joy in his gift. If he could but pass that door, what a life they might lead in some country untouched by the curse that blighted all effort for good in Ireland; they two, under some rare blue ridge of Switzerland, or in some ripe wild garden of Italy, or cool, picturesque court of sunny Spain; they two, hand in hand, and heart to heart, in harmony with all beautiful things, thankful and worshipful towards heaven, enjoying with passion the beauties and the sweetnesses of life, leaving behind them all effort to do good, here so thankless and cruelly repaid, and only life, life, life in their full hands, to expend upon one another through all the fruitful teeming years.

The strong man crushed his hands together in an ecstasy of suffering to think that all this might have been, and never now could be his. In this hour of his temptation all his old generous theories had left him. To die for the good of many did not seem so right to him as to live for the good of one—of two. To die? To be thrust out from the light of the sun, the swell of the sea, the rush of the air, out of all further knowledge of his love, blotted from her face, deaf to her call, cut off for ever beyond her reach, no cries, no answers, no faintest echo of sympathy between them throughout the whole universe for evermore, to have but tasted the first drops of living happiness and have the cup dashed down and broken, this and not the knotting of the disgraceful cord, or nature's resisting throe in yielding up the ghost, was death.

And what was life that he should be counted unworthy to hold it, the common gift shared by the commonest thing that stirred in the sun? Life, liberty—the fly that buzzed in through the small aperture half up the smooth white wall above his head, and buzzed out again, had both. As he followed its coming and going with interest, he fell to musing on the wonderful beauty of life, mere life as part of a living universe. He thought of the eagle on the mountain at Inisheen, and the thrush in the garden at Crane's Castle, and the happy wild gull riding the waves, and then his mind's eye looked lower, to the rabbit scampering in the heather, the butterfly wheeling her painted wings on the air, the darting bat and humming night moth; even the snail creeping out at will from under lush leaves after the rain grew to be a miracle of free enjoyment as he pondered on its happy existence. Remorsefully he thought of how his gun had often brought down the glad wild birds from their soaring delight to cruel annihilation, and hated himself for

such murder. God had given and God alone should take away the life of a happy sentient being.

He looked at his own hand, the strong right hand of man, the full throbbing veins, the fine tingling nerves, the thrilling fingers exquisitely adapted for a thousand uses. This, too, was destined to be limp and cold, to whiten, and then to rot.

The cell had grown quite dark, though outside in the wide fields round Kilmainham the autumn twilight lingered, when a bird belated by some chance on its way home to woods further out into the country, perched on the bar of the high prison window and began to sing his even song.

What is it in the song of a bird that suggests immortality? As the prisoner listened the despair of his soul gave way, and that thought thrilled through him expressed by King David in the words: *I remembered God and I was delighted.*

When the bird had finished and flown away, Kilmartin drew his hand across his eyes, and was not ashamed of a tear only known to himself and an unseen heaven.

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## THE CLOCK OF KOCHER.

(From the German.)

BY ARTHUR G. GEORGEHAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MONKS OF KILCREA."

### I.

WHEN the parting sunbeams glimmer  
On the Moselle, hears the swimmer  
Below him, where he cannot tell,  
The tinkling of a silver bell,  
And always sounds that little thing.  
Light and lively—*Kling ling, kling ling—ling!*

### II.

In time of war the Swedish foe  
Marched towards Kochem long ago;  
And taking with them all they could,  
The townsmen fled—as wise men should.  
Then from the tower that little thing  
Rang sad and slowly—*Kling—ling—ling—ling!*

III.

"The Market Clock," with look sedate  
Says the Burgomaster, "has struck eight;  
Many a day, many a time  
Our hearts were gladdened with its chime.  
Now sounds, alas! that little thing  
For the last time, *Kling—ling—ling—ling!*"

IV.

By strong arms raised and lowered down  
The boatman bore it from the town  
To hide it in the river, where  
No Swede could think to find it there,  
And then they sank that little thing  
In deep water—*Kling—ling—ling—ling!*

V.

Upon the bank they raised a cross  
To mark the spot, lest at a loss  
In future time the boatman might  
Forget the place, nor find aright  
Where in the stream that little thing  
Last rang farewell—*Kling—ling—ling—ling—ling!*

VI.

When peace was made, the Kochem men  
To their old town came back again,  
But vainly searched to find the spot—  
The cross was there, the clock was not:  
When suddenly that little thing  
Strikes up mocking—*Kling—ling—kling—ling—ling!*

VII.

Each Alderman then shook his head,  
"A strange occurrence 'twas," they said;  
But to this moment ne'er was found  
The Clock of Kochem overground.  
But on the river when he steers,  
A merry sound the boatman hears,  
In water deep that little thing  
Swinging gaily—*Kling ling, kling ling—ling!*



## EVERY-DAY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. FRANK PENTRILL.

## No. IX.—OLD MAIDS.

I LOVE old maids. Yes, though the world sneers at them, though *Punch* makes endless fun of them, though all mankind pities them, with that pity which is so near akin to contempt; or perhaps for these very reasons, I love them, and as they cannot plead their own cause, let me draw my little weak bodkin in their defence.

When I say I love old maids, I am not speaking of that strong-minded, shrill-voiced spinster, who has come to us from across the Atlantic, and whose one idea of feminine duty seems to be posing on platforms and discoursing on the rights of women and the wrongs of men. No—no—let her fight her own battle; she has both the will and the strength, to meet any number of foes. Nor do I mean to champion that other type of spinsterhood, which is of older, if not better growth: the woman who, finding others strangely insensible to her many attractions, builds a shrine for herself, and worships there her whole life long. I do not even plead for those embryo old maids, who cling so persistently to their fading youth and try so hard

“ Réparer du temps l'irréparable outrage.”

But, putting these three classes aside, there remains a vast number of unmarried women whose life is one of constant self-sacrifice, and who, having no special duties of their own, take on their gentle shoulders all the troubles of other people..

We all know such women: the priest has no more devoted coadjutor, the doctor no more intelligent nurse, the sick and sorry no kinder friend. We meet them daily by the bedsides of the poor, in country schools, in hospitals, at the altars which their hands adorn, in our homes which they brighten; and looking back through the long vista of years I see such a one filling a large space in my childish memories; one whose coming made red-letter days in our life, and whose going was followed by tears and regrets.

She was one of a large family, with brothers and sisters

scattered far and wide; and, when the world went pleasantly for them, they were apt to forget the gentle Martha; but if sickness or sorrow came—then, indeed, she was quickly remembered.

One brother died in a far-off Indian hospital, and died happy, knowing that Martha would take care of his orphaned children. Another, poor and unfortunate, rushed off in despair to where America held up to him her *ignis fatuus* of prosperity. He left behind a helpless child, and a young wife almost as helpless. But what did it matter? was not Martha there to take care of them? If members of the family were ill, or poor, or in a dilemma of anykind, “send for Martha,” they said, and Martha came at once, bringing comfort with her. Thus she went through her long life; a ministering angel without wings, and whose halo was often hidden by a very dowdy bonnet, for Martha was, it must be confessed, the typical old maid at whom we have all laughed: an old maid who wore ringlets and goloshes, and had a thousand little odd ways and habits.

“Only an old maid!” How often do we hear the words, in tones, half pitying, half sorrowful.

“Only an old maid!” says Mr. Practical, in tones wholly scornful; for he has married all his daughters and thinks the catching of eligible husbands the whole duty of woman.

“Only an old maid!” says the newly emancipated school girl, in a voice of unutterable pity. Yet pause, worldly man, and simple maiden, and reflect whether there are not many fates more contemptible and more unhappy than an old maid’s.

I am very willing to sing a psalm in honour of Baucis and Philemon, and of Darby and Joan, though, in parenthesis be it said, I know an old bachelor who declares that they are all four absolutely mythical and impossible personages, but, even granting that everything we hear about them is true, I cannot help remembering all the popular proverbs, in which the experience of ages has, I fear, found expression. “Marry in haste and repent at leisure,” that is known to us all, and so is *Punch’s* famous “Don’t,” given as advice to those about to marry. We also recall the saying: “a month of honey and a life of vinegar,” and that other cynical Hungarian counsel:

“Dost thou wish for peace? Then die.”

“Dost thou wish for war? Then marry.”

But why go on! Everyone has heard hundreds of sayings which tend to prove that old maids are not, after all, so much to be pitied, for they at least have that “solitude douce et tranquille,”

and those "petits plaisirs" of which unhappy unions are deprived.

"My dear," says Henry, who has been looking over my shoulder. "My dear."

When Henry says "my dear" I begin to tremble, for I know it means criticism of some sort. It is the marital jam in which he envelopes the no doubt necessary, but decidedly unpleasant medicine of reproof.

"Well," I answer in a meek tone of resignation, "well?"

"My dear, I fear your readers won't exactly know what you are driving at. One moment you ask us to pity the sorrows of the poor old maid, and the next you tell us to envy her for escaping the dreadful thralldom of married life. Now, which is it to be, pity or envy?"

"Both, both," I answer. I am pleading for the old maid, looked down upon, forgotten, thrust aside, as if in all this great world there was no place for her. Men have entered into an instinctive conspiracy to agree in saying that no one is so much to be pitied as she who manages to be independent of them; and women despise her as a failure—a woman who somehow has missed her vocation. Yet has she? God, it is true, has not called her to that highest vocation; the mystic union of his chosen spouses; nor has he given her the sweet duties and pleasures of wives and mothers. But shall we therefore say that the unmarried woman is of no use in the world; that she is mere flotsam on the sea of life, to be tossed aimlessly to and fro, till she falls to pieces; or that she is a kind of social Mohammed's coffin, hanging between heaven and earth and tasting the pleasures of neither.

Happy wives with children gathering at your knee, when you sit in the light of your hearths, think of the lonely women who are standing outside in the cold. I am not speaking of the actually homeless and moneyless, but of the thousands whose life is one long dreary monotony. They, perhaps, devoted their young years to the care of an aged parent—of a sick brother or sister. They gave up their youth, their hopes, their happiness, to some noble sense of duty; and when those for whom they did it died at last, they were left utterly alone. They sit in gloomy rooms—alone; they wander through the world—alone; they will probably have to meet death—alone.

You who are happier, extend to them a little of your home's genial warmth, and, specially, welcome them at those festivals of the year which for the unhappy are periods of increased solitude and regret.

I have been pleading for the old maid, and now let me plead with her ; particularly with her who is just entering that lonely path, which is not, I own, very bright or brilliant, but where there are still flowers to be gathered and pleasant fruit to be eaten.

Just as white hair is beautiful and venerable, but the transition black and white stage ugly and unbecoming, so it is with old maids. They are both good and charming, when, recognising that spinsterhood is their lot, they set about making it as useful and agreeable as possible ; but ah ! how unhappy and ridiculous are those, who, waking up one morning, and finding the autumn of their life has come, shut their eyes to the cold dawn and insist on believing that it is still summer. Of these are the women who cling so pertinaciously to the manners, the frivolities, the follies of youth. We see them every day as they trip along our promenades, or sit neglected in our ball-rooms. Ruins decked with flowers—chill October wearing the roses of June. If, forsaking a fading shadow, they would turn to the realities of life, how far happier they would be ! There is so much work for the “unattached ” to do, and they have so much time wherein to do it. There will always be sickness and sorrow in this sick and sorry world of ours, little children to teach, friends to comfort in their grief ; and the sneers die away, the pity changes to admiring love before the unmarried woman, who, herself deprived of this world’s keenest joys, devotes her energies to the happiness of others.

Above all, I appeal to you for whom life is still an unwritten page which you will have to fill, maiden :

“ Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet.”

Let not the foolish fear of being an old maid drive you to a merely worldly or uncongenial marriage ; for better—a thousand times better—the solitude and neglect of spinsterhood, than the thralldom, the temptations, the miseries of an unworthy union.

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## GLEANINGS FROM THOMAS À KEMPIS.

*(Continued from page 38).*

**T**HE following prayer, evidently belonging to the mystic school, is in reality the second chapter of "The Elevation of the Soul," one of the most beautiful works of Thomas à Kempis, and, so far as I can discover, never before translated into English.

The original appears in the author's manuscript, dated A.D. 1441, now preserved in the Burgundian Library at Brussels (Nos. 5855-5861).

It will also be found in print, in the 2nd vol. of à Kempis's works, edited by Henricus Sommalius, S.J., A.D. 1615.

F. R. C.

\* \* \* \*

*A prayer—that the soul may be delivered from the burthen of the body, and all the imaginations thereof:—*

I. I beseech Thee, O my God, I conjure Thee from the bottom of my heart, to deliver me. Emancipate my distracted captive soul—snatch it, I beseech Thee, from all the concupiscences of the world and imaginations of the flesh, that, by the help of enlightened reason, I may find Thee in myself, who hast moulded me to thy precious and incorruptible likeness.

For, in no creature of this world, does the beauty and likeness of Thy wisdom shine forth as in the soul of man, which Thou hast made capable of knowing Thee, and hast so admirably placed, by the power of reason, above all created beings.

Elevate then my mind above all earthly things, and purify the affections of my heart.

Renew me according to the interior man, remodel Thy image by the sevenfold grace of the Holy Ghost; that image which Thou hast created immortal, invisible, and incorporeal, capable of all virtues, fit to comprehend eternal truth, to understand itself, to use its reason, surpassing the brute creation, dignified far above all sensible and visible things, and formed, in a word, to Thy very image and likeness.

Root out and drive far away from me all that could stain or darken Thine image, lest it become unworthy in Thy sight or offend the eye of Thy Majesty.

Vouchsafe by Thy love to give form to this precious and most noble image of Thyself, to enlighten it with understanding, and



visit it unceasingly, forasmuch as Thou beholdest it with unimpeded clearness and dost preserve it in existence.

Remember by what an unfathomable wisdom Thou hast first created it from nothing, but not for nothing; by what grand and holy purchase Thou hast again ransomed it from the slavery of sin; and permit not that a creature of such worth be ever stained by mortal transgression, but defend it from all evil, and enrich it with grace.

Multiply in it the gifts of Thy bounty, and let that strength which it lacks by the taint of corrupted nature, descend upon it through the gift of Thy grace.

II. O Thou who art the Truth, my God of Mercy, grant me to behold Thee without the idea of bodily form—without imagined appearance—without any created light. Grant me to behold Thee by the intelligence of a pure mind,—Thou who hast promised to show Thyself to the clean of heart.

Thou hast said: *Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God.\**

Sublime and mighty promise, fitting for pure and enlightened souls, who, abandoning all things of earth, and raising themselves above what is corporeal, merit, by Thy just judgment, to contemplate the light of Eternal Truth: and, in proportion as they recede from created light, and the influence of created things, are rapt above themselves into the sanctuary of divine Truth.

Oh, what a view—what a pure intuition!—How blessed the eye with which God, the Truth, is beheld without images and corporeal similitudes.

Needful it is that the heart be untrammelled, and cleansed from all inordinate affections.

Needful, too, it is that the mind be free from all turmoil and imaginations of bodily surroundings, if it is to comprehend something of the Eternal boundless light which illumines the entire world.

Grant me, O Lord, that *in Thy light I may see the light.*† Not the light of heaven or of earth, of angels or of men, but the eternal light, uncreated, immense, ineffable, incomprehensible, superessential, and unchangeable.

III. O how grievous to me is the burthen of my body. How weighty *the law of sin in my members,*‡ which impedes and drags me back from seeing the light of heaven, the face of God's glory;

\* Matthew, v. 8.

† Psalm xxxv. 10.

‡ Romans, vii. 23.

from the taste of eternal happiness, and from access to the heavenly hosts who are surrounded and filled by everlasting joy.

Grant, I beseech Thee, O Lord, grace and heavenly blessing to me Thy servant in this brief space of time, who as yet am not worthy to drink from that fountain overflowing with living waters *springing up into life everlasting.\**

Come unto me, O most merciful Jesus, come frequently ; inflame me with Thy love ; that I may learn to despise all creatures and all things here below, and simply to seek Thee alone, the eternal uncreated Good, and to love Thee in true earnest, above all things, for Thine own sake.

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## NOTES OF A SHORT TRIP TO SPAIN.

BY JOHN FALLON.

### PART VIII.—MADRID.

LEAVING Cordova yesterday afternoon, I arrived here this morning, after a nice little run of seventeen hours and a half by rail. During the first part of the journey as you may see by the map, the line follows the valley of the Guadalquivir ; then at Baëza, it turns away to the north, and, after some hours' lively progress, penetrates the ravines of the Sierra Moréna, and thus enters Castille.

Between Cordova and Baëza the soil is of a most peculiar yellowish-white, suggestive of barrenness, yet apparently most fruitful, to judge by the endless wheat stubbles and lines of olive-groves spreading up the hills. The subdivisions of the land are still fenced with cactus, as in the more southern parts of the country, and this, more than anything else, gives character to the scene.

Near Baëza a group of lovely mountains became visible far away in the south-east. What could this be ? the map told clearly : it was the Sierra Neváda, full seventy miles off : each peak was seen with a distinctness of outline all unknown to our moist northern atmosphere. The close of day was approaching at this moment, and the mountains glowed in the evening sun with opal tints of blue and fire, which you should see to realise.

\* John iv. 14.

As the line draws on towards the Sierra Morena, the soil changes completely. Below Baëza it was of yellowish-white clay : here it is of deepest red. Words cannot exaggerate the redness of it : it is as red as the cover of a Murray's guide-book and very much of the same hue, only toned here and there with a little chocolate brown.

Scarcely had the train got fairly within the ravines, when the sun went down like a ball of fire, and I wish to note the halo that encircled it for a very special reason, quite apart from its marvellous beauty. The inner ring was saffron, of course, but of a breadth and transparency which I had never seen before ; as it spread, it darkened into brown, then melted into an outer circle of green, that green ultimately becoming merged in the unfathomable blue of the sky above. *This halo gives the clue to some of Murillo's "conceptions,"* numerous beyond counting in the picture-gallery of this city. The weird glories of light that surround them seem, to a northern eye, like wild creations of fancy, existing nowhere but in the artist's mind : but the fact is, Murillo was true to nature, such as he found it ; he nobly encircled his splendid effigies of the Queen of Heaven with the choicest hues of his own Andalusian sunsets, and mortal hand could do no more.

An after-glow of ruby-red followed the sunset, overspreading the whole firmament, and then a glorious thunderstorm. One could almost read by the continuous glare of the flashes, while the loud peals reverberated through the hills. At least one upward flash rose straight from the ground like a rocket ; and, like a rocket too, left a sinuous trail behind it, high up in the air, and ending in sparks. On arrival here, I found there had been a violent thunderstorm, at about the same hour. Thus did the poor wanderer bid adieu, all too rapidly, to charming Andalusia, firmly vowing to revisit it soon again.

It is a good three hundred miles from this to Cordova, and even a pretty long step to the Sierra Morena, but thanks to a night of most refreshing sleep, I found myself rolling through the market-garden outskirts of this city when I awoke this morning. Alas ! in those market gardens I observed, on this Sabbath day, field work fast progressing, all unnecessary in such a climate ; and, driving through the modern-looking streets, I noted more than one shop-front opened wide, and heard the discordant clang of anvil and hammer from more than one workshop—discordant because of the day. Has the spirit of Voltaire permeated here, or was it always so ?

No doubt you have heard of the " Puerta del Sol " (Eastern gate),

favourite resort of revolutionists, rioters, and makers of "pronunciamentos." The principal hotels of Madrid look out on it, including the one in which I am located. I had innocently expected to see something of a gate here, or at least an arch of triumph, but not a vestige of gate remains: the "*puerta del sol*" is an open square, enlivened by sparkling fountains, and surrounded by tall buildings. Towards it converge the main thoroughfares of the city; through it flows the living population in constant streams, on foot and in vehicles of every description. Hence a constant crop of dust, and a praiseworthy struggle of the municipality to keep that dust down, which they do about seven times a day with hose and jets, projecting the water at least forty yards through the air. Woe to your new hat, if you indulge in such a folly, and chance to pass when the sparkling spray is flying through the air! for the ingenuous watermen are apparently blind to any discrimination between friend and foe. Sometimes they charitably wake up and direct their aim at some heated horse, whose driver halts to avail himself of their liberality, and soon the grateful quadruped leaves the square refreshed and happy; at other times they shoot the water almost straight upwards, and in the bright sunshine of Spain the falling showers fill the air with perfect rainbows. Such is the "*Puerta del Sol*," as seen to-day.

But, no doubt, there was formerly here a gate, when Madrid was a provincial fortress, and its ramparts just passed alongside: the puzzling survival of the name recalls this simple fact. It was the emperor Charles V. who first made this town the permanent seat of government, simply on account of its central position on the map of the peninsula. His son Philip followed his example; and thus did this place of mushroom growth acquire precedence of cities that were capitals many centuries before it was ever thought of as such. Compared with their antiquity, proud and stately as it now stands, it is but a thing of yesterday. Its streets show this: they are straight, wide, and modern-looking in all respects. The churches show it also: they are second-rate in style and size—which means that the majority of them were built after the great church-building era had passed away; a few that are of older date are merely converted mosques of the second class. Hence the astounding fact, *Madrid has no real Cathedral!*

There would be no sense in disputing the perfect right of the Spanish sovereigns to locate their official capital wheresoever they pleased; neither is it quite to be regretted that historic cities of immemorial seniority were passed over for a town of no historic antecedents in any way comparable with theirs; it was their fate,

*and probably their good fortune*, thus to escape the modern "improvements" of officialism, and to retain their own picturesque and classic features, handed down from antiquity, for you and me to admire and enjoy. What I do regret is, that, when Spain and Portugal were one, some favouring angel did not whisper into the ears of the meditative Philip to make Lisbon the capital of the united peninsula. At his feet lay the boundless expanse of the new world, into his coffers were flowing its golden treasures; human foresight could never have conjured up the wondrous vision of the present day, which is being enacted beyond the Atlantic: but surely some forethought might have told him that, had he made such selection, the undivided peninsula would probably have remained to him and his heirs for ever. But "*dis aliter visum*". . . Providence permitted things to happen otherwise, perhaps all the better for humanity.

Will it shock if I tell you that I spent this afternoon at another bull-fight—to compare Madrid with Seville, and to see some of the deftest toreros in all Spain contending, Fruscuelo again conspicuous among them? At Seville the amphitheatre holds eleven thousand persons, and not a place was vacant: here there are seats for fourteen thousand, but more than half of them were empty, though the programme and performance were of superlative excellence, and it was a gala day. Infer from this that at Madrid people care perhaps less about bull-fights than at Seville, probably from having them oftener. On the other hand the picadors here seemed not quite so badly mounted as at Seville: consequently there were fewer casualties among the horses, and the wounded were immediately ridden from the ring.

One incident I wish to note: a noble bull, in headlong pursuit of a chulo, cleared the barrier at a bound, just in front of where I sat, in fact almost beneath my hand. (This is considered a rare piece of good luck for the spectator so favoured). Round he careered, along the narrow passage which separates the barrier from the amphitheatre: a moment before, this passage was dotted with gossiping attendants, and lounging amateurs, and with toreros waiting for their turn to enter the arena: but such is the agility of all this class at vaulting, that, in the twinkling of an eye, the passage was cleared, and no disaster occurred.

The going to and coming from the course were, if possible, more lively than at Seville, owing to the greater variety of vehicles in a capital which is the residence of royalty and its followers. Landaus and barouches of newest build were intermixed with state-

vehicles of some other century, long as boats, lofty as towers, carved and gilded, covered with armorial bearings, and most of them painted red. In their time they may have borne the weight of kings and queens; to-day they were freighted with artisans and shopkeepers to overflowing, and in more than one case their charioteers, driven from their lofty seats by the crowding, sat humbly perched near the splinter-bars, in dangerous proximity with the heels of their quadrupeds: still each contrived to send his team along at a surprising pace, with tassels rebounding and bells all tinkling in merry harmony, *and without a collision*. Amid all the rush and crush of vehicles old and new, I saw not a single dispute, heard not a single rude word; truly the Castilian takes his amusement in sober and stately fashion, cool and gentlemanly to the end.

And now let me tell you a little legend of genuine mediæval antiquity:

It was in the days when Madrid was still a military outpost of the Moors, and already the tide of Christian reconquest was advancing towards it in deadly warfare. Manly games of skill and daring were being celebrated in the public square of the town; and, foremost amongst them, a great bull-fight, in presence of the whole assembled population of the fortress. Aliatár, the Emir's deputy, sat in lofty state, and at his side the fair Zaïda, queen of beauty and regent of the feast. And it happened that one bull, more fierce and active than the rest, had driven all his antagonists from the arena, or sent them rolling in the dust. In vain the multitude vociferated for the highest born and most valiant, calling on them one after another by name to come down and test their courage against the infuriated animal—even Aliatár had been challenged loudly among the rest, but dared not stir from where he sat—the beast paced about in triumph, sole master of the field . . . It was at this moment a herald announced that a young Castilian knight, superbly mounted, was at the gates, demanding to enter the lists alone, and bravely face the danger when all the rest refused. The permission was promptly granted, and thus unexpectedly did the bull-fight recommence . . . On came the animal, with seemingly resistless fury—the charge was parried with knightly skill and splendid horsemanship . . . On he came again, with redoubled rage and speed, and when the dust cleared away, his huge form was seen rolling on the yellow sand. Forthwith the young Castilian, detaching with his lance the bunch of coloured ribbons hooked to the neck of his dead enemy, gallantly presented it to the fair Zaïda, who as gracefully accepted it, while loud

acclamations rent the air . . . At this a dark jealousy overspread the brow of Aliatár, and thus he spoke: "Not thus, sir knight, are we wont to pay tribute to the fair, with shreds torn from the carcass of a beast. The guerdons we present are more proudly wrung from the helms and necks of your Christian countrymen whom we slay in battle. At present you are my guest, so depart in peace! should you come again, I will meet you with my steel . . ." Thus spoke Aliatár; but the young Castilian, his cheeks mantling with indignation, reined back his horse, and proudly laid his lance in rest, in knightly token of defiance to mortal combat then and there. Loud rose a mighty clamour; but, high above it, the sound of clarions, the bugle-call of the gallant Christian's retinue rushing to his support. At their head he proudly sallied forth; but he vowed, by the cross-handle of his matchless sword, not to doff helmet till Aliatár and all his Moors should be driven from Madrid for ever . . . And the capture of the fortress followed within a year.

This is one of the legends of the Cid. As a matter of fact the capture of Madrid took place in the year A.D. 1083, so that it harmonises very well with the period of his life; and the legend unconsciously proves, if it proves nothing else, that at the time when it took poetic form—say in the thirteenth or fourteenth century—bull-fighting was an institution in vogue, in which the noblest were expected to join. When at Seville, and speaking of the bull-fighting there, I promised to prove a little of this, if you came with me as far as Madrid. I hope I have now redeemed that promise, and that I may conclude, like the pedagogues, with a "*quod erat demonstrandum!*"

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I have now spent the better part of two days in the picture-gallery of Madrid. Yesterday, being a first inspection, was laborious: to-day, when leaving, I was quite surprised to find that my little visit had lasted nearly six hours, so smoothly did the minutes fly.

That the gallery here is of superlative excellence, is pretty generally known. People wonder at the fact, considering that this capital occupies so secondary a share of men's attention at present. But let it be remembered that, just when painting was at its zenith, Spain, for all practical purposes, meant not only the peninsula, but also the two Sicilies, and the Netherlands, and the German empire for a time, and good part of upper Italy, and the wealth of the new world, and paramount influence everywhere. No country ever commanded such opportunities of gathering first-

class pictures; and of these opportunities its monarchs availed themselves right royally, both in attracting great painters to their court, and in purchasing works of art wherever money could buy them. Titian was the personal friend and, for a long time, the most honoured guest of Charles V., and of his son Philip II. Velasquez was the ditto ditto of Philip IV. For the two former Titian almost deserted Venice: for the latter Velasquez made himself unknown at Seville, his birth-place: *to study Velasquez, you must come here.*

Of course I could not think even of enumerating the pictures that struck me most, but should just wish to mention a few of those which I thought grandest of all, or especially interesting by reason of their history.

And first Raphael's "Spasimo," a picture as large as the "Transfiguration" in the Vatican, or rather larger. It represents our Lord falling under the cross—his mother, with arms extended, is rushing towards him—St. John and St. Mary Magdalen support her—a group of women sympathise—executioners and soldiers crowd the scene—the leader is on horseback, flaunting the S. P. Q. R. of ancient Rome.

To my thinking, this picture equals or excels all that I have ever seen of Raphaël, the "Transfiguration" itself not excepted.

In this gallery you will also see Raphaël's "Perla," representing the Madonna and Child, with the equally youthful St. John. It was formerly in the collection of Charles I., which the round-heads of England stupidly scattered, and most of which Philip IV. secured, acting on the judicious advice of Velasquez. On seeing it the king exclaimed: "This indeed is my pearl"—but his eye had not been feasting on the "Spasimo" when the words escaped his lips, for the latter is infinitely grander in every way.

As for Titian, there are pictures enough from his single brush to form a gallery in themselves, and of every kind, mythological, allegorical, sacred and profane. He was the only artist for whom Charles V. would consent to sit or stand, and we have here his picture of the emperor on horseback, in a costume of black velvet, by no means handsome-looking, but with a dignity of bearing that makes this picture be considered the very finest equestrian portrait in the world.

We have here also Titian's "Gloria," sent to the emperor after his abdication, when he was already installed in his monastic cell of St. Just, far away in the wilds of Estremadura. It represents prophets and patriarchs of the Old Testament, doctors and saints



of the New, in ascending tiers on the slope of a mount, and, *high above them all, the ex-emperor and his son Philip, receiving a specially favoured audience before the open court of heaven.* Instead of resenting the outrageous audacity of the compliment, the royal recluse directed that the picture should be hung over his grave: and, as if to expedite the enjoyment, ordered his funeral to be performed forthwith, and the obsequies were accordingly celebrated before his face. It might have further impressed his mind with the vanity of earthly grandeur, could he have foreseen that his earnest and emphatic command concerning the painting would before long be coldly and utterly disregarded, as it is now: for here the picture hangs, for you and me to admire, while his ashes moulder far from it, in the lonely pantheon of the Escorial.

Separated by about a century from Titian come Velasqu   and Murillo, the former painting real life to perfection and with pre-Raphaelite minuteness, but scarcely venturing beyond it: the latter not fearing to soar into the highest regions of the ideal, and depicting "conceptions" and Holy Families as they have never been realised since. One comes almost to know the royal family of Spain, as it were intimately, from all the portraits and portrait-groups of its members that one meets here, painted by Velasqu  , and it is wonderful what a resemblance pervades them all. You would probably expect to find them dark-haired and dark-eyed, bronzed and martial-looking. Instead of this, imagine them with flaxen locks, cold grey eyes, flabby yellow complexion, long pointed chin and projecting under-jaw, and you have them as drawn for themselves, by their own court-artist. One exception might perhaps be made in favour of Philip IV. himself, whom Velasqu   painted on horseback, as Titian painted Charles V., "witching the world with noble horsemanship!"

There is a crucifixion by Velasqu   which impresses most people: I think I have seen something like it in Flanders, by Van Dyke. The hair has fallen down on the forehead; there is darkness in the background. To most people this picture is emotional to a degree.

But quite the grandest of all the pictures of Velasqu  , and the most ambitious, is the "Surrender of Breda," known here as "Las Lanzas." It hangs in a place of honour, close to the "Spasimo" of Rapha  l, and deservedly occupies the position, for I doubt if there be any more splendid historical picture in the world.

As for the inspired Murillo, he is here in every style, "frio, calido, and vaporoso." Some of his "conceptions" reproduce the

sunset-halo which I noted when passing through the Sierra Moréna : the artist drew his inspiration straight from heaven. There is one picture by him which I thought quite the most perfect in finish : it is known to the world as " *Los Niños de la Concha*," and artists seemed eagerly competing with one another to copy it.

Speaking of copying, I observed an elderly lady thus engaged in front of a lovely Claude Lorraine, representing St. Paula leaving her Roman villa for Palestine. The golden sunrise is tinting the transparent rippling water of the Tiber, as the young patrician matron steps into her boat from the classic home which she is about to leave for ever. Gorgeous trees fill the foreground : an endless perspective of landscape spreads away in the rear. And the lady was copying all this, with a perfection which I had never seen before, all intent on her labour of love, from which she never turned a glance. She wore the graceful black mantilla : a super-annuated dueña sat watchful by her side, knitting for ever and for ever.

And this leads me to add that all the lady-artists whom I saw painting here to-day and yesterday were thus protected, each by a dueña who sat spectacted, knitting and prohibitory—all except one bevy of maidens who, strong in their numbers, clustered in a group without any dueña whatever. Alas ! none but the aged copyist of Claude Lorraine wore the national mantilla . . . Paris fashions have reached as far as Madrid, and are steadily moving southwards, like the Russians in Asia, with the certainty of a natural law : but no fashion can rob those Iberian faces of their classic profile and flashing glance !

There is one artist, a modern, and almost unknown outside Spain, whose works are hung here with all the honours, on a level with the great masters of the golden age. His name was Goya, and this century was well advanced when he died, but he could boast that Napoleon, even at the height of all his power, could never coax from him a portrait ; the artist scorned to paint the oppressor of his country. His are the scenes of the " *dos de Mayo*," speaking records of the murderous butcheries of Murat. His brush has a roughness of touch which makes his pictures look like unfinished cartoons : in fact, jealous Frenchmen taught themselves flippantly to say that he used no brush whatever, but laid on the paint in spoonfuls, with a real spoon, and spread it with the handle, or his thumb, or whatever came nearest to his reach. This is another way of saying that his easel and brush would never pander to their master, and, for this, his grateful countrymen are doubly and justly proud of him.

To conclude, as I really must, I would summarise my two days' impression of this superb gallery by saying that, having visited and somewhat studied the principal collections of Europe, except Dresden, I would rank this with the best of them all.

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Picture-hunting, however pleasurable, is not without its fatigues; but this evening they vanished in a delightful stroll to the "Buen Retiro," which represents the Champs Elysées of Paris. You get two tickets at entrance; one to the outer park, where coffee and ices are served under tall trees, and military bands perform. Here parents come with their smallest children, and the "niños" and "niñas" of the rising generation chase one another with Arcadian freedom through the grounds—while blackbirds, not nightingales—challenge one another in flute-like carols from the highest boughs. Those carols are just the same as in Ireland in early June; here is one of them:



Here is another:



And a third:



And a fourth:



And a fifth:



Truly "cœli enarrant gloriam Dei!" . . .

Gradually this life and song die out, and then the move is to the inner gardens, to which the second ticket admits. Here an open-air opera is going on, very fairly sung, and admirably acted, as it

could scarcely fail to be in Spain, where people almost speak with their fingers. The place is luminous with white lights in globes, which swing in festoons from branch to branch ; their illuminating task is an easy one in this wonderful air, for the star-lit sky almost makes one feel that they are superfluous, except for ornament, and to imitate Paris !

Here again, as in the outer park, the babyhood of Madrid is conspicuous by its joyous presence, held fast captive on maternal knees, yet sprightly and wide-awake even at this late hour. This comes from the afternoon siesta, which cuts the long day in two, and devotes the broiling portion to soothing slumber and repose.

But you will say that I am getting prosaic and tiresome. To-morrow I shall be off to Toledo—there I hope we may perhaps meet again.

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## RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

BY FRANCES KERSHAW.

**Y**ES, it is all very well for bachelors and maiden ladies to talk, but, as is often the case when they open their mouths—they are discussing a subject which they don't in the least understand. To these travelling by rail implies merely the simple fact of being carried—free of all labour on the part of your own stumps—from one spot in this United Kingdom to another, either in a sleeping or waking condition as the case may be. Then let us warn you that if *this* be your only notion of travelling by rail, you know nothing whatever about it, and had better say less.

Leave it to us married folks to give you our experience—a wide and varied one. Somebody's wife's mother becomes suddenly possessed with a violent longing to see “the dear children” immediately ; or one of the said children is recovering from an attack of fever, and must be carried off to the sea-side at once for change of air, and to give it to other people. Well, whatever be the reason, we make up our minds to go, and in order to do so, we must take the train.

The children are attired in their “Sunday-go-to-meeting” clothes with infinite pains on the part of mother and nurses, combined with sundry slaps and kisses, coaxings and scoldings. By

the time that they are all ship-shape, and the luggage ready, the cab is here to take us down to the station. Don't our eyes open wider and wider as we view the ceaseless flow of baggage pouring out from the hall-door, and taking up its position on the cab-roof ! We hardly knew that the whole house contained so much before. Do we really require all this apparatus with us ? Our wife declares that a pin less, and we must all collapse. Meekly suggest that our grandmothers never encumbered themselves with such an amount of luggage in the old coaching days. Very likely, she admits ; but then we are not our grandmothers, neither do we live in the old coaching days—two quite incontrovertible facts. So we grumble a little, and let the matter rest, wondering only how the porters will like it ? Here we are at the station. One or two packages alone have capsized *en route*—with what damage as to contents remains yet to be seen.

What says the station clock ? We set all our watches by it first thing, and for a few hours afterwards they all tell the same tale of time. Of course we are here either punctually or unpunctually—that is to say, long before the train is due, and are wasting our precious time miserably, dawdling up and down the platform, with half-a-dozen children in tow ; or, worse still, we are just in good time to see the train that should have borne away our devoted carcases, making off for our destination without us—in impotent wrath ! We will suppose the less terrible mishap of the train to have befallen us to-day ; the waiting-time is over at last, and the train comes up with a snorting and a shaking of the platform, which causes a yell from the younger bairns, who are in terror lest the smoking monster should be meditating a direct assault upon them. Of course we go third class. Everybody does now a-days, except trades folk of a retiring sort and upper servants. Just as naturally we carefully take up our position in a babyless carriage, after much difficulty in finding one—babies are so plentiful everywhere, and especially on a railway. We hand in our own twin cherubs with the fat nursemaid (they are by no means to be classed with the vulgar swarm of commonplace infants ! ) ; have comfortably settled all the packages pertaining to us overhead, when our wife discovers that it is a *smoking-carriage*—a fact which accounts for the unusual absence of babies. Of course we must turn out for the children's eyes' sakes to which smoke is considered injurious ; and we range the platform wildly again for another compartment *minus* the baby element. Found at last, and we take immediate possession. Of course Jack has to be hoisted in from

behind just as the train is starting, to our imminent risk and his own—for he is standing stock-still on the platform, oblivious of everything but of a “young lady” beaming distantly in a framework of marvellous curls, from the other side of the counter in the refreshment-room. Of course we have managed to leave a few packages on the platform, after all. Of course Tommy drops his best hat out of the window midway between two stations, just where there isn’t the remotest chance of recovering it. Of course the shaking makes Polly sick, and Lizzie howls in all the tunnels. Of course our caution as to babies is in vain. The next small platform we stop at has a baby ready and waiting upon it, and of course it makes straight for our carriage. No dodge of crowding the whole family up to the door in order to appear overcrowded already has the slightest effect—the only result of this stratagem is that the new-comer takes immediate possession of the far window, whereupon our own babies howl amain. Of course the other baby follows suit—then they all howl together; and we form a gracious complement to some specimens of the Salvation Army, invisible but very audible, in the next compartment—a combination squall! And of course these and other like mishaps don’t tend to improve the general party temper!

We are not seated five minutes before some one declares that he is feeling the pangs of hunger very keenly, and the children join in a renewed chorus of howls for their victuals—especially Polly. Then follows a general rummaging of all baskets and bags within reach for the eatables—“refreshments,” we call them. “Refreshments” include a whole chicken in a state of convenient dissection, a few dozen papers of sandwiches (“I told cook not to put mustard in them because of the children, dear—you won’t mind!” We do, but it is of no use) and a huge bottle of milk which, when emptied by a combination of mouths, is precipitated from the window in company with the sandwich papers, to the imminent risk of injuring some one below. (By-the-by, have those good people who hurl bottles from the windows of railway-carriages any idea of the force with which they strike whatever object comes in their way—flying as they do through the air at the speed of the train itself?) We are above such sublunary matters as “refreshments,” and having watched our youngsters gnawing at their chicken bones for a time, subside to the enjoyment of our newspaper.

We are actually suffered to read in peace for a time, and are just coming to the conclusion that our friends have greatly

exaggerated the evils of travelling with children—the dear little treasures!—when a piece of bread and butter is heaved at us with a good aim from the other end of the carriage, and alights butter downwards on our best coat, pursuing thence a slimy journey on to the floor. “Ha! ha! he! he!” and there is that wretched twin grinning with delight and preparing for a second fling! We come round to our friends’ opinions—an advanced version of them, in fact. But there is worse to come. The imps soon become tired of crowding out air and light, and quarrelling over the possession of the united number of windows, and begin the dismal grumbling which precedes a general eruption of discontent. We put away our newspaper, look out and point to imaginary “moo-cows” and “baa-lambs” below, only half succeeding in our endeavours at interesting them. Then comes a station. Point out the beautiful pictures on its walls of her majesty in company with divers apoplectic cattle, and other delights with better success. We ourselves have really developed quite an affection for the artistic advertisements of “Coleman’s Mustard,” “Glenfield Starch,” “the Cunard Line,” “Bryant and May’s Matches,” “Epps’s Cocoa, nutritious . . .;” one or two Biscuit Manufacturies, “Thorley’s Food for Cattle,” and “The Daily Telegraph.” How we should miss their familiar faces, were they to disappear from the station walls! We hardly like to imagine what our feelings would be in such a case!

Dear, dear! Here are some more people getting in, with market-baskets too! Why *does* this old dame make a point of squeezing in her fat carcase between us and the window! What a cram it is! We moralize on Shakespeare’s well-known line, that “Man may steam, and steam, and be a steamer!”

We are all steaming. The only question we should like set at rest is, is it with our own steam, or with other people’s? And that is a question never likely to be answered, as no analyst is present, and if he were, there is no room to analyse.

Worse and worse! The stout party near us has shut one window, and the other can’t be opened on account of the smoke from the engine being somewhere in that quarter. We are toasting and roasting, grizzling and frizzling. It is always the way. People insist upon opening every blessed window in the depths of winter—and we all freeze! In the height of summer they daren’t open them an inch— and we all grill!

Reduced to watching the progress of steam down our neighbours’

faces, and listening to a few tales of recent railway murders of a cheery nature.

Ponder over the advertisements in view on the carriage walls, and the quaint alterations caused in them by the wit of some mischievous youths. For instance, a placard over the door, originally bidding us "Wait till the train stops," now has "Wait till the rain stops;" "To seat five persons" invites us "To eat five persons." To a placard which forbids you to put your head out of the window, is added by some ingenious youth "because it is impossible;" which is a fact, the window being barred. Another: "Ladies' Coffee Room," has in the revised version "Babies' Toffee Room."

We are all beginning to invest in frightful headaches at this point, which go on increasing pleasantly with every howl of the children, every extra snort of the engine, or infernal whistle of the same. Our eyes view things around us through an aching medium of smuts, which have adhered only too easily to our previously prepared countenances. The children ditto, with the addition of a special circle of black round the eyes, due to the efforts of grubby fists growing grubbier.

Ah, well, we are just beginning to remember, with some degree of comfortless comfort, that there is one event unto all, when there appears a break in the clouds nearer at hand. The guard is yelling forth some mysterious and unrecognizable station. Ask of the fat lady by my side what it is. Turns out to be our own much longed-for haven. Jump out at once, shake off what remnants of refreshment are still affectionately clinging to us, smooth out the creases of our coat as far as possible—the fat body has been cushioning her seat with the tails—hand out our precious family and their belongings. Think now of the luggage in the van. Porter!

Porters all rushing hither and thither to the assistance of screaming old ladies, who might seem to be in danger of losing their lives rather than their luggage!—with that chivalry common to railway porters. Porter! we cry in vain for some time; and meanwhile those comfortable single passengers with their one handy Gladstone and their umbrella, pass before us down the platform continually with easy deliberateness, and bestowing a pitying, contemptuous glance upon ourselves huddled up together—*my* Gladstone having lost in the crowd of family packages that independent dignity which is its proper right.

Porter! Finally, chinking a few coppers in our pockets, we have one to our side. No matter that the old ladies, losing one of



their attendants, scowl ferociously upon us. Let them scowl! We are proof against everything after a railway journey *en famille*!

Here's wife's mother (we don't feel amiable enough just now to claim her as mother-in-law). Here are sundry relatives, blooming and summery, and cool as cucumbers! Did we ever feel so like convicted criminals in our life before, as we do now that we face these, grinning and steaming? Did we ever before note our resemblance to those woodcuts in ancient "Pilgrim's Progresses" of demons struggling in pitch? Did we ever feel our right to be enrolled in the noble army of martyrs so strongly? But our friends—is it that they *don't* recognize us, or that they *won't*?

They *can't*.

Make ourselves known—give proofs of our identity. Say that we lie beneath our outward accumulated covering, like "pearls in ocean low," or winged creatures chrysalised "so far this shadow doth limp behind the substance." They own us—doubtfully.

A word in confidence. Travelling by rail *en famille* may be very enjoyable under some aspects—considered as an *abstract* point, that is to say—but *practically we don't recommend it*.

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## OUR POETS.

### NO. XIV.—KATHARINE MURPHY ("BRIGID").

IN looking at the title of this paper, the reader will probably feel "like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken," so far at least as being completely unfamiliar with the name with which we next propose to link the sacred name of "poet." The last paper of this series began by stating that the poets treated of in these papers will possess one or both of two qualifications—Catholic faith and Irish blood. We once before applied to this subject the argument of a fellow-countryman who, when remonstrated with for chastising somewhat unduly the wife of his bosom, replied: "But, your Reverence, *who* 'll bate her if *I* don't bate her?" If Irish critics ignore the existence of Irish poets, the omission is not likely to be supplied by the journalists of London.

Certainly these last gentlemen could not fairly be blamed for never discovering the poetess whose name our own readers see for the first time. Such of them as take an interest in Irish literary matters are familiar with "Speranza" and "Mary" of *The Nation*, and perhaps even with "Eva" and "Thomasine;" but who was "Brigid?" Though well versed in such literary signatures, we only discovered "Brigid" on her deathbed. Her kind friend, Mr. Thomas Sherlock, of *The Nation*, has printed a brief sketch of her in *Young Ireland*.

Her father was a coal merchant on Pope's Quay, in Cork, and a member of the Corporation. Her mother, whose maiden name was Foley, was a native of Ballyhooley, near Mallow; and it was here that Katharine Murphy was born and spent the first two or three years of her life. There also in the end she was buried. Amongst her relatives were Daniel Owen Maddyn and Denis Holland—the former a friend of Thomas Davis, the latter a clever man who, like Gavan Duffy, began his career as a journalist in Belfast, and then sought a wider sphere in Dublin. The family was also connected with the distinguished London physician, Dr. Richard Quain.

Katharine Murphy's only sister died in infancy, her only brother became a doctor, and gained a good position in Australia, where he died several years ago. In the year 1864 or 1865 Miss Murphy's father died, and her mother had been taken from her previously. She was thus left to fight the battle of life by herself, and she fought it bravely. A friend writing to us, speaks of "her unostentatious piety, her loving disposition, her candour, her complete self-forgetfulness, and her anxiety to see every one happy around her." During the progress of the painful disease which caused her death on the tenth of last April, she had to place herself under medical treatment in the North Infirmary; and there the venerable Bishop of Cork, Dr. Delaney, "carried the burthen of his fourscore years and four up three flights of stairs once a week to give her the consolations of religion."

Miss Murphy contributed largely to *Sharp's London Magazine*, and not largely but only once to *Punch*. In these and in various Irish publications she adopted various signatures, "Bessie," "Ellen," and "Elizabeth Townbridge"—injudiciously, we think, for why not let all the sympathy, and interest, and fame (such as it is) cluster round one single distinguishing name, even if only a pseudonym? But God bless her for her final choice of a *nom de plume*—the name of the greatest of Irishwomen, the Teresa of the

Celts (as M. Villenarqué calls St. Brigid), the first foundress of all our innumerable generations of Irish nuns, never before flourishing so gloriously as now. This was the name under which she published in *The Nation* about ten years ago this dramatic ballad "Sentenced to Death :"

With the Sign of the Cross on my forehead, as I kneel on this cowl'd dungeon floor,

As I kneel at your feet, reverend father, with no one but God to the fore ;  
With my heart opened out for your readin' an' no hope or thought of release  
From the death that at day-break to-morrow is starin' me sthraight in the face,  
I have tould you the faults of my boyhood—the follies an' sins of my youth—  
An' now of this crime of my manhood I'll spake with the same open thruth.

You see, sir, the land was our people's for ninety good years, an' their toil  
What first was a bare bit of mountain brought into good wheat-bearin' soil ;  
'Twas their hands raised the walls of the cabin, where our childhar wor born  
an' bred,

Where our weddin's an' christenin's wor merry, where we waked and keened  
over our dead ;

We wor honest an' fair to the landlord—we paid him the rent to the day—  
An' it wasn't our fault if our hard sweat he squandered an' wasted away  
In the cards, an' the dice, an' the racecoorse, an' often in deeper disgrace,  
That no tongue could relate without bringin' a blush to an honest man's face.

But the day come at last that they worked for, when the castles, the mansions,  
the lands

They should hould but in thrust for the people, to their shame passed away from  
their hands,

An' our place, sir, too, wint to auction—by many the acres were sought,  
An' what cared the sthranger that purchased, who made 'em the good soil he  
bought ?

The ould folks wor gone—thank God for it—where throuble or care can't  
pursue,

But the wife an' the childhar—O Father in Heaven!—what was I to do ?  
Still I thought, I'll go spake to the new man—I'll tell him of me an' of mine ;  
The thrife that I've put together I'll place in his hand for a fine :  
The estate is worth six times his money, and maybe his heart isn't cowl'd ;  
But the scoundhrel that bought "the thief's pen'orth" was worse than the  
pauper that sowld.

I chased him to house an' to office, wherever I thought he'd be met,  
I offered him all he'd put on it—but no, 'twas the land he should get ;  
I prayed as men only to God pray—my prayer was spurned and denied,  
An' what mattered how just my poor right was, when he had the law at his  
side ?

I was young, an' but few years was married to one with a voice like a bird—  
When she sang the ould songs of our counthry, every feeling within me was  
stirred.

Oh! I see her this minnit before me, with a foot wouldn't bend a *cromen*,  
 Her laughin' lips lifted to kiss me—my darlin', my bright-eyed Eileen!  
 'Twas often with pride that I watched her, her soft arms fouldin' our boy,  
 Until he chased the smile from her red lip, an' silenced the song of her joy.

Whisht, father, have patience a minnit, let me wipe the big drops from my brow—

Whisht, father, I'll *thry* not to curse him; but I tell you, don't prache to me now.

Excitin' myself? Yes, I know it; but the story is now nearly done;  
 An' father, your own breast is heavin'—I see the tears down from you run.  
 Well, he threatened—he coaxed—he ejected; for *us* tried to cling to the place  
 That was *mine*—yes, far more than 'twas his, sir; I tould him so up to his face;  
 But the little I had melted from me in makin' the fight for my own,  
 An' a beggar, with three helpless childher, out on the wide world I was thrown.  
 An' Eileen would soon have another—another that never dhrew breath—  
 The neighbours wor good to us always—but what could they do agin death?  
 For my wife an' her infant before me lay dead, and by *him* they wor kilt,  
 As sure as I'm kneeling before you, to own to *my* share of the guilt.  
 I laughed all consolin' to scorn, I didn't mind much what I said,  
 With Eileen a corpse in the barn, on a bundle of sthraw for a bed;  
 But the blood in my veins boiled to madness—do they think that a man is a log?  
 I thracked him once more—'twas the last time—and shot him that night like a dog.

Yes, *I* did it; *I* shot him—but, father, let thim who make laws for the land  
 Look to it, whin they come to judgment, for the blood that lies red on my hand.  
 If *I* dhrew the piece, 'twas they primed it, that left him sthretched cowl'd on the sod;

An' from their bar, where I'm sintinced, I appeal to the bar of my God  
 For the justice I never got from them, for the right in their hands that's unknown.

Still at last, sir—I'll say it—I'm sorry I took the law into my own;  
 That I stole out that night in the darkness, while mad with my grief and despair,

And dhrew the black sowl from his body, without givin' him time for a prayer.

Well, 'tis tould, sir; you have the whole story; God forgive him an' me for our sins;

My life now is indin'—but, father, the young ones, for them life begins;  
 You'll look to poor Eileen's young orphans? God bless you. And now I'm at paice,

An' resigned to the death that to-morrow is starin' me sthaight in the face.

Writing to me for the first and all but the last time on the 25th of March, this year (about a fortnight before her death) Miss Murphy said that for seven or eight years she had written only prose. The most accessible sample of her prose is a very amusing sketch—"How Tom Dillon became a Zouave"—reprinted by Mr. T. D. Sullivan in the first series of "Irish Penny Readings"—about which, by the way, good news is given among our

book-notices of this month. This story shows a keen sense of humour and a close acquaintance with the language, feelings, and character of Irish people of the present day. Anthony Trollope, in his pleasant and instructive Autobiography, tells us that the foreman of Mr. Bentley the publisher volunteered to advise him not to attempt the historical. Historical romance is seldom popular. Miss Murphy founded her three longer stories on Irish history. "Shane the Proud" had for its hero the famous Prince of Ulster; "The O'Carrolls of Cloughrue" related to the Penal Days; and her last historical tale, "Stephen Rodway the Jeweller," is linked with the fortunes of the United Irishmen. We have not been able to trace these stories through back volumes of "Young Ireland;" but the report of intelligent readers makes us believe that they are all worthy of being republished in a separate form. Perhaps a still more agreeable and useful volume might be made up of a selection of the best of her numberless short stories, legends of County Cork, "some wierd and wild, others overflowing with humour." Of "The O'Carrolls of Cloughrue," named above, Mr. Thomas Sherlock believes that "no other writer has succeeded in delineating those hideous penal days so graphically in combination with a story of surpassing interest."

But our business now is with "Brigid" as a poet. Out of a very large collection of her poetical contributions to journals and magazines which her dearest friend has lent to us, there are only two or three that betray the roguishness of that Tom Dillon who became a Papal Zouave under very peculiar circumstances. The shortest of these is "Just for my Mother:"—

Why then, what will I do with this boy that keeps teasing me  
 Every minute and hour of the day?  
 He says, "Sometimes, dear, with your ways you are pleasing me,  
 And at other times putting me down in the clay."  
 And at nightfall I can't take a stroll by the meadow,  
 Or sit down a moment to rest at the stile,  
 But, as sure as I live, there he is like my shadow,  
 Till in spite of myself I look up with a smile.

Then he's telling me always to stop and hear reason,  
 And says it so softly I can't say "I won't."  
 While I hope in the twilight a kiss is no treason,  
 When because of my mother I hardly say "don't."  
 For she's scolding me always, and says "you're delayin'  
 This matter too long, and the boy to your hand;  
 Your father is gone, and my strength is decaying,  
 So I'd want some one in to look after the land."

Well, the boy is a decent boy, sober and quiet,  
 And I'm but a light-headed, laughing colleen,  
 Half in dread of the world, half willing to try it,  
 Like the leaves in the Spring 'tween the bud and the green.  
 But 'tis not for myself, oh dear no! 'tis my mother  
 Wants help, and I think that to please her I'll say,  
 I'll have him; he'll do just as well as another,  
 So I'll take a stroll down where he's cutting the hay.

A double allowance of rhymes would have made "The Irish Peasant Maiden" worthier of being named in the same breath with Sir Samuel Ferguson's "Pretty Girl of Lough Dan."

One summer, on a walking tour, my wayward will my only law,  
 Crossing a meadow-path, at eve, I saw—I'll tell you what I saw—  
 A fair, soft-smiling Irish face, with deep-grey eyes and lashes long,  
 And rich brown hair all streaked with gold, and ripe lips bursting into song—

One of those songs they ever sing, those Irish maids, when evening falls—  
 Some wild verse, passionate and strong, their country's woes or pride recalls;  
 Or some gay legend of their chiefs by fairy held in glittering thrall;  
 Or gentle tale of love and youth—the sweetest and the best of all!

Upon a woodbine-tangled hedge one sun-kissed arm upheld her pail,  
 The milk within it foaming high to match her whiter throat would fail.  
 Beneath my gaze her song was hush'd, her brow's pure arch drawn slowly down;  
 soon her smile's sweet sunshine burst again, and chased away the frown.

And roguish dimples peeped once more, in baby-play, from cheek and chin.  
 The rosy mouth half-oped, and showed the lovely, glistening pearls within.  
 "Good evening, pretty girl," I cried; "well met at close of sultry day;  
 A draught of milk, from your kind hand, refreshed will send me on my way."

"And welcome, sir," was her reply, a quick blush veiling all her face;  
 Then bent the vessel to my lips with ready, unpretending grace.  
 My thirst allayed I lingered still beside her, 'neath the sunset sky,  
 And giving many a merry word, received as many an arch reply.

Yet ever an expectant glance across the fields her bright eyes cast,  
 Until a stout young peasant lad came hastening up the path at last.  
 Then with good eve, I slyly said, "I see of me you have no need."  
 She flung me back a laughing look, and nodded me a gay God speed.

'Twas scarcely fair, I freely own, yet one short glance I cast behind—  
 Pausing as if to lift my hat, and bare my hot brow to the wind—  
 In time to catch the eager kiss which claimed the shy, young, promised wife.  
 Well, well; the pair are fitly matched: God speed them on their way through  
 life!

"Mary" of *The Nation*, whom this magazine has taken some pains to make known as widely as possible both under that name

and under her religious title of "Sister Mary Alphonsus," as well as by her own sweet name of Ellen Downing—"Mary" and "Brigid," lived together in Cork, but we do not know that they ever met one another. The later Muse sings the praises of the river Lee in stanzas that recall the old "*Spirit of The Nation*;" but we prefer to them, as our last extract, "*The Mother's Vision*." Constantly, all the world over, the heart of some young Rachel or other is needing such consolation as "Brigid" tries here to give the poor bereaved mothers.

"Hush! do not weep: it is over now. Patience!" they calmly said,  
Vexing with words my wearied ear, while my child in my arms lay dead;  
I stooped, with passionate grief, to kiss the little pallid face,  
That, like to a waxen image, lay in my clasping arms' embrace.

I passed my fingers once again through the soft, bright curling hair,  
And drew the head to my desolate heart, that should never again rest there;  
I kissed the dimpled hands and feet, and the broad, white, blue-veined breast,  
And my heart could not feel, nor my lips confess that "God took him for the best."

I wanted my baby all night long, to rest near my doting heart;  
I wanted to watch his cradled sleep, with his rosy lips apart;  
I wanted my baby's little hands, to play with my loosen'd hair;  
I wanted my baby's babbling tones, to win me from every care.

I wanted my boy, I wanted him to grow up amid other men;  
That, as my own life waned away, I might live in his life again;  
And my heart was sore, O my heart was sore, when they laid him beneath the sod;

I could not to Heaven its angel give, I grudged him to his God.

I could not weep, but my wild complaint rang ceaseless night and day:

"Why were all other infants left, and my infant snatched away?"

Till at length, in the depths of the silent night, a form before me stood,  
Whose presence filled my heart with joy, though a strange awe chilled my blood.

'Twas the little child, 'twas the little child they had taken from me away,  
From the warm clasp of my loving arms, to place him in damp cold clay;  
In snowy robes, with two soft white wings, the flowers of the Better Land  
His brow enwreathed, while a small gold harp he held in his little hand.

But the cherub face, in his infant life, which was ever so bright and glad,  
Seemed downcast now, and his large blue eyes were filled with tear-drops sad:  
I was silent first, but strong mother's love soon o'ercame my human fears,  
And I asked my boy why angel-eyes were thus filled with mortal tears.

"Mother," he said, "from where I was laid to rest, 'neath the fresh green sod,  
Has gone up your wild despairing cry—I grudge him to his God!  
It darkens my spirit, even there, 'mid the happy angel-band,  
And the harp, which God's purest praise should hymn, hangs silent in my hand.

"But He is Love, and a pitying glance has cast on thy sinful woe,  
And to win back thy soul to peace, has sent me to tell thee what now I know.  
Mother, had I to manhood grown, my nature fierce and wild  
Would have steeped my soul in darkest sin, and God took your little child.

"In tenderest mercy parting us, for a few brief passing years,  
That we may meet again, to know no partings, griefs, or tears:  
Then humbly bow thy will to His whose mercy hems us round,  
That the cloud from my spirit may pass away, and my harp with his praise  
resound!"

As he spoke, my heart was softening fast; as he ceased, my infant smiled,  
With a ray so bright of Heaven's own light, that I scarcely knew my child:  
His white wings moved, and beneath his touch the harp gave forth a sound  
Which steeped my soul in bliss so deep I knew not what passed around.

When it died away, the child was gone, my little angel-son;  
But I knew by the tears, now shed at last, that God's victory was won.  
With morning light, by the grave I knelt—the dew yet gemmed the sod—  
And with an humbled, contrite heart, gave him and myself to God.

## NEW BOOKS.

THE size of a book ought to count for something when the additional bulk is not attained by mere padding or bookmaking. On this principle precedence must be assigned this month to the large volume, the first of five, in which Mr. Joseph Gillow hopes to complete his "Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics, from the breach with Rome in 1534 to the present time" (London: Burns & Oates). This first volume of more than six hundred royal octavo pages contains only the first three letters of the alphabet. It contains excellent accounts of persons so recently dead as James Burns the Publisher, and even Dr. Coffin, late Bishop of Southwark. The compilation is the fruit of most zealous and long continued labours, and it will be, when completed, an extremely valuable addition to Catholic literature. We trust that Mr. Gillow will be encouraged and aided in bringing out the remaining volumes as speedily as possible. The mechanical arrangements of type are most useful in distinguishing the biographical from the bibliographical portions of the work. The interesting sketch of Mr. Charles Butler seems somewhat too colourless on the Veto question. Each volume ought to contain a list of the names contained in it, without waiting for the completion of the work, which will not, we trust, be



delayed longer than is necessary for a task of such difficulty and magnitude.

Monsignor George Dillon, D.D. of Sydney, who during his vacation in Europe has done much for the honour of Our Lady of Good Counsel, has published through Messrs. Gill and Son of Dublin a very full report of his Edinburgh Lectures on "the War of Antichrist with the Church and Christian Civilization." The author describes his work as "a review of the rise and progress of atheism, its extension through Voltaire, its use of freemasonry and kindred secret societies for antichristian war, the union and 'Illuminism' of masonry by Weishaupt, its progress under the leaders of the first French Revolution, and under Nubius, Palmerston, and Mazzini, the control of its hidden 'inner circle' over all revolutionary organizations, its influence over British Freemasonry, its attempts upon Ireland; and the oaths, signs, and passwords of the three degrees, &c., &c."

Mr. Richard E. White of San Francisco, who in his poems has paid eloquent tribute to the missionary apostle of his adopted country, has also devoted a prose brochure to the memory of Father Juniper Serra and to the mission church of San Carlos del Carmelo.

We can do no more than call the attention of those of our readers whom it may concern to the appearance of a very important work on the subject of Natural Theology—"De Deo Disputationes Metaphysicae, quas excipit Dissertatio de Mente S. Anselmi in Prologo," by the Rev. Joseph M. Piccirelli, S.J., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the College of Ucles. The work is admirably brought out both as to paper and type. Much pains have been expended on the part of the author in the ordering and arrangement of the matter, forty pages being devoted to an Index at the end. Father Piccirelli enters at greater length than is usual in works on Natural Theology into the question of the Divine Concursus.

Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart., has published a new volume of "Thoughts in Verse" to which he has given the title "Towards the Truth" (London: Longman and Co.). In a notice of an earlier volume it was stated in this magazine (Vol. IV., page 539), that his name marks his connection with the famous Isaac Barrow, and through his wife with John Wilson Croker. He is a convert to the Catholic faith, and in the present volume he tries to give "a reason for the faith that is in him." In seventy detached yet consecutive poems, each consisting of four "In Memoriam" stanzas, he traces rapidly in outline the whole scheme of the Christian religion, and he does so, as an accomplished critic has pronounced, in finished and regular verse, lucid, simple, and melodious. We have studied the poem carefully, and with much edification at its thoughtfulness and sincerity. The only amendment we should propose towards a new edition is of a very petty and technical kind—a much less liberal use of that slovenly mark of punctuation, the dash.

The Editor of *The Nation* has begun the publication of a new series of "Irish Penny Readings." The first Number consists of thirty-two compact pages of prose and verse—the prose by Thomas Sexton, M.P., Lord O'Hagan, Richard Power, M.P., John Mitchel, Charles Stuart Parnell, M.P., Mrs. Sarah Atkinson and the Rev. John Behan; the verse by A. M. Sullivan, T. D. Sullivan, M.P., Daniel Crilly, John Keegan, John Todhunter, and the Rev. Abraham Ryan. Not a bad pennyworth to begin with!

Frederic Pustet of Ratisbon and New York—who may, we think, claim to be the greatest ecclesiastical publisher in the world—has sent us the fifth volume of "*Dissertationes Selectæ in Historiam Ecclesiasticam*," by Dr. Bernard Jungmann, the distinguished professor of ecclesiastical history and patrology in the Catholic University of Louvain. The previous four volumes, each consisting of about five hundred pages, contained twenty-two dissertations concerning the most interesting and most important questions in the first eleven centuries of the history of the Christian Church. The present volume contains from the 23rd to the 28th dissertation and relates to the twelfth century. The discussion of the relations between St. Thomas of Canterbury and King Henry II. is followed by an appendix of twenty pages *De Henrici II. in Hiberniam expeditione*, which does not overlook the most recent writers in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, and comes down so closely to the present time as to quote the first Australian Cardinal as "*illustrissimus Patritius Moran, praesul Ossoriensis in Hibernia, modo archiepiscopus Sydneyensis in Australia*." Dr. Jungmann holds that there are grave arguments against the genuineness of the supposed letter of Pope Adrian IV.; but, as those arguments can perhaps not be considered decisive, he gives an interpretation of the Pope's concession which lessens the difficulties of the question.

The most literary of the daughters of Mother Catherine Macauley and her best biographer is Mother Mary Teresa Austin Carroll, Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in New Orleans. Her last publication is a little book of thirteen lectures for a Spiritual Retreat, written down by herself just after they had been delivered by a holy secular priest in a convent in the south of Ireland some thirty years ago. The book is another of the many which bear the imprint of the Catholic Publication Society, New York.

One of the *Annuals* that used to come out before most of our readers were born, contained an amusing sketch, "Too Handsome for Anything." There is no doubt that exterior gifts of a certain kind are sometimes supposed to be incompatible with the possession of higher intellectual qualities, and in material things ugliness and utility go together. Somewhat on this principle the luxurious get-up of "Wild Flowers, by Ruth A. O'Connor" (New York: Catholic Publication Society) has prejudiced certain austere critics against it. "Gold

*Wild Flowers* stray over an 'æsthetic' green cover; the paper is as thick as could be put into any book, unless cardboard were used; and the print and proof-reading are beyond reproach." Yet in spite of this sumptuous exterior there is much beauty within. The simple affection of the dedication of the book to the poet's mother prepossesses the reader in its favour from the first; and a graceful and tender feeling pervades all the prose and verse. For it is not all a book of poems, though indeed the prose sketches are also unrhymed poems for the most part and full of a sentimental melancholy which we should like to see replaced by a healthier and more cheerful spirit.

Some of our readers may have enjoyed the intellectual treat afforded by the late Mr. J. M. Bellew in his public Readings. On some occasions one of his selections was "The Battle of Fontenoy" by Mr. W. J. Corbett, M.P. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son have recently brought out a new edition of this fine historical poem, to which the author has prefixed an interesting introduction, which, if justice were done to it by a less modest type, would change the edition into a more pretentious form than that of a shilling pamphlet.

Less popular in its subject is another poem which issues simultaneously from the same prolific press—"Philosophia, a Lyrical Sequence, by the author of 'Union unto Perfection.'" One would need a large share of the author's enthusiastic love of philosophical thought and language to appreciate the very peculiar form into which he has here thrown his deep and edifying meditations.

Messrs. Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis have brought out in most readable type an excellent paper, a work by the Rev. Dr. Allen of South Africa, which his bishop Dr. Ricards recommends in an earnest preface. It is entitled "Our Own Will, and How to Detect it in our Actions." The author further describes these instructions as intended for religious and also applicable to all who aim at a life of perfection. This pious missionary is, we believe, a native of Wexford. His experience in connection with the holy Dominican convent which Sion Hill, Blackrock, has sent forth to this great continent, gives a practical value to his counsel. Plain English, especially with an Irish accent, brings such teachings home more effectively to many readers than translations from the French.

The Art and Book Company of Leamington send three excellent books brought out in a cheap and serviceable manner. "Facts of Faith, or First Lessons in Christianity" is compiled by the Rev. A. Bromley Crane of St. Wilfrid's, Cotton. It contains a vast amount of religious instruction conveyed in a very systematic, clear, and pithy way. We are informed that the work has been carefully revised by several Professors of Theology.

The second book received from these publishers is a revised and enlarged edition of a Letter on the Validity of Anglican Orders by

Father J. D. Breen, O.S.B. Though enlarged, it is comprised within sixty pages. It is a fine example of clearness and condensation.

The third book is Father Bourdaloue's *Spiritual Retreat*, not for the use of the pious faithful, but of the pastors of souls.

Henry Conscience, the Flemish Catholic novelist, has a high reputation. A story of his that we have just read hurriedly—"The Lost Glove" (Burns and Oates)—seems very aimless and plotless. Perhaps its sequel, "The Pale Young Lady," throws some light on the subject. If so, it is unfair to publish "The Lost Glove" as a separate and independent work.

Not by any means plotless, but with plot *galore*—"lashin's and lavin's" of plot, is Miss Henrietta Brownell's "God's Way, Man's Way: a Story of Bristol" (New York Publication Society.) The title is not at all happy or characteristic. The Bristol where most of the scenes are laid is a town of Rhode Island in the United States. There is a great variety of characters, male and especially female, Protestant and Catholic. The "clambake" is described from riper knowledge than the shipwreck; and the feminine Enoch Arden is hardly made sufficiently probable. But it is a clever story written with good purposes. The occasional Americanisms add a pleasant flavour to the style, but not certainly those grandiloquent expressions which we have noticed in the writings of some American Catholic ladies—perhaps because we generally read Catholic Americans. "Cousin Cynthia resumed narration," that is, went on with her story. "Infrequent visitation," that is, the fewness of his visits. These of course are extreme examples, but why are they to be found in this pretty book with its attractive cover and its clumsy name?

A book, beautiful in its simplicity and fervour, is "A Troubled Heart, and How it was Comforted at Last" (*Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana*). It is the story of a conversion, and the writer, beginning with the misty days of a sensitive, poetical childhood, tells of the pain, and doubt, and unsatisfied yearnings of a tender heart that was only comforted when it was brought to the Lord's feet in the one Fold of Him, the true Shepherd. The story is told with a frank and innocent simplicity that must at once take captive the reader, and withal, the literary style of it is excellent, straightforward, and crystal-clear—in fact, in its candid simplicity, an excellent example of the "sweetness and light" which Mr. Matthew Arnold preaches and prays for. We hope the book will come to the hands of many who are yet lingering without the threshold of the Church longing for its safety and sheltering, yet hesitating with a half-fear over the irrevocable step which will bring them within these; the clear message of the story ought to tell tidings of the peace that passeth understanding to many a troubled heart, and to call many such a one to the only place where that peace is to be found. And Catholics may well be made ashamed in presence of this fervent soul, springing with such sweet and fresh

ardour to the faith which we who are born in it never thank God sufficiently for; God grant that it may come with this lesson to many a lukewarm Catholic. The book, over which we would fain linger lovingly, is worthy to be issued under the auspices of Our Dear Lady, as it seems to be, with her most sweet name like her "*Imprimatur*" shining on its title-page.

We have received from the Catholic Truth Society a large number of very interesting and useful leaflets and little books—we shun the word *tract* as offensive to pious ears from its evil associations. It is impossible to describe them individually, but we advise priests and others who wish to do good in this way to apply for a list of the Society's publications to the secretary at 18 West Square, Southwark, London, S.E., who will be glad to send prospectuses explaining the objects and working of the Association. Several very useful temperance leaflets are issued from the same address; but these do not belong to the Catholic Truth Society. The controversial papers are more needed in a country like England and especially a place like London; but a great many of the Society's publications are of a devotional character and will be useful for all. Religious pictures are part of their stock; and there are several books, only a penny each, containing many edifying stories. Two of the best pennyworths are "*The Lingard Papers*" (short instructions on the sacraments) and eleven "*English and Irish Martyrs*."

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## A COMFORTER.

BY EVELYN PYNE.

O H my beloved, and must I stand aside?  
 I who had given my very soul for thee,  
 Made sweet my heart for thy heart's sanctuary,  
 And set thee on life's altar, glorified  
 With the flame-fair crown of love? Would I had died  
 Ere yet this bitter dole were laid on me,  
 To watch through scorching tears, to watch and see  
 Thy face turn from my pleading, scornful-eyed!  
 Child! Child! If this false love had kissed thine eyes,  
 They had grown blind to beckoning stars and sun,  
 Nor seen how on the cross sad waited One  
 To lead thee with pierced hands to Paradise!  
 Most blest art thou! *He* thrusteth not aside,  
 But, yearning for thy love, hangs crucified!

## WINGED WORDS.

THE tone of good society is marked by the absence of personalities. Among well-informed persons there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to anyone present—without submitting to act the part of a *butt*, or of that still poorer creature, the wag who plays upon him.—*Haslitt*.

People had much rather be thought to look ill than old : because it is possible to recover from sickness, but there is no recovering from age.—*The Same*.

The art of life is to know how to enjoy a little and to endure much.—*The Same*.

It is an inexorable law of human souls that men fit themselves for sudden deeds by that repeated choice of good and evil which slowly determines character.—*George Eliot*.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another. Many in this world run after happiness like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat, while all the time it is on his head or in his hand.—“*Conversation*” *Sharpe*.

*Optimum eligite, et consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*. I feel a difficulty about getting up, and I parley with the fault ; the only method is to obey the rule instantly and without a moment's reflection.—*Sydney Smith*.

The disciples of the Sacred Heart are never hard to please with others, but only with themselves.—*M. R.*

It is well to have as little self-will and as much obedience as possible in everything that we try to do for God.—*M. R.*

If a man is busy, and busy about his duty, what more does he require for time or for eternity ?—*Rev. Charles Kingsley*.

I believe not only in “special providences” but in the whole universe as an infinite complexity of special providences.—*The Same*.

When we see how little we can express, it is a wonder that any one ever takes up a pen a second time.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*.

Words so innocent and powerless are they as standing in a dictionary ; how potent for good and evil they become to one who knows how to combine them.—*The Same*.

Every great writer may be at once known by guiding the mind far from himself, to the beauty which is not of his creation and the knowledge which is past his finding out.—*Ruskin*.

It is an ancient saying that labour is the price which the gods have set upon everything valuable.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

Joy is but a second, sorrow but a minute, life but a day, and the three realities are God, creation, and virtue.—*John Paul Richter*.

A father would disinherit his son, a friend would put away from him the friend of his bosom, if his love were requited as we requite the love of our Heavenly Father.—*Faber*.

## MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "KESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERHEVILL," "ELDERGOWAN,"  
"THE WALKING TREES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XX.

## IN THE DOCK.

AUTUMN, so bewitching in Ireland, with the rare violets of morning and evening mists, the dewy brilliance of its foliage under heavens of tender grey, and its late bird-songs, had disappeared behind the verge of winter, and the shortening and darkening days had brought the gentry of Dublin back to squares and streets, out of the neighbouring country. The approaching trials of the men in prison for the murder of Mr. Ffont were looked forward to as something sensational in the way of trials, by such people (who are to be found in every community) as take a morbid pleasure in events of the kind. In this case the fact that a gentleman was one of the accused enhanced the general interest in the matter, and genteel Dublin had something to talk about while it cleaned its windows, a happy feat, in general too rarely accomplished, and hung up its lace curtains, and did not arrange its window flower-boxes, because genteel Dublin despises the graceful custom cherished elsewhere as one of the fairest signs of civilised living, that of clothing the grim stone-work of its window-sills with a little fringe of bloom. The reason is difficult to seek, in a sentimental and beauty-loving population. Poverty has been pleaded as an apology for the dark gaunt exterior of our dwellings, yet how easily a few shillings or pounds are spent on some tawdry delight. In poorer homes on the outskirts of the city, sometimes even in wretched lanes, one sees windowfuls of flowers, but the mansions of the upper ten remain guiltless of such frivolity. An exception here and there proves the rule, and one blesses the individual who breaks the grim law which says, "Thy dwelling, if respectable must be dingy and unlovely," and flings out a handful of beauty to gladden the eye of the passer-by.

The long interval of weeks between the autumn day when Bryan had striven with the madness in her, and conquered, and

the time appointed for the trial, had been in great part spent by Marcella on a bed of fever from which she had risen stronger and calmer in mind, if shattered in body. As soon as the crisis of the illness was past and she was delivered from delirium, her evidence had been given from her sick-bed, that damning evidence against Kilmartin which she had hoped death might have enabled her to withhold. She had not died, however, and now that the worst she could do had been done, the next best thing to dying with her cruel tale untold, was to grow strong, and help him to fight out his battle to the bitter end. This she set herself to accomplish in as far as was possible, that she might not, through faltering and weakness, disgrace him and herself by a seeming consciousness of guilt in him.

Early in December the trials opened in the old court-house in Green-street, situated among the slums on the north side of the city. Before Kilmartin's turn arrived, two men, Fenians, were tried, also for the murder of Mr. Ffont, were convicted without difficulty and sentenced to death. Two others of the same band had saved their lives by offering to inform on Kilmartin, and were to be produced on his trial as chief evidence against him. And one rainy, miserable morning, an immense crowd, fashionable and unfashionable, men and women, thronged the dingy court-house to suffocation, for the pleasure, pain, or curiosity of seeing Bryan Kilmartin take his stand in the dock.

There were two judges on the bench ; one small, keen, grey-featured, unpopular, with a reputation for inhuman eagerness to convict, the other large, placid, deprecating, with an indescribable expression in his eyebrow, which somehow conveyed the idea to the wretches who hung upon his looks and words that he would always be willing to save a prisoner when he could, and that to pronounce a hard sentence almost gave him his death blow. To Marcella, sitting veiled in black in a corner of the court, they both looked, in their long grey wigs and ermines, simply wolves in sheep's clothing, and nothing more.

Miss O'Donovan sat beside Marcella and exchanged greetings with her fashionable friends whose eye-glasses were often levelled at the pale face of the heiress of Distresna. It was decided that Miss O'Kelly made an unnecessary display of her interest in the prisoner, unless indeed, she was engaged to him as had been rumoured, only that seemed too absurd to be true. No girl would engage herself to a man on his trial for murder, at least no girl like this, with the world at her feet. However, sitting there, with



her drooped eyelids, raised only at times in the direction of the prisoner, or for a swift, proud, wide-eyed glance round the crowded court, she made a point of keen interest in the drama, the more so as the part she played was not at all clearly understood.

The prisoner stood in the dock, slightly leaning forward, with his arms folded and resting on the bench in front of him. Except for traces of mental suffering in the dark shadows about his eyes, he looked well, with the air of a man who knew how to be brave in adversity.

Serjeant Fitzgerald opened the case for the prosecution with a grave reference to the position of the prisoner at the bar as a gentleman and landowner, and spoke of his late father as one whom many remembered and esteemed for his genial and social qualities. He himself (Serjeant Fitzgerald) had known the late Mr. Kilmartin, and was thankful that his old friend was not alive to see this melancholy day. After hasty but effective use of a white pocket-handkerchief, the learned counsel proceeded to state the circumstances arrayed against Bryan Kilmartin, showing him to be guilty of the murder of his fellow-man, and still worse, his fellow-landlord. It was not all in a day that this young man had quitted honest ways, and wandered into paths of abysmal darkness and crime. Though the son of a father who had been content to live peaceably on his estate and take things as he found them, Bryan Kilmartin had early shown proclivities leading him to evil companionship and disreputable practices. While still a mere youth he had joined the Fenian Society, and had stolen from his father's house at night to learn the use of fire-arms for wicked purposes, drilling with some of the lowest of the population in secret recesses of his native mountains.

"His evil courses being discovered by his father, he was sent to the University of Cambridge, thus getting a chance to put himself straight, a chance which does not come in the way of all youthful wrong-doers. However, though it must be acknowledged that while at college Kilmartin distinguished himself and won good opinions, socially as well as intellectually, yet so deeply did the dark stain which had early appeared in him run through all his actions, that, on his return to Ireland after a lapse of some years, we find him renewing his connexion with Fenianism, and identifying himself with so-called Nationalists in politics. Yet he had learned caution, and so carefully did he proceed that but little evidence exists of the communication which since that time he has undoubtedly carried on with the leaders of Communism and

Socialism. One, however, will presently appear in the witness-box who will make startling revelations on this point.

"After his respected and lamented father's death Bryan Kilmartin quitted the respectable roof under which he had been reared, and, leaving it to ruin and decay, withdrew himself from all the pleasant social ways of his neighbours and old friends, and burrowed, if I may be permitted to use the expression, in a rude dwelling among the barren rocks of a small island, mysteriously placed, as if intended by nature for the home of a pirate or conspirator, in the waters of a lonely lake among the mountains of Connemara. Why he deserted the open highways of the world and preferred to hide himself in this savage dwelling, will presently be seen. His father's wealth disappeared; it was not spent upon himself, nor upon that unhappy lady his mother, who had followed him with a mother's devotion to his unnatural lurking-place. It had disappeared into the coffers of the secret societies, to encourage the manufacture of dynamite, to purchase the secret gun for the skulking murderer, to fee the wretch who lies in wait for his victim behind the—the—the aroma of the flowering hedge-rows!

"But the secret society whose oath he had taken, to obey whose orders he had pledged himself, is not satisfied with any one particular service from its votaries, but must have all its demands, and at the moment when it chooses to make its demand. It was decreed by the iniquitous councils of such a society that Mr. Gerald Ffrench Ffont was to die, and the lot to personally conduct, if I may use a modern phrase, this atrocious murder fell upon Mr. Bryan Kilmartin. That he did not attempt to shirk this awful responsibility I think we shall be able to prove. That he cunningly took every precaution to hide his guilty part in the transaction will also be made plain in this court. The deed was not done in the country where Kilmartin was known by appearance to everyone, but in the crowded slums of the city of Dublin where his escape from detection was more likely to be assured. On a dark winter's night Mr. Ffont's steps were dogged, and he was cruelly done to death by a band of assassins, four of whom were seized, while one, the ring-leader, was known to have mysteriously escaped."

Counsel then went on to describe the flight of Kilmartin and the search made for him by the police in a house where he had taken refuge, a search which proved fruitless, in consequence as it would be seen, of the circumstance that a secret closet existed in that house, and also thanks to the skill and devotion of friends of the fugitive who were then dwelling in that house.

"But the sword of justice, parried though it may be for a time by the—the spasmodic efforts of treachery and guilt, will in time, providentially, find its way home at last," continued the learned serjeant. "Some one has aptly said 'though the mills of God grind slowly yet they grind exceeding small,' and so, after almost a year of delay and difficulty, the chain of evidence against this unhappy young man is complete. Evidence to corroborate the story which the informers have got to tell will not be found wanting, and proof the most conclusive of his guilt is about to be laid before this court and the world."

The above slight sketch gives but a faint idea of the length, force, and conclusiveness of the story told by Serjeant Fitzgerald in opening the case for the prosecution. His words were listened to with breathless interest, and the general feeling in court when he sat down was that no attempt from the other side could do away with the effect of such an indictment. The voice of the accuser, raised as much in sorrow as in anger, broken with emotion, or swelling with righteous wrath, was in itself a powerful engine of the outraged law. That the old friend of the prisoner's father should find himself obliged to arraign and condemn the erring son seemed in itself overwhelming testimony of the guilt of the accused.

A considerable number of witnesses were called for the prosecution, besides the Fenian informers, who gave evidence to prove the truth of some of Serjeant Fitzgerald's statements. It was true that young Kilmartin had become a Fenian at sixteen years of age, true that his father had done all in his power to break the dangerous connection his son had formed, equally true that the late Mr. Kilmartin had been quite unable to accomplish this object, and had in consequence died of a broken heart. All this was triumphantly proved by Fenian as well as other testimony, and who should know better than the Fenians themselves? The counsel for the defence did not make any attempt to shake the evidence of the prisoner's early Fenianism, though a few telling points were elicited in cross-examination as to the habits of Mr. Kilmartin senior, and the cause of his death; but the informer who witnessed to the prisoner's intercourse with the heads of secret societies, and the renewal of his allegiance to Fenianism in its more modern and deadly form, after the father's death and the arrival of the younger man at years of maturity, was somewhat roughly shaken by the prisoner's counsel.

And then, towards the close of the first day's proceedings, the

plot thickened, and the witnesses for the prosecution who could tell the tale of what occurred on the night of the murder of Gerald Ffrench Ffont, having been concerned in the affair themselves, and gained their pardon by turning Queen's evidence, were put in the witness-box, one after the other, and their examination and cross-examination had not come to an end when the court was under necessity of rising for that evening.

According to their story Mr. Ffont, who had been a hard man as well as a bad landlord, having fairly earned by his inhuman conduct the detestation of the people living at his mercy, had been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death by the society which sits in judgment on such tyrants. The lot to conduct the murder, and see that it was properly carried out, had fallen upon Mr. Bryan Kilmartin, and he was bound by his oath to obey orders. On the night of the murder he was on the spot, and gave the signal to fire on Mr. Ffont. The police coming quickly upon them, the band of assassins separated and fled. They, the informers, who had been of the band, did not know, of their own knowledge, where Mr. Kilmartin had taken refuge, but they believed that he had friends in the neighbourhood prepared to receive and hide him. This was the evidence of the two informers, given with abundance of detail, and sifted and searched in cross-examination by the counsel for the defence, without any noteworthy appearance of breaking down.

Marcella kept her eyes fixed on the faces of the informers all the time of their examination, and one of them especially excited her horror. He was a pallid, consumptive-looking creature, with narrow sharp-featured face, and shifting eyes that never seemed to look straight at anything. He gave his evidence with a certain dogged air of determination, a great deal of meaning in a few words, which carried force with it for the moment and impressed court and jury with a belief in the truth of his story. He appeared to resent his position as an informer, and made his statements with a bitterness that seemed to wish them unsaid. All this, which told strongly with his audience, roused in Marcella a sense of amazed loathing which almost suffocated her, and her fascinated gaze remained riveted to his evil countenance so long that it became imprinted on her brain with a vividness not likely to be effaced while she lived.

When he ceased speaking and was removed, a faintness seized her, and it required all her strength of will to stave off the swoon which would have made her an object of curiosity to the court.

When she had mastered the weakness so far as to be able to raise her eyes and emerge from her corner she found that Bryan had vanished from the dock, that the court had risen, and that people were pressing out of the court-house, and she followed in the wake of the crowd, to pass the dreadful night as best she might.

The next morning she was in her place again, listening to the final examination and cross-examination of the informer Barrett, whose foul, false testimony she was now to be commanded to corroborate. When her name was called there was a sudden dead silence in court, then a flutter of whispers and pressing forward of faces as everyone asked his neighbour if he had heard aright. The sensation was so great that for a few moments everything was at a standstill. Marcella heard the sound of the smothered excitement of numbers like the hissing of a great wave about to overwhelm her, and then was conscious of nothing but Bryan's smile of encouragement straining towards her from his isolated standing-place in the dock.

So well had the secret been kept that when Miss O'Kelly arose and left her seat to take her place in the witness-box the crowd was at a loss to know whether she was going to give testimony against or in favour of Kilmartin.

Considering all the circumstances, the latter conclusion was jumped at by the majority, and there was a momentary revulsion of feeling in favour of the prisoner.

This girl, this heiress, this wayward heroine, had got in her powerful little hand some telling piece of evidence in favour of her friend, perhaps her lover. She was going to prove an *alibi*, or to attempt to prove one. A wave of sympathy went towards her as she took her stand in the witness-box and threw back her black gauze veil which made an inky framework for her deathly white features.

With her large dark eyes wide open and fixed on some distant point before her, she looked like one in a trance. "She will faint," was whispered among the younger barristers, and a glass of water was placed beside her; which, however, she did not see. "Why does she look so terribly, if she is going to help him?" asked one woman of another. No one noticed for the moment that it was as a witness for the prosecution she had been called. Mr. Shine, junior counsel for the prosecution, raised his face towards that spot in the court from where the soft eyes of Miss Eyre were gazing down, full of sympathy at the witness, and got in return a glance

which seemed to say that things were beginning to take a good turn, good at least in the estimation of this young lady whose interest in Marcella had beguiled her into becoming a spectator of the scene.

At the sound of the counsel's voice directing his first question towards Miss O'Kelly an absolute hush fell on the audience, and intense and breathless silence reigned in the court.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.

"Miss O'Kelly."—Counsel's voice trembled a little and he paused for a second. He was a father of daughters, and knew something of the story of this girl, whose heart, now laid bare to his arrows, he was bound to lacerate.

"Miss O'Kelly, I shall be obliged to ask you a few questions as to your own personal history. Your real name is not O'Kelly, but was assumed in compliance with the desires of the deceased lady whose heiress you have become. Is this so?"

"It is so?"

"What is your real name?"

"Marcella Grace."

"Up to the month of January last you had lived in rather poor circumstances?"

"Very poor."

"What occupation did your father follow, and where did he live?"

"He was a weaver of poplin. He lived in Weavers'-square in the Liberties of Dublin."

Here a deep breath was drawn by many in court. Ladies looked at each other in amazement, but there was no time to speak before the next question arose.

"And you lived with him there?"

"I lived with him there."

"Now, on your oath, Marcella Grace, do you remember the night of the 10th of January last?"

"I remember it."

"About eleven o'clock at night, or nearer to midnight, what were you doing in your home in Weavers'-square?"

"Sewing."

"Your father having gone to bed, you were quite alone?"

"Quite alone."

"While you were sitting alone, sewing, you heard a knock at the door of your house, and you admitted a man who was flying from pursuit of the police?"

"I did so."

"And you hid him in a secret closet in your house according to a previous arrangement?"

"There was no previous arrangement, because I never had seen him before that moment."

"But you hid him in the closet?"

"Yes."

"Now, on your oath was that man whom you hid on the night of the 10th of January last the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes."

A thrill like a wind passing over the reeds in a river went through the court, and then complete silence reigned as before.

"How long did he remain hidden in that closet?"

"Some three or four hours, as well as I can remember."

"And in the meantime the police searched the house and were unable to find him?"

"Yes."

"After they were gone you liberated this man whom you had sheltered from justice, and allowed him to go free?"

"I had sheltered him from pursuit, not from justice. And I allowed him to go free."

"And afterwards you kept his secret, and continued to screen him, although you knew that murder had been done, and that justice was endeavouring to discover the guilty?"

"Yes."

Again there was a sensation in the court and the counsel waited till it subsided.

"Miss Grace, did I understand you to say that till the moment when you opened your door to Mr. Kilmartin on that night in January, you had never laid eyes on him?"

"I said so."

"You had no previous knowledge of him or his affairs?"

"None."

"Was not your father associated with the secret societies, and had not you yourself some knowledge of such people?"

"No; none. Nothing of the kind."

"Your father was in bed when you admitted Mr. Kilmartin. Was he, then, or ever after, aware of your having taken such an extraordinary step?"

"Neither then, nor ever after, till his death."

"He had no share in your successful attempt to deceive the police?"

"He had no share. He died in ignorance of it."

"Now, tell me why you took such a strange responsibility on yourself. What induced you, a young girl in the house, late at night, to admit a stranger because he knocked at your door?"

"Because I saw in his face, and heard in his voice, that he was good."

"Then it was merely on the strength of your instinctive belief in his goodness that you protected him and kept his secret?"

"Merely."

"Now, tell me, what was the second occasion on which you met this Mr. Bryan Kilmartin?"

"It was in the street, on the 11th of January."

"Indeed. The day after the murder. What did he then say to you?"

"He did not speak to me, nor even see me. He was reading the bills on a newspaper-office at Cork-hill, as numbers of others were doing. And I just saw him, and passed him by."

"You read the notice of a reward offered, I presume. You were a very poor girl that day, Miss Grace. Did it not enter your mind that you might have easily earned a large sum of money?"

"I was very poor, but honest. I believe I read of the reward, but I gave it no thought."

"Now, what was the reason of this devoted adherence to the man, if, as you have said, he was a stranger whom you had never seen before?"

"I cannot tell you more than I have already said. I only thought that I had never seen another man who looked so good. And I have never seen one since."

Counsel here glanced over some papers and changed the current of his questioning.

"It was about this time that the late Mrs. O'Kelly discovered her relationship to you and claimed you as her niece."

"It was just the time."

"What was the next occasion on which you met Mr. Bryan Kilmartin?"

"At the St. Patrick's Ball, where I went with Mrs. O'Kelly."



"On that occasion you danced with him ——"

"I do not know how to dance."

"Well, you spent some time in his company. Did he warn you to secrecy, or make any excuse for his conduct on the night of his first strange introduction to you?"

"None."

"Did he make no allusion whatever to the affair?"

"He did not recognise me, and I was careful after the first that he should not do so."

"Now, on your oath, did he not, immediately on the death of Mrs. O'Kelly, get you into his own keeping, and place you under the guardianship of his mother in his home at Inisheen?"

"No."

"Do you mean to say that you did not travel to Inisheen one week after Mrs. O'Kelly's death, having no acquaintance with Mrs. Kilmartin at the time, and Mrs. O'Kelly having left no injunctions to account for your prompt action?"

"I do not mean to say so. Father Daly, and not Mr. Kilmartin, brought me to Inisheen."

"Without the knowledge of Kilmartin?"

"Entirely without his knowledge, and because Mrs. Kilmartin was a friend of his own, that is, a friend of Father Daly's."

Counsel again finding that he could make no further point in this direction, once more shifted the course of his attack.

"Miss Grace, I require you to tell me what was the first occasion on which reference was made by Mr. Kilmartin to the secret which you held concerning him, and to your possible evidence on this trial."

"On the night of his arrest at Inisheen."

"Do I understand you to say that during the six months in which you lived on friendly terms with, and a good deal in the society of Mr. Kilmartin, he never alluded to the circumstances of his first meeting with you?"

"He never did. He did not recognise me as the person he had so met."

"Not in all those months?"

"Not until I told him on the night of his arrest."

"And he then warned you to refuse to give evidence against him."

"No."

"When, then, did he do so?"

"He never did so."

"Yet you denied the truth of much that you have now admitted and expressed your willingness to swear an untruth."

"Yes."

"Who induced you to alter your mind and to give evidence against Mr. Kilmartin?"

"Mr. Kilmartin."

This reply startled both the court and the counsel so greatly that the latter repeated his question again in a more distinct form.

"Mr. Kilmartin himself persuaded you to give evidence against him? Why do you suppose he did that?"

"Because, as I have said before, he is good. He would have nothing but the truth."

"Are you not good enough yourself to tell the truth?"

"I am not so good as he is."

"Now, Miss Grace, you have made some very strange confessions. Perhaps you will tell me what motive you had for refusing to tell the truth, and for entertaining the intention of perjuring yourself? What influence had been brought to bear upon you?"

Marcella flushed vividly, and then turned deadly pale, and her slight fingers locked themselves more tightly together. Counsel for the defence here interposed and urged that this question ought not to be pressed, but his opinion was overruled and the examination went on.

"From what point did the influence come which led you to deny your knowledge of the facts you have now admitted? If you are afraid or ashamed, take courage."

"I am not afraid or ashamed. The influence you speak of came only from the weakness of my own heart. Bryan Kilmartin is everything in the world to me, and I have promised to be his wife."

The thrilling excitement which here swept through the court went deeper than anything of the kind which had preceded it. The answer so rudely pressed and forced from the witness was quite unexpected. But the sensation was quickly over. Curiosity to hear more soon restored general silence.

"So this man who knew himself to be under suspicion of murder, who was aware that he must soon stand where he now stands, occupied the interval in paying his addresses to a beautiful and wealthy young lady. On your oath did he not try to induce you to fly from the country with him?"

"No."

Here it became evident that the witness's highly strung nervous

tension was beginning to relax, and fearing a scene which might attract too much sympathy towards her, the counsel for the prosecution intimated that he had nothing further to ask her at that moment. A few questions in cross-examination from Bryan's counsel enabled her to make several clear points as to the unselfishness of the prisoner's dealing with her, and her belief in his entire innocence of the charge against him. An opportunity was also given her to relate how Mike had warned her of danger to Mr. Kilmartin from the enmity of the Fenians. Until all was said and nothing more was required of her, her courage never gave way. At last she was permitted to stand down, and hid herself in a private room of the court for a time, refusing to go home until Bryan had been removed from the dock for that day.

In the meantime the examination of witnesses went on, the informers were recalled and re-examined, and it was quite towards the end of the proceedings for that day when Mr. Gerald Sullivan, Q.C., counsel for the prisoner, opened the case for the defence.

He began by sketching the career of Bryan Kilmartin from the moment when, as a rash ardent youth, he joined the Fenians, till now when he stood in the dock a victim to the plots of a debased branch of Fenianism whose vengeance he had provoked by seceding from its rank. He described the origin of the Fenian Brotherhood. The name was borrowed from the Fenian band who were the standing army of ancient mythical Ireland. By their very name they were declared soldiers, and, after their dream of a romantic warfare had been rudely broken, many of them withdrew to peaceful aims, though still nominally Fenians. Many more passed their years as embittered, and disappointed, but still honourable men, in self-exile in various lands, while others, counsel was sorry to say, had formed themselves into criminal societies with a purpose which could not be justified by any law, human or divine. It was of the latter class that the prisoner had been so unfortunate as to provoke the anger. His only defence against this charge was the statement that he had been lured into the toils of enemies in order that a case might be made up against him to his ruin. Of this Mr. Kilmartin had little proof to give beyond his own word. He could bring forward witnesses to testify to his blameless life, to the great efforts he had made for the benefit of his people, impoverishing himself to give them a chance of improving their condition. It was in such ways that his money had been spent, all the money he could spare out of the mere remnant of a fortune left him by those who had reck-

lessly squandered it to no good purpose. It was true that in politics he was a warm Nationalist, but when would the world be brought to draw a fair line between the strong Nationalist in Irish politics and the wretch whose soul, if not his hand, was dyed with the guilt of the assassin? Till that line was drawn, blunders terrible and deadly would continue to be made.

Mr. Sullivan then referred to the night of the 10th of January, stating that on the same morning Bryan Kilmartin had received a note requesting him to visit an old tenant of his, one who had been in his father's employment for years, and, having left the country to take service in Dublin, had fallen into poverty, and was lying ill in a poor room in a certain street in the Liberties. It was characteristic of Mr. Kilmartin that he went at the hour appointed, an hour so late as to be calculated to arouse suspicion, only that the circumstance was plausibly accounted for. That letter Mr. Kilmartin had unfortunately thrown into the fire almost as soon as read, having first made an entry in his notebook of the name and address of the sufferer who had appealed to him, but it had undoubtedly been sent him to lure him to the scene of the murder, so that he might be pointed out to the police and arrested for the crime.

"At the appointed hour Mr. Kilmartin was approaching the street indicated to him when he heard a sudden outcry at some little distance; and a voice of one who came running to meet him, a voice he thought he recognised, said to him urgently that there was a plot to compromise his good name and he had better get out of the way for a few hours, as the police were almost upon him. To this he replied that he had done nothing wrong, and asked why he should fly. The answer was given, rapidly and pressingly. His enemies, he was told, were stronger than he, there was no time for explanations, but his only safety from ruin lay in a prudent retreat. In the same moment the person who had given the warning fled on, and Bryan Kilmartin stood face to face with what he felt only too likely to be the truth, seeing that he had again and again been warned that a plot was being hatched against him. Without waiting to consider further he knocked at the nearest door and asked to be admitted and sheltered for a few hours, till the danger, whatever it might be—a danger which had to himself at that moment the vaguest outlines—should blow over. Mr. Kilmartin had since regretted this step, but it was naturally taken under the impulse to disappoint audacious trickery, and

quietly to slip out of the evil hands that were almost laid on him, and escape without public brawl or disturbance.

“ While Bryan Kilmartin remained in that closet which had been described, and knew that the police were searching the house for him, he regretted having sought such sanctuary, but he was well aware that he could only make matters worse by giving himself up at such a moment. Now it had been sought to prove that the inmates of the house which admitted him were friends of his, leagued with him in crime, but after the evidence they had just listened to, no one present could doubt that, upon this strange occasion, the young lady whom they had heard and seen in the witness-box, and the prisoner, met for the first time. On the romantic circumstances of their later acquaintance and the relations in which they now stood to one another he would not dwell. It was too delicate a subject for public handling, but he felt sure that the strong conviction in the mind of this innocent girl that the man to whom she had promised to devote her life was guiltless and good, could not but have a serious importance in the considerations of the jury. Also the startling circumstance that this young lady had been induced to give damaging evidence against Kilmartin by the persuasions of Kilmartin himself, must carry weight with it, an assurance of the integrity, not to say heroism, of the prisoner’s character.”

After much more in the same strain from the prisoner’s counsel, that gentleman’s eloquence was interrupted by the rising of the court.

The next morning after the conclusion of his speech, the witnesses for the defence were examined, prominent among whom was Father Daly, who testified to the affectionate relations always existing between the late Mr. Kilmartin and his son, also to the fact that Bryan had not been aware of his (Father Daly’s) intention of bringing Miss O’Kelly to Inisheen till after that intention had been carried out.

Mike, the mountain lad, Marcella’s friend, gave evidence of the plot which, the defence asserted, had been laid by a murderous secret society to ruin the prisoner by bringing this charge against him. But Mike was not a clever youth, except in the matter of vigilance prompted by his affections, and the bullying cross-examination to which he was subjected terrified him into some blunders. The most striking point he made was, when almost worried out of his wits, he burst into tears and exclaimed, “ I’m tryin’ to tell you God’s truth, and ye will not let me.” When the

last of Kilmartin's witnesses had been examined and cross-examined, the counsel for the prosecution again took the matter into his hands.

With a few thundering sentences like heavy blows he split the case for the defence from crown to heel, tore off what he called the false rags of sentiment in which villainy had tried to hide itself, and placed the murderer Kilmartin before the jury in his genuine colours. He, counsel, believed that such a thin, miserable defence had never been sent up before in any court of justice. He declared to his heavens that he was more disgusted at the sentimental side of the prisoner's conduct than at its grosser brutality. This man had sought to shelter himself behind the tenderness of a woman, a woman, who in spite of the regard with which the wretch had contrived to inspire her, had found herself obliged by truth to stand up and bear witness against him. He had trumped up a poor weak story, for which he had absolutely no support, of having been lured to the scene of the murder by an appeal to his charity through the wiles of a secret society—that society of which he was in reality one of the most active members. Would any man in his senses believe such a fabrication? If he had been warned of plots against him, why had he not kept some evidence of the fact? Where was the note which had summoned him, an innocent man, to that fatal spot? Would not any sane person have been on his guard against invitations of the kind, or, at least, have preserved the documents which conveyed them? Counsel did not wish to dwell too much on the connection with this case of the charming lady whom they had seen so painfully placed in the witness-box, and who was fortunately young enough to outlive the trouble into which she had been drawn by unfortunate circumstances, but he would ask the jury to consider whether the whole of this episode in the case did not tell in the strongest manner against the honesty of the prisoner's character. Counsel did not wish to throw any doubt on the evidence of the Rev. Mr. Daly, but it was, to say the least, a strange coincidence which brought this girl who was in possession of Kilmartin's secret hurriedly into Kilmartin's home, kept her there under the strict guardianship of the prisoner and his mother, and resulted in the engagement of her affections by this person with a trial for murder hanging over his head, an engagement to marry between the man in such a terrible position and a beautiful girl and an heiress. As for her statement that she was induced to bear witness against him by his own representations, well, it was not until the story had leaked out

and it was practically impossible to withhold this evidence that the prisoner had (according to the account of his friends) put on such an heroic attitude. The fact remained that the young lady had several times refused to tell the truth, and had expressed her determination to deny all knowledge of that part of the prisoner's movements on the night of the 10th of January which could only be known to herself. The jury was open to the conviction that a change in the young lady's own feelings, a return to right judgment after she had been removed from the influence of the prisoner, rather than the reason put forward by her with a woman's loyalty, had procured for the prosecution that necessary link in the evidence which perfected the case against Kilmartin, as first set up by the confession of informers whose red-handed companion he had been. Counsel then proceeded to demolish the evidence of Mike of the Mountain, whom he described as a blundering, misguided lad who had been persuaded to give testimony of a plot which had never existed through his dog-like attachment to the accused. Finally, he dwelt on the steady, unflinching evidence of the informers who had every reason for telling the truth, having bought their own lives at its cost. In conclusion, counsel wound up with an eloquent denunciatory peroration which left a stinging reverberation in the ears of the listeners as of the sound of blows well-placed and well-deserved, hit home with a courage and vigour that put mere sentiment to shame, and wrought everlasting service to the cause of truth.

After this Kilmartin's counsel made a final muster of their thin forces, and rallied for a last attempt to secure the sympathy of the jury for the prisoner. All the old points were returned to and dwelt upon, and a strong appeal was made against the terrible circumstantial evidence that unfortunately seemed to corroborate the lying story of perjured informers, wretches who are in this country too often encouraged to swear away an innocent man's life in order to escape with their own. For the moment a reaction in favour of the prisoner was felt all through the court, and when counsel for the defence sat down there was a general feeling that the last words in the prisoner's favour had been moving in the extreme, and that the verdict of the jury might yet probably go in his favour.

Then the judge got up, the thin-faced judge whose sharp features had been sharpening noticeably all through the case, and as he took off his spectacles, and blinked a cruel grey glance round the court, the hopes of those whose sympathies were with

the prisoner got a sudden chill. At the first cold measured words that fell from his lips, the little warmth that had gathered round the defence was gradually frozen away, and his friends gave Kilmartin up as lost. The charge was, to use a common phrase, dead against the prisoner, and the fact that the other judge was seen to wipe his eyes surreptitiously seemed to add the last touch to the tragedy.

Several ladies lowered their heads and began to weep, but Marcella sat dry-eyed and erect. We will pass over the terrible interval between the conclusion of the charge from the bench and the return of the jury from their deliberations. The verdict was "*Guilty.*"

For a moment Marcella's eyes still clung to Kilmartin's, and then there was a dull sound unnoticed in the excitement of the crowd, and the girl's white face disappeared from its place in the dimly lighted corner where she had sheltered herself.

Father Daly and old Bridget had a sorry drive home that evening, holding a crushed, inanimate burden between them, thankful that at least she had not heard the death-sentence pronounced, but trembling for the horrors of the hideous and inevitable to-morrow.

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#### CLARENCE MANGAN'S *TE DEUM*.

THE following characteristic hymn has been discovered in a Magazine of forty years ago. The initials "J. C. M." were not needed to mark the workmanship of James Clarence Mangan. We know of no version that gives a worthier idea of the majesty of the original. Towards the end Mangan omitted a portion which is now supplied by another hand in the ten last lines of the present republication.

Thee, O great God, we praise!  
 Thee, mighty Lord, we bless,  
 Thee, and Thy marvellous and mysterious ways!  
 Thee, O omnipotent Lord,  
 All the rolling orbèd worlds confess!  
 To Thee the Archangels and high-thronèd Powers,  
     The Cherubim,  
     And Seraphim,  
 Chant aloud, with one accord,  
     Evermore,  
 Through Eternity's resplendent hours,



In prostration lowly,  
 "Holy,  
 Holy,  
 Holy is the God whom we adore!  
 Holy is the Lord whose praise we sing."  
 Heaven and Earth, O Everlasting King,  
 Are luminous with thy glory!  
 Thee the Patriarchs of olden story,  
 Thee the Saints who have gone before us,  
 Thee the Apostles and the Prophet-band,  
 Magnify in one perennial chorus!  
 And the white-robed Martyr-train who stand,  
 Day and night, before Thy throne,  
 Hymn their Alleluias unto Thee!  
 Nor all those alone.  
 Thy Church—still militant on Earth beneath,  
 And yet uncrown'd with Victory's golden wreath,—  
 Ever loveth to upraise  
 Her voice to Thee in canticles of praise,  
 Ever bends before Thy shrines the knee.  
 Glorified be Thou then endlessly,  
 And Thy coëternal Son,  
 And the Holy Spirit, Three in One!

Glorified be Thou, Son of the Living Father,  
 Who, to save Man's rebel race from Doom,  
 Hadst no care to spare Thyself, but rather  
 Sought with joy Thy humble Handmaid's womb!  
 Thou the Conqueror of the Tomb,  
 Thou the victor of Hell's legions,  
 Hast to believers opened the Celestial Regions.  
 Seated at the right hand of the One, Great, Good,  
 And Eternal Potentate, thy Sire,  
 Thence, when earth's allotted days expire,  
 Thou the Judge wilt come in glory's plenitude.  
 Lord! who hast redeemed us by Thy costly blood,  
 Kindle in our souls Thy heavenly fire!  
 O! help Thy saints, Thy servants, and Thine heirs,  
 That nought, in life or death, avail to sever  
 Thy glory and Thy blessedness from theirs,  
 Who hope to reign with Thee in Heaven for ever!  
 To Thee we chant on each returning day  
 The psalm of blessing and of praise for aye,  
 And sanctify Thy name for evermore.  
 Deign, then, this day, Redeemer, deign  
 To guard our souls from sinful stain,  
 And show to us Thy mercy's boundless store;  
 As is our hope, so may Thy mercy be.  
 In Thee, O Lord, my hope is grounded,  
 The hope that shall not be confounded  
 Through all the cycles of eternity.

## RELICS OF "A CERTAIN PROFESSOR."

**F**AR the best memorial of Father Joseph Farrell after the remembrance of all his virtues and brilliant gifts, better than any marble, inscribed with his name, which may be raised above his grave at "The Heath" of his native Maryborough—will always be the delightful volume of "Lectures by a Certain Professor," which contains the flower of his intellect and his fancy.

His friends and admirers will rejoice to learn that a volume of his Sermons will soon be given to the public. Although the earnest solemnity of his delivery added greatly to the effectiveness of his discourses, we suspect that the spoken word will in this instance be represented by the written word much less inadequately than generally happens with eminent speakers.

Many of Father Farrell's most intimate friends have placed some of his letters and literary fragments at the disposal of the Magazine whose best fortune it was to be the first and chief medium of communication between this gifted man and the public. We shall use this trust very charily, for we hold that an author has the best right to determine how much of his work ought to be given to the public. Father Farrell wrote the following lines, dated July 8th, 1879, not for strangers, but only for the friends of an amiable young creature who had died three years before.

Three years of night and day, of sun and shade,  
We have been travelling from thy lonely grave.  
Three years! and yet it seems as thou hadst died  
But yesterday: for tears are on our cheeks,  
And in our hearts the wound thy parting left,  
And on our home the shadow of thy loss.

Where wert thou, sister spirit, all the while?  
Thou hast been sometimes near us, in those hours  
When memory triumph'd even over death  
And gave us back thy well-remembered face.  
We never have forgotten, never ceased  
To see thee even through the tears that blind,  
To hear thee even through the low dull moan  
Of pain that echoed in our desolate hearts.  
Thy memory filled the chambers of our hearts,  
Thou wert no stranger; though we saw thee not,  
Thy presence fills the chambers of the house,

And sometimes, when sad memory sinks to sleep,  
Through opening doors we turn to meet thy face  
And in the silence seem to hear thy voice  
And greet thy smile from out the evening gloom.

Three years we have been travelling from thy grave  
Where low we laid thee in thy early sleep ;  
Three years—but every hour has been a step  
That leads us to the threshold of the gate  
Which thy dead feet have passed, which ours shall pass,  
And find thee smiling welcome in that land  
Where those who love each other part no more.

Although in his poem "What the Sea Said" and in many other pieces published in "THE IRISH MONTHLY" and elsewhere, Father Farrell showed a consummate skill in managing all the subtle varieties of rhyme and rhythm, there is no doubt that he had a partiality for that metre which ordinary verse-writers and even very successful poets would be wise to shun. We see that the foregoing domestic elegy runs naturally into most musical blank verse. Even his very simple substitute for a Christmas card eschews rhyme. Here is his New Year greeting to a young friend in 1880 :—

May this New Year be as an added bead  
Of gold, strung on the Rosary of thy life !

In that new year a beloved niece died in her innocent girlhood ; and his Christmas greeting for 1880 refers to the sympathy of this same friend :—

This year upon my Christmas lies a cloud  
Which owes its silver lining to your hand.  
Sharing my grief, you made my sorrow less.  
For this I bless you. Grief hath kindly use:  
It softens us, and nowhere kindness strikes  
More deeply home than to the heart that bleeds.  
As years pass by, and friends go one by one,  
We better love the friends that still are left.  
Hence never from my heart came warmer wish  
For "Happy Christmas" than it comes this year.

For 1881 the New Year wish runs thus :—

May all the garner'd blessings of old years  
Pass into this and make your New Year rich  
In all the things that fill the heart with joy.

And this is his Christmas greeting for 1882 :—

From heart unchanged my Christmas greeting comes  
To wish you all the blessings of the time,  
All that you need and all that you desire.

We should have been inclined to make use here of some portions of a very interesting sketch of Father Farrell which appeared in *The Nation* in its series of "Notable Irish Priests;" but this sketch has just reappeared in an accessible form, with the name of the writer, Mr. J. J. Clancy, M.A., as an item in the new volume of "Irish Penny Readings" now issuing in weekly parts from *The Nation* office. At present we shall only give some extracts from letters of Father Farrell, which two or three of his friends have allowed us to examine.

The "Certain Professor" was not a letter-writer in the old sense of the word. Post-cards and the penny post have interfered considerably with the old ideal of "a good long letter;" but, besides, Father Farrell would seem to have put a check upon himself in letter-writing and to have shunned anything like eloquence or sentiment. His letters are short and terse—always neat, no sprawling or scrawling, but in the same imperturbable handwriting and style. There was something of this in his conversation—no bursts, but a quiet self-restrained flow of real ideas.

From the letter which follows we omit only the first of seven pages:—

"Now about yourself. You ask me how I like your mode of life, and I answer—I do not like it at all. I am not myself very scrupulous—but it is no scruple to feel that Mass on Sunday, and (at least) occasional confession are absolutely necessary for anyone who wishes to be something more than what I cannot help calling the meanest of all beings, a mere nominal Catholic. Believe me, you are unwise—and one day your unwisdom will find you out. It is all very well to go on from day to day, but some day everyone must face the future. You will have to face it. Am I correct in inferring that the French songs of which you speak—and which are ironically said to have been learned 'chez les Jésuites'—are not quite such as should be quoted for the entertainment of ladies? I hope I am not correct in so inferring, for if it were so, I should be positively ashamed to think that you allowed *anyone* so to insult you. This is not merely a matter of religion. To anyone of common spirit, I should say—better beg your bread or die by the roadside than live subjected to such indignity. Here you have plain speaking, but I know no other way to speak, and I speak so, because I have the warmest interest in your welfare. It is not because I happen to be a priest that I say to you there is no happiness without religion; it is because it is a lesson that all my experience has brought home to me. It is true of every one, but it has a special truth for anyone who has ever been religious. Of course you can, if you will, forget your past—you can go the way of the world around you—you can neglect confession—grow less scrupulous—and persuade yourself that you are happier on that account. But such happiness is very delusive. It will not last. Is it not common sense to acknowledge that God is our Master, that His eye is never off us, and that His hand can always reach us—however we try to hide ourselves? It seems

sometimes (so unutterably foolish is the human heart) a fine thing to forget Him, and a noble thing to despise his Church and its ordinances; but it is neither fine nor noble—it is absurd, and it is mean, and it is fatal. I hope you do not need all this though I write it. I hope and I think that you are not so careless about these things as you pretend to be. Remember, at any rate, what good you can do for yourself and for others if you only stand up for God and His Church amongst people who forget both. If you do, you will be happier even in this world, and you will have nothing to regret and nothing to repair. All this may read like a scolding, but it is meant simply to do you good—and the saying of it seems to me the truest act of friendship I could perform. At any rate forgive me, and believe me always

"Yours affectionately,

"JOSEPH FARRELL."

The letter we give next seems to be connected with the preceding; but we shall not strive to give our extracts consecutively, but set them down one after another, only warning the reader that the letters are addressed to two, or three, or four different correspondents and that observations may thus seem to regard persons and subjects that they have no connection with in reality.

"I was more than usually pleased with your last letter, and feel very glad that my letters give you any consolation or do you any good. I only wish I could do a great deal more for you. But you can do any amount of good for yourself if you only wish. It amuses me somewhat to find that just now your grievance is that you cannot read Dumas. Do you not think that considering the many heavy trials that people have to bear in this world, your present cross is a light one enough? Surely there is a sufficiently wide field of French and English literature in which you can lawfully amuse yourself without longing for the fruit of one forbidden tree. About the excommunication, I may tell you that it rests with the bishop of each diocese to attach excommunication or other penalties to particular sins, and all persons must abide by the law of the diocese in which they live. A bishop in one place will, owing to the frequency of a particular sin, or to other causes, think it necessary to impose a penalty, whereas a bishop in another place may see no such necessity. This will explain to you what seems at first sight strange, that confessors differ in different places. Of course you must take the law from the confessor to whom you go. I can readily imagine how uneasy your sister is about you. Do you know I often think you were intended and called to be *very good*—and you will never be happy until you obey the call. Everything comes to an end but that."

Writing on the 28th December, 1879, Father Farrell begins:—

"I hope this will be in time to wish you a very happy New Year. I do so most heartily. You will ask perhaps, as I often have been tempted to ask—is there such a thing as happiness? But I believe really good people *are* happy; and I think happiness in the best sense is very much in our own power to command.

"I spent perhaps the loneliest Christmas I ever spent. I did not go anywhere, and my only companions were thoughts of the past. And yet I cannot

say my Christmas was unhappy. I find myself very good company for myself, and can entertain myself to an unlimited extent . . . I think after this year I shall begin to grow old ; would I could grow wise and good. Keep me in your memory and in your prayers."

In one of these letters Father Farrell describes a change of lodging in which a spacious chamber fell to his lot.

"So I have room for any amount of thoughts. I love space and light, and I have plenty of both. I do not know how I guessed you were a little homesick. It does not need to have a home to feel that way. I have no home and I feel it often. I scarcely think I will ever have a home except such as I make for myself in my own room. Really that is not so bad when the door is shut and all my books about me. *They* are real friends."

One of the Christmas cards which we ventured to copy at the beginning of this article alluded to a domestic sorrow that is thus referred to in another of these letters.

"I have been in great trouble. My little niece, only twelve years old, died of typhoid fever after only a few days' illness. She was a darling child, almost the only comfort of her mother, and mixed up to a far greater extent than I had imagined with any pictures I had ever made of the future. It has been a great blow to me. Then just after, Father D—— my oldest and dearest friend in the world, died suddenly of disease of the heart. He had been at my niece's office on a Thursday, and on the following Saturday morning was found dead in his bed. So you see how sorrow has come upon me. As we live on, we learn how those troubles that we utter as mere phrases such as—'death is certain, life is short'—are in truth the dread realities of the world in which we live. I know you will pray for those who are gone and for those who remain behind."

After looking through a large bundle of Father Farrell's letters, and putting them into a large envelope to return safely to their owners, after deciding that they did not serve for our present purpose, we took them up again with the idea of copying from some of them a phrase or two, here and there. The following gleanings are the result :—

After all, where it is a real virtue and not a mere mood of an unamiable nature, detachment from all creatures is a great blessing. I have not attained to it, I know. The "cords of Adam" draw me, and often the pull and the wrench are painful.

My great comfort in distressing circumstances is that 'all things are passing.' [One of many allusions to St. Theresa's famous book-mark.]

I am in no hurry, for I like this quiet place dearly. I have always felt that when one gets a parish one begins to die. But have we not begun to die from the very first day? [Written on the 28th of February, 1885, and he died March 24th].

How many things you have to be grateful to God for. I am sure that you are grateful, and that you will be specially grateful—yes, *grateful*—for the great

cross He has sent you. After all, from what we know of Him, that is his greatest favour. Life here is very quiet—just like our canal that moves barely enough to keep it from stagnating. Very unlike the great sea—but safer.

Whatever you do, don't worry yourself. Nothing pays so badly. I always find almost all the wisdom I need in St. Theresa's book-mark. It is a volume in itself. By the way I am not so "horribly wise" as you imagine. I keenly feel in myself countless possibilities of foolishness—even probabilities, nay, even downright actualities.

This place is as quiet as ever. It is a real Sleepy Hollow. The river flows gently, and we, as gently, float down the stream of time—into what great sea? Or are we bringing any cargo worth carrying?

I hope poor — is all right by this. To me there is something very heart-rending in the sufferings of little children, who have not even the comfort (and what a comfort it is to grown people!) of being able to dilate upon the symptoms of their malady. [Two months later poor — was indeed all right. Some letters of consolation which will be quoted refer to her death.]

How I envy you your hot weather! I love the sunshine and the summer, and in the winter I am a fire-worshipper.

I love to see the same things every day. How differently people are made! There are some whose happiness is variety. I would erect an altar to the dear goddess Monotony.

I am reading away as usual everything I can lay hold of. The most noteworthy books I have since met with are some of Julian Hawthorne's, who certainly inherits no small share of his father's genius.

I shall eagerly look forward to the time—it will not be long coming, no time ever is—when I shall know from your own lips of all you saw and all you felt in your travels abroad. I hope you keep a diary. It is always worth while. The finest things often escape the memory; and even if one remembers, it is interesting to compare the thing as remembered with the record of the thing as seen. When I travelled, I kept a sort of a diary, but only a sort of one. I did not in fact know how, at that time. I often think I remained in many things a boy for an unusually long time—if not indeed up to this present. However, I often now regret—too late as one usually regrets—that I have so little to remind me of the one, probably it will be the only, great spell of travel I ever had.

I feel occasional twinges—so trifling as to be little more than a presentiment—of rheumatism. I suppose that it is a presentiment and that I may quietly face the fact that, having climbed to the top of the hill, I am beginning to go down that other side\* where, amongst other evils, rheumatism is a matter of course.

I am ashamed of all the *broken* resolutions it has taken to produce this letter. Do not think, however, that I enjoy my indolence. My conscience is too sensitive, and the unwritten letter haunts me like a ghost.

A man should be very slow to defend himself in print. "To keep never minding" is very good policy in most cases.

When I am away from home, I cannot rid myself of the notion that in my absence something will take an opportunity of happening; and this something generally promises to be unpleasant.

\* This was February, 1893. "The other side" was only to occupy two years. That will be the way with so many of us. *Prope est Dominus.*

A letter dated "Monasterevan, February 5th, 1880," begins thus:—

"I think the only thing in which I am inclined to procrastinate is in writing letters. Every other thing I have to do I do at once. For the last ten days there was no day on which I did not intend to write to you—but better late than never, or even than later. So I am writing now. I am glad you spent so pleasant a Christmas. You have made very warm friends—and, whoever has the capacity of doing that may count on having many happy days even in this cold world. I think you are working on to sound conclusions about life. I quite agree with you when you say there is no happiness except in being very good. As to the happiness to be found in being very bad, I believe it is all a delusion—and even were the delusion to be so strong as to deceive us and satisfy us, it certainly would not last long enough to be of any value. The end should come some day, and after that."

Recovering from a severe illness, Father Farrell wrote to another kind friend. "How good it was of you, and how characteristic to make my illness one of your troubles! A curate has scarcely a right to be ill. One cannot help thinking that illness on his part is looked on by the higher authorities as a piece of downright perversity."

I will here venture to give in full some letters of consolation, written by Father Farrell. The first was written after the death of Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth, on the 26th of February, 1880.

"MONASTEREVAN,

"March 4.

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"Now that I may suppose you to be in some degree settled down after the melancholy duties of the past week, I am anxious to express to you in writing what I know you would give me credit for feeling, even if I did not write—my sincere condolence with you for the great loss you have sustained.

Your loss is the greater inasmuch as it is sustained not by you alone or your friends, but by the whole Irish Church—indeed I might enlarge the term, and say the whole English-speaking Church.

"To me, personally, Dr. Russell's death, in a certain sense, opens a new epoch and closes an old one. He had just been made President when I first entered Maynooth—so that through all the happy days of studentship, and through all the time of my youth, he was in my mind 'the President.'

"Another will come now, but no other will ever take that place in my mind. At the point where I miss him, I shall always feel that I began to go down in the vale of years.

"I thought the notices in the newspapers were, even for notices of the sort, unworthy of the occasion. I am sure you will, in "THE IRISH MONTHLY" or elsewhere, give a more detailed account of his life and labours. When doing so, do not overlook the magnificent tribute paid to him by Gladstone (I think in his speech introducing the University Bill, but am not sure)—in



which he declares that he considered the culture of Dr. Russell an ample guarantee for the culture of the Irish priesthood educated under his care—but doubtless you will know the passage.

“I fear we will be a long time before we have again a man so eminently fitted to raise in the mind of foreigners so high an opinion of Irish culture. May God give him the reward of all his labours! I hope you are quite well after this trying time.

“Yours affectionately,

“JOSEPH FARRELL.”

(*To be continued.*)

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## I LOVE THE OLD SONGS.

BY RICHARD E. WHITE.

I LOVE the old songs most of all,  
None with them can compare,  
They always to my mind recall  
The happy times that were ;  
The summer time again they bring  
‘Mid winter snows and frost.  
Of all the songs sweet voices sing  
I love the old songs most.

In dim lit room I’ve sat by night,  
While in the street would play  
Some minstrel songs that brought delight  
In boyhood’s happy day ;  
And back to mind came vanished years,  
And friends, a welcome host ;  
Ah, those old songs are fraught with tears !  
I love the old songs most.

A zest to life their spirit gives,  
Love ever in them dwells,  
As day or night the starlight lives  
Deep down in ancient wells.  
A talisman to them belongs,  
And joys and hopes long lost  
Are caught to life by those old songs—  
I love the old songs most.

*San Francisco, California.*

## NOTES OF A SHORT TRIP TO SPAIN.

BY JOHN FALLON.

### PART IX.—TOLEDO.

A RUN of less than three hours by rail brings you from Madrid to Toledo. People are wont to pronounce it a dreary bit of travelling, "through the desert-like plain of Castille," with "Aranjuez standing out mid-way like an oasis," etc., etc. To me, starting in the evening twilight, the scene was like a sea turned to red in the sunset afterglow; then darkness supervened long before I reached the short journey's end—so that I leave to your imagination to fill up the blanks.

There is a legend that Toledo was founded by a colony of Jews, flying from their desolated land at the time of the Babylonian captivity. The scarped rocks on which the royal city stands might have recalled to their minds the dear remembrance of Mount Sion, which they were neveragain to see. But I suspect the legend is a mere myth, obscuring an origin of still older date: for Spain seems to have been sought for settlement by mankind before the dawn of history.

By whomsoever founded, it was annexed by the Romans, nearly two centuries before the Christian era. In course of time, Julius Cæsar made it a "place of arms;" Augustus promoted it to the dignity of a "centre of justice"—and, in further course of time, the Visigoths selected it as their capital, when their sway extended from the wide-spreading provinces of Narbonic Gaul, to the utmost ends of the Spanish peninsula.

In this capital, during the sixth and seventh centuries, were held those frequent councils to which the bishops of the Visigoth Church repaired from the remotest corners of this vast realm, to deliberate in primitive parliament with the lords temporal, and make laws for the common weal.

To return to legendary lore, was it not on some one of those heights, which encircle the city like a ring, that stood the enchanted tower, to which each Gothic monarch wisely added a lock without asking the reason why, till the rash Don Roderick madly forced them all; and thus let loose the flood of evil fortune that so soon deluged his kingdom? . . . And was it not from the alcazar,

that still crests the lofty city, that he sallied, on hearing of his kinsman's defeat and death at Calpé, to meet his own crushing doom on the banks of the Guadaleté, near Herez ?

Under the Moorish domination, the fortunes of the city were eclipsed by those of Cordova ; but, when the caliphate declined, and the city was delivered from the Moors, its first Alcaldé was no less a man than the Cid himself. From that hour, as if by natural ascendancy, Toledo sprang to the dignity of capital of New Castille, and, for over four centuries, retained the premier rank, till superseded by Madrid. Not even then was its ecclesiastical supremacy in the least affected, and never have its Archbishops ceased to hold primacy over the whole hierarchy of Spain. So that you tread here on most historic and hallowed soil.

But it must be admitted, viewing things in the fierce light of the nineteenth century, so much antique grandeur is almost suggestive of present decay, according to the at once melancholy and hopeful law of earthly vicissitudes, to which states, cities, and men all seem equally amenable. Time goes on inexorably, and whosoever or whatsoever does not advance, falls behind in the race. To this law Toledo is no exception ; this I felt very soon last night, on being deposited at the old-fashioned "Fonda de Lino," which is the "grand hotel" of the city. The transition was immediately from the nineteenth century, as represented by Madrid, back to the middle ages, or some period more remote. Not one single ray of modern progress seems to have dawned on this picturesque caravansera of other days. When I asked for iced lemonade, a thing of prime necessity in Spain at this season, and almost universal, I was served with a mixture that was positively tepid. When I asked for a bedroom, the apartment I was led to was a coved attic, with the temperature of an oven. When, with tall words, I remonstrated, I was shown to a whole suite of rooms, "for the señor to suit himself as he pleased," but even in them the warmth was that of a Turkish bath, the beds were all of down, and mosquitoes were furiously buzzing all about !

Such discomforts, undeniably cruel as they are, have just one extenuating circumstance : they are conducive to early rising. Accordingly, five o'clock this morning saw me out and exploring, accompanied by the hotel-guide, whose company is a necessity in Toledo, so intricate are the ways.

Probably contrary to what all would expect, the famous cathedral is on a downward slope. Descending towards it, I was happy to pass through the vegetable market. The peasantry from the

country round, calmly standing or sitting behind their deliciously fresh-looking produce, were transacting business in subdued tones, with the dignified air of *grandees*. And I noticed, in one corner of the market-square, a stately mansion of other days, with ponderous porch of sculptured stone, resting on Doric columns of marble. This was ere now the "*Posada de la Sancta Hermandad*"—in plain English, the head police-barrack of Toledo. (The police\* were euphemistically called "*the holy brotherhood*.") Stepping into its lofty hall, I found it still retaining a noble staircase and panelled ceiling of carved oak and pine, perfectly black with age: in this venerable hall the mules of the market people were stabled side by side! This, in its small way, gives an idea how things have retrograded in Toledo.

A little further on is another small square, and in its centre a fountain; at this fountain women of various ages were drawing water in *pitchers*. Most of them had light auburn hair, and they wore it braided into small hemispheres over the temples and at the back of the head; the coiffure of each was furthermore neatly fastened up with a silver arrow. There is, in the picture gallery of Madrid, a charming Murillo, representing Rebecca and her companions drawing water at the evening well, with pitchers too, at the moment when the aged steward of Abraham comes upon them unawares, having left his camels kneeling in the background. Here are the living realisation of the maidens of Nahor, such as Murillo painted them, and the costume they affect of violet and saffron is picturesque enough for a fancy ball.

Further descending, by tortuous and narrow lanes, you soon reach the cathedral. Externally it looks disappointing, mainly because it was "*restored*" without mercy in the days of the renaissance; but enter, and you are in one of the grandest cathedrals of Europe, and the world. It ranks with Bourges, Chartres, Notre Dame of Paris, Amiens . . . I am deliberately comparing it with those French examples, because, although reared in the very heart of Spain, it is French in style and detail, and belongs to that glorious thirteenth century when French Gothic was at its zenith. The same king, St. Ferdinand, laid the first stone of Burgos cathedral in 1221, and of this, its younger and grander sister, in 1225; of what other child of Adam could as much be said? The marriage ties between the French dynasty and his, gave him ample command of the best French architects and workmen, and the result is here before you, perfect as when finished six centuries ago.

\* In remembrance of a mounted brotherhood established in the palmy days of Isabella to keep the highways clear of brigands.

Like most cathedrals of the first class, it has double aisles on each side of the nave. Here the inner are twice as high as the outer, and the nave is half as high again as the inner. This gives grand opportunities for clerestories; and, true to the occasion, the walls are all lightsome with traceried windows filled with gorgeous stained glass. As in the French cathedrals also, you find here superb rose-windows in the transepts and west end, and a magnificent "chevêt," or eastern apse, which glows like a many-coloured lantern in a way impossible to describe.

Of course this cathedral cannot compare, in point of dimensions, with that of Seville, where all the proportions are colossal and gigantic. There the altitude from floor to ceiling is a hundred and fifty feet, as compared with a hundred feet here; the clear span of the nave above the plinths is forty-three feet, as compared with thirty-eight feet six inches in this cathedral. Still, even with these lesser figures, it ranks with the grandest Gothics of Europe; and, the choir-screen being of moderate height, instead of towering to the vaults as at Seville, the whole interior has what Seville so sadly lacks, a magnificent stretch of perspective on whichsoever side you look, from end to end of the vast building.

What strikes one, in walking round the choir and chapels, is the antiquity of everything; centuries are the units here. The choir-stalls, magnificently carved, date from the days of the Catholic monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, and are a speaking record of their victories and conquests. The choir-books, large as men, quite too ponderous for any single man to raise, are written on vellum, with quaintest musical notation of black and red square notes, in staves, I think, of three or four lines: twice to-day I heard hymns chanted from them; I can vouch the music is solemn and melodious to a degree, but differs widely from French Gregorian; it sounds more like what one would expect the genuine music of the early Church to be; it is like a wailing appeal to heaven for mercy and for grace.

Round the grand altar of the "capilla mayor," kings of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries lie buried; and, amidst them, Archbishop Mendoza, grand cardinal of Spain, the friend and adviser of Isabella and Ferdinand, himself a "tertius rex," as mighty and wealthy as they. A great noble by birth, it was he recommended Isabella not to name one of his rank to succeed him, because the post was "almost too high for a subject, and the revenues too princely."

In the central chapel of the eastern apse is preserved the tradi-

tional stone, on which the Blessed Virgin stood, when investing her champion, Saint Hildefonso, with the chasuble from heaven, in the early part of the seventh century.

The adjoining chapel on the north side is that of the Knights of St. James. Its walls are richly emblazoned with the scallop shells and armorial bearings of the order. In the centre rises the tomb of Alvaro de Luna, their grand master in his day, who built the chapel when at the height of his power, more than four centuries ago. Read his sad story in Prescott, and you will realise how fickle is the favour of kings. The Portuguese princess, whom he got his sovereign to marry, soon became madly jealous of his ascendancy over that weak sovereign's intellect, and prevailed on the old imbecile to have him brought to speedy trial and execution, like a common felon. If, as I suppose, his remains lie here, hidden amidst all this grandeur, the head and the body form two very separate parts, thanks to the Portuguese bride whom he imported. To think that such a lady was the stepmother of the gentle Isabella! to think that such a king was the father of "the queen of earthly queens," as Shakespeare called her! But such were the times! . . .

Next the chapel of St. James is that "de los reyes nuevos," burial-place of kings and queens of the *fourteenth* century, who are "new" as compared with those entombed round the grand altar.

A side chapels contains, I believe, one of those mysterious black statues of the Blessed Virgin which date back to the very earliest days of Christianity. In fact, according to local tradition, there was a church erected here in the first century of the Christian era. It was knocked down during the reign of Decius, rebuilt during that of Constantine, and rebuilt again by the Visigoth King Recaredo, A.D. 587: of this latter fact and date there is authentic record on a slab found in the sixteenth century and still preserved. The Moors converted the Visigoth church into a mosque, and of course rebuilt it again. When in turn the Christians recaptured the city, this mosque was guaranteed to the Moors by King Alphonso VI., but the spirit of his troops was unable to brook such concession. In the king's absence, the mosque was converted into a cathedral, and tradition has it that the queen connived at this violation of her lord's plighted word. When the king returned, furious and full of revenge, the prudent Moors were the first to ask his forgiveness, and recognition of accomplished facts, which was readily granted: the converted mosque remained a cathedral, and the Moor who acted as peacemaker on that critical

occasion lies buried with the older kings and Mendoza, within the sanctuary: he is known here as "the good Alfaqui." But even when the building was again pulled down and reconstructed, in the days of St. Ferdinand, fragments of the Saracenic work of the Moors were left untouched. They are plainly visible in a small chapel of the south aisle, dedicated to St. Eugene: and they retain Cufic inscriptions, perhaps words from the Koran, spared as not clashing with the Christian creed.

Of all the minor chapels, that which I found most interesting was the Moozarabic one, to the right as you enter from the west end. Here Mass is celebrated every morning at seven o'clock, according to the old Vizigoth ritual, revised by Cardinal Ximenes—and this, in memory of the almost Irish fidelity of the people to the true faith, during the long night of Moorish rule. When the hour of deliverance sounded, the tradition is that Queen Constanza and the new archbishop were for abolishing this ritual altogether: the Toledans were naturally for retaining it untouched. King Alphonso wisely declined to decide, but referred the matter to the ordeal of battle. A knight was chosen on either side; a Toledan, for Toledo; a stout Burgundian, to oppose him; but, at the very first round the Burgundian fell transfixed. . . . This ordeal was not considered satisfactory by the queen's party, and the ordeal of fire was next resorted to. A pile of faggots was gathered; a Mozarabic missal was placed on it, and also a Roman; then the pile was set ablaze. The Roman missal jumped out of the flames, and thus escaped uninjured; the Mozarabic remained amidst them till the pile was reduced to ashes, and then was found unburnt and not even singed. What, think you, was the conclusion of the umpires? . . . It was, that the missal which flew out of the flames should be aided in its free flight everywhere, for evermore: and that the missal which remained on the burning pile unburnt, should be tolerated within circumscribed limits, but not allowed to spread further!\*

Remember, this is merely a legend of things enacted just eight centuries ago, but it substantially embodies what historically took place, as to this time-honoured ritual. More than four centuries afterwards, and shortly before his own death, Cardinal Ximenes revised it, and it was my good fortune to see it this morning, such as it came from his reforming and conservative hands.

Naturally, after this long preamble, you will ask what is it like? . . . It is scarcely for me, all unworthy, to describe it, but a few words may perhaps give a faint idea:

\* On the spot you can buy, and I have bought, an illustrated account of the ritual, giving both these scenes with quaint accuracy.

I saw a number of ecclesiastics entering the chapel in Indian file, in black soutane and white surplice; I followed. They took their places in stalls, and for about fifteen minutes recited psalms in Latin, in rapid chanting monotone, always ending with "Amen." One stood in the centre at a reading desk, and gave out the leading words of each psalm.

This over, one of the ecclesiastics came forward, attended by two acolytes, put on vestments of the early English type, and commenced Mass. I can vouch that most of it was in Latin, but with rites very much resembling those of the Greek Church, the choir all the while responding "Amen" at frequent intervals, and occasionally other words which I could not catch.

I need scarcely say that the Epistle was read from the Epistle side of the altar, and the Gospel from the Gospel side. After the Gospel, an attendant ecclesiastic placed a second missal on the Epistle side, and with a long silver stiletto pointed to each passage and page that was to be read. This attendant also handed to the celebrant priest a superb large reliquary cross of silver and gold, which was reverently kissed, and then, I think, handed round to all the members of the choir.

It struck me that a great many of the prayers ended with Greek words, but I could not catch them with sufficient clearness to be positive. Were I to attempt further detail, I feel certain I should blunder profanely and unpardonably. I will only add that, on the whole, the discrepancies struck me far less than the marked resemblances between this old ritual and the Roman of the present day. Whether it owes its origin to the days of Leander and Isidore, or to times still closer to the apostolic age, it stands forth as a magnificent proof, not only of the fidelity of the Spanish people during their long night of trial, but also of the abiding and marvellous unity of the Christian worship through time and place.

As if in gratitude to Cardinal Ximenes for revising and thus preserving the Mozarabic ritual, there is a fresco on the side wall of the Mozarabic chapel, opposite the entrance, representing his extraordinary capture of Oran. To think that a crusading expedition to Africa, involving a fleet and an army of horse and foot, should have been equipped and led by a Cardinal Archbishop, primate of all the Spains, in the seventieth year of his age, and when weighed down with infirmities! Never did fiction devise a more romantic episode, or one more signally triumphant. In this fresco a flock of ravens is flying from the fortress battlements while the Moorish garrison is driven in headlong rout from the



ramparts below. The ravens, I fancy, are meant to symbolise the powers of Satan, thus showing that here, as elsewhere, much injustice was done to the sable and crafty birds of Odin.

Talking of frescoes, in the winter chapter room there is a remarkable one of the last judgment, older than Michael Angelo's in the Sistine. Here no monster of human form, with horns and trident, drives the condemned to the abyss; but a wild boar, with his trunks, catches them by their long hair, which they are curiously all supposed to have, and thus ingeniously drags them away! Michael Angelo was not quite original in introducing a Cardinal amongst the reprobate; for here is a Cardinal also—no less a one than Ximenes himself—by no means on the safe side of the judgment seat; and the curious thing is, that it was at his own personal request that the artist placed him so. His fate is left very doubtful, but still there is hope, and no boar dares place profane tooth near his ascetic head!

What singular ideas filled the mind of this singular man, who had the spirit and the means to found a university and equip a crusade, while still observing amidst all his greatness the strictest rules of a mendicant friar, ever harder on himself than on his foes.

To conclude about this cathedral; if you approach it by the west end, you will *descend* several steps to enter, again showing the antiquity of ground-work. If, at such a moment, there streams down on you a flood of tinted sunlight from the traceried windows of nave and aisles—and, better still, if it be your fortune to hear those strange beseeching notes that sound like a prayer, or those loud triumphant ones that reverberate like a shout of triumph—then, and perhaps then only, will you best realise the grandeur that my poor words would in vain try to convey.

\* \* \* \* \*

A ramble round the streets of an old city is generally a great pleasure; in Toledo it is specially so, only tempered with much fatigue. I have mentioned that the streets here are steep, besides being tortuous and narrow. You climb them up, slowly and laboriously; you trot them down, perhaps faster than you would wish, restraining yourself with difficulty from going headlong. At places the ascent or descent is accomplished by flights of stone stairs; at others, you have to *look up*, to see the basement story of the house just opposite you, or you peer over its roof and almost down its chimneys. If you were a ball, and elastic, you would roll and rebound from terrace to terrace, and pop over the parapets down into

the Tagus, majestic river, that almost encircles the town in the deep valley beneath.

At each turn some fresh view opens out. Toledo is said to be built on seven hills, like Rome, and so many other towns. But, to the bewildered wanderer of a day, there is practically but one sugar-loaf mountain, covered with buildings of every date, round which the river rushes with creamy colour and rapid flow. And beyond the river is a girdle of highland; *not* green, as your fancy would paint it; not in the least wooded, as probably you would wish it to be; but all, or nearly all, of dove-coloured granite, presenting the strangest contortions of upheaval that imagination could conceive.

Of course, as the eye gets accustomed to this strange surrounding, tiny patches of verdure are seen, where nature has asserted her sway in forming mould, and man has followed, turning that mould into green life. Slopes are also detected on which corn was grown during the earlier half of the year; but that corn is now harvested and gone; and the stubbles tone with the prevailing colour of the rock. The few spots of emerald are exceptions to prove the general rule: green is the one colour which a painter of this strangest of landscapes might safely leave behind him.

Compared with Seville, the houses of Toledo have a stately and ponderous, but gloomy air. Instead of the graceful, magnificently wrought lace-work of iron that fences, without ever screening, the patios there, Toledo affects massive doors of oak, mounted on massive hinges, with massive bolts, bars and bosses, all tastefully designed and chiselled, and wonderfully preserved, but looking as if meant to resist a siege. The patios themselves have a sombre look; their columns, unlike the light marble shafts of Seville, are of dull grey, chiselled in heavy Doric style, and strong enough to support a railway bridge. The traditions of Saracenic lightness and grace have plainly been discarded for fashions more solid, and perhaps more ancient. I cannot help thinking that the bosses on the doors are a survival of a Visigoth taste, handed down from generation to generation; they resemble, more than anything else, the bosses on the sculptured stone crosses of old Ireland.

Not that I would have you to understand that there are no Moorish houses in Toledo. Here and there, as I wandered, the guide brought me into courtyards apparently deserted, where, under lime-wash and cobwebs, you could plainly discern the strangely beautiful stucco of Moorish days; in each centre still stood the small fountains; from some the water still trickled.\*

\* I also saw some interiors which were as Moorish as the Alhambra, and almost as well preserved.

It would be natural, and pardonable, but a mistake, to assume that those Moorish houses date from the period of the Moorish domination, which ceased exactly eight centuries ago. As the Christians remained under the Moors, and were called "Moozarabs," so the Moors remained under the Christians, and were called "Moodehars," till they were finally banished in the seventeenth century. For works of taste and works of skill they were always sought after, both in town and country; and many a chapel, many a synagogue, is clearly and plainly the work of their hands.

Sancta Maria la Blanca, for instance, was built for a synagogue, and taken from the Jews in the early part of the fifteenth century, during one of those outbursts of hatred against the Jewish race which every European country seems to have indulged in from time to time. It is twelfth century work, but as Moorish in style as the Mosque of Cordova; in style, remember, though not in *material*, for the soil that underlies its encaustic tiles was brought here from Mount Sion, and the woodwork in its panelled ceilings is carved from the cedars of Lebanon!

"Nuestra S nora del Transito" is another synagogue, converted to Christian worship when the Jews were finally banished, a few months after the fall of Granada. It dates from the fourteenth century, which, for Toledo, is quite modern; but is as Moorish in architecture and decoration as Sancta Maria la Blanca. Queen Isabella handed it over to the Knights of Calatrava, and the "transito" was construed to mean the passing away from this life of any member of the order, when the "passing-bell" was tolled; but it had also a loftier significance, for it meant the *Assumption* of the Blessed Virgin, to whom the church was dedicated.

One word about the Jews of Toledo. That they enjoyed special, though by no means absolute, immunity from persecution, and from those wild outbursts of fanaticism which disgraced every country in Europe, is historically undeniable. Their claim was, that they were the lineal descendants of that ancient colony which came, (or did not come), at the time of the Babylonian captivity! Another plea was, that when the people of Jerusalem madly elected between our Lord and Barabbas, their forefathers stood aloof as a *dissenting minority*!

As for the Spanish Jews in general, they were evermore, and naturally, a source of weakness to the governments that maltreated them. They welcomed the Moors, in the days of the Visigoths; they welcomed the Christians, after a long experience of Moorish rule; and they would have welcomed any further invasion, had

not their banishment been sternly decreed and carried out. Such is the unwisdom of tolerating, yet persecuting and alienating, a race or a people; a folly which the old Romans never committed, and hence their power.

Quite the smallest church I have ever seen is here at Toledo: it is called "San Cristo de la Luz." It also is Moorish work, but, unlike the others I have named, it is of the real Moorish days; on its walls Alphonso VI. suspended his shield, on that bright morning when he entered the city as a deliverer; it is all aisles, all arches, and all vaults, resting on *four* shafts in the most indescribable manner; and is perhaps as lofty, but certainly not as large, as the Campanile of Trinity College.

Overlooking a steep precipice is an interesting Gothic church, built in the latter half of the fifteenth century, when Gothic architecture was in its decline. It was erected by Ferdinand and Isabella in thanksgiving for their victory at Toro. That victory, equally due to the marvellous pluck and organisation of Isabella, and the chivalrous dash of her young husband, nipped in the bud what looked like a formidable war of succession, and was the bright opening of their joint and brilliant reign. Before the wars of the first French empire this church was, I believe, magnificently decorated, and the resort of rank and fashion. But "*Messieurs les Français ont passé par ici*," and have left it a pillaged and desecrated shell. Still, in its ruins, it is interesting for the memories it enshrines. Furthermore, if you walk round it, you will observe, hanging in festoons high up on the walls, long and ponderous chains of iron: to those chains Christian captives were fastened, in the prison-yards of Granáda and Malaga, till rescued by the conquering arms of the "Catholic monarchs." Four centuries old at least, those chains seem as yet untouched by rust, and good for four centuries more: such is the marvellous climate.

On my way back to the hotel, I spent nearly an hour in the workshop of one Mariano Alvaréz, to see iron in the process of being "chiselled, encrusted, and damascened," turned by artistic hands from a shapeless mass into ornaments fit for a lady's wrist, or the sword-handle of a king: this is one of the charming industries which have been cultivated in Spain from time immemorial.\*

As I toiled up the narrow lanes, in a temperature quite too high for pleasure, I came to realise a further motive why Toledo

\* The heat prevented me from visiting the sword-factory, where blades are made in triplet layers, that will cut a man, or a lady's veil in two, yet will coil like a watch-spring.

was abandoned for Madrid, in addition to the central situation of the latter. To get about in Toledo, you must scramble, or climb, or ride a sure-footed mule, for only two or three streets in the whole city are fit for driving, and even in these it is a perilous adventure. In former times, when a sleek donkey was deemed quite dignified enough for a cardinal or a duke, and when queens were well content to progress on ambling genets, the ups and downs of these narrow ways presented no fatal obstacle to the then received modes of locomotion. But so soon as not only great personages, but even ordinary mortals, learned to consider carriage-driving as one of the requirements of existence, the abandonment of Alpine cities like this became the immediate corollary of the new mode of conveyance. The streets of Madrid are level, straight, and wide enough: those of Toledo are delightfully the contrary; and thus the simple introduction of a new luxury proved its irrevocable doom.

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The drive from the old "Fonda de Lino" to the railway station is one of the few that can be accomplished with safety, and even this is steep to a degree, and precipitous in places. You pass under a *real*, not an imaginary "Puerta del Sol," built after the reconquest, but still in Moorish style. It is brown and massive, with lofty flame-shaped battlements, and horse-shoe arches that telescope one into another. Then you are taken rapidly over the bridge of Alcántara, which spans the wide Tagus with two noble arches, round, Roman, and bold. It was rebuilt in the days of the Cordovan caliphate by the grand Vizier Almanzor, the same who enlarged the great Mosque. It was rebuilt again by one of the prince-bishops of Toledo in the fourteenth century: the water beneath it seems rushing in curious creamy wavelets, the reflection of the dove-coloured rocks around, then flows away to the south and west through a chasm, and is seen no more.

From this bridge the view back is unique. The hill on which the city stands seems one tangled mass of walls and houses, rising out of cliffs, and of a colour with them. High above, crowning all, is the Alcazar, looking bleak and neglected. Low down is the "Puerta del Sol" through which we have just passed. From this gate a double line of ramparts branches off, encircling the city with zig-zag bends: the lower wall dates from the reconquest, the upper is of Vizigoth antiquity, and perhaps its substructures are the cyclopean relic of a forgotten race. Too soon the magic view becomes a memory, but a memory to be cherished, like the radiant hopes of to-morrow . . . Adieu.

## A W A K E N I N G .

BY EVELYN PYNE.

AH me, the storm ! The bitter blinding rain !  
 The deafening thunder, and the lightning keen  
 That scathes my straining eyes ere they have seen  
 The perilous pitfalls fiend-set for mybane  
 And, oh ! this darkness, that hath rendered vain  
 My frantic struggles toward that light serene  
 Where Love loves always, with no hate between  
 Alas ! I fall, I perish ! Oh, this pain !

Lord, am I dreaming ? Is my scarred face laid  
 Against Thy pale pierced feet, and did I fall  
 Just where Thy cross stands ? Was the storm Thy call ?  
 The pain, Thy strong veiled angel guiding me ?  
 Ah, Sweetest, had I known, how ardently  
 For deeper woe and darkness had I prayed !

## AFTER DEATH.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

NOW the night goes, the grey-veiled shadows flee,  
 Leave me not yet, my friend, the dawn is fair  
 Shed on thine amber eyes and shimmering hair,  
 Yea, and thy Paradise is fair to see ;  
 Lovely those hills whose gold mists dazzle me,  
 And the sweet pastures, and the shining air ;  
 Lovely yon city passing all compare,  
 How its rose-radiant towers rise arrowily !

Sweet will it be in those flowered fields to rest,  
 The way was weary, and the night was dark.  
 Thou with the rainbow in thy folded wings,  
 Thou who hast borne me hither on thy breast,  
 Stay with me yet, but hark ! the music hark !  
 How the lutes swell, and every clear harp sings !

## A BOOKWORM'S FAST.

BY A. F. NORTH.

A HOPELESSLY wet day—one of those reminders of winter which occur now and then, even in June; a sort of reversion, in fact, to what may be considered the original type of weather in these latitudes. A straight, heavy downpour blots out all the view of the distant headlands, and causes sea and sky to merge in one monotonous expanse of grey mist. There is not even a gust of wind to give variety to the scene, or to lash the stagnant sea into angry life; the splash of the rain-drops on the sand supplies the only visible motion or audible sound in the whole expanse commanded by my sitting-room windows.

I agree with Longfellow that a rainy day in summer is often pleasant, but the sea-side is not the place in which to enjoy it properly, more particularly where one is as I am now, alone in a somewhat dingy lodging, and utterly destitute of books. Therein lies the gist of my unhappiness. If I were provided with the silliest novel, the driest epitome of science or history, I could extract some degree of entertainment from its pages, while the possession of a book which was really after my own heart would enable me to laugh at the rain, or rather to bless it for giving me a sufficient excuse for spending the first of my holidays in my own way.

And but one short hour ago, I thought this bliss was to be mine. I had come to Smootsands unprovided with literature of any kind, trusting to the excellent public library which I knew existed in the sleepy little town; and I had gone off that morning armed with the necessary guarantee, and a long list carefully compiled from the library catalogue, my mind filled with pleasant anticipations of new books to be read and old ones to be re-read in the long, unoccupied hours before me. There was a sort of flavour of forbidden fruit too, to add zest to the proposed enjoyment, I being under strict medical injunctions to abstain from all mental effort for the next few weeks. In fact, the higher powers at home, in the persons of my sister and niece, had sternly excluded all printed matter from my luggage, and I had submitted with unwonted meekness, sustained by the knowledge (unshared by the aforesaid higher powers) of the existence of this same library.

And now the library was closed ; a notice posted up on the door intimating that this hard measure had been adopted for the purpose of stocktaking, and that no books would be given out until the following Monday.

Well, I am not, I hope, one of those foolish souls, despised by Carlyle, who are unreasonable enough to imagine that they are to be happy. The present *contretemps* is not quite without parallel in my previous experience, so I turned my face homeward, and plodded along the wet and shining pavement, pondering in my mind various plans for obtaining the sustenance I craved. There is a bookstall at the railway station, but it is only open for the ten minutes immediately preceding the departure of the trains, and I knew that no train left Smoothsands for full five hours. Should I knock at one of those handsome houses in St. Mildred's-road, and representing my hard case, beg in the name of Christian charity for the loan of a volume or two ? Such a beggar would, I feared, receive even scantier courtesy than is usually awarded to the regular brethren of the craft. There was nothing for it but to return home and endure privation until evening, and then see what resources the railway bookstall affords to those who are on the spot at the right moment for securing its treasures.

There, on my sitting-room table, lies, as if to mock me, the catalogue over which I pored so lovingly one short hour ago, and from which I derived so many happy anticipations. It is like the bill of fare of a banquet placed before a starving person.

I glance down its pages, feeling my sorrow augmented by the remembrance of happier things ; long days and wakeful nights cheered by some of those very books whose names stand in incongruous juxta-position owing to their alphabetical arrangements in its columns. If this catalogue is not a book, it has been near books, and for their sakes I hold it in my hand and gently turn its pages. Many of the books it contains are old friends, while more are by writers known to me through their other works. Let us try what memory and imagination, working on these slender materials, can do towards supplying my needs.

"*Out of Doors, by the Rev. J. G. Wood.*" I never read this book, but I can imagine its charming descriptions of bird and beast, their household arrangements, and quaint, queer little ways. I think I never derived so much lasting pleasure from any book as I did from the "Common Objects" of this writer. The two little volumes were given to us as children during a stay at the sea-side, and the delight we felt on being able to identify many of



the objects pictured and described therein, gave a certain life and reality to the book, and, through it, to many others which had hitherto been mere abstractions. An aquarium was of course the first practical result: a glass jar was procured, in shape something like a flower-pot, and capable of holding about two quarts. This glass had been originally intended to receive decoration by means of *potichimanie* or some of the other pseudo-artistic abominations current at the time, but it made an excellent aquarium, standing steadily without any of the contrivances necessary in the case of inverted bell-glasses, and allowing its contents to be seen without distortion. Our first efforts were unsuccessful owing to our attempts to acclimatize star-fish, hermit crabs, and other creatures of delicate constitutions and eccentric habits; but, made wiser by experience, we confined ourselves to the hardier sorts, and succeeded in keeping for several months, a pretty little group consisting of some of the commoner anemones, a limpet or two, and half a dozen periwinkles, the latter being useful in mowing down with their sharp little tongues the green fungus-like growth which quickly covers the sides of the glass and obscures the view. The necessary balance between the animal and vegetable life was supplied by some broad fronds of green and brown laver, attached to small stones, and a tiny tuft of pinkish white coralline. Nothing could be prettier than the little tank when a few hours of winter sunshine had coaxed the anemones to unfold their crimson, petal-like tentacles with turquoise beads between, and studded the sea-weeds with little sparkling bubbles of oxygen, liberated by its rays. This little colony remained in a healthy condition, as I have said, for several months, but at the end of that time, one of the limpets died unnoticed in a retired corner, and there being no crabs, shrimps, or other scavengers to exterminate his remains, the waters became polluted, and quickly caused the death of all the inhabitants of the tank.

In later life I was the possessor of a freshwater aquarium contained in a large inverted bell-glass. Freshwater aquaria are, I think, quite as interesting as the marine ones, their inhabitants, if not quite so wonderful in form and colour, being far more lively and amusing to watch. In the centre of my aquarium was a cool green tangle of aquatic plants, the leaves of which, floating on the surface of the water, formed an effective protection against the sun's rays. The living population consisted of sticklebacks—which must, I think, be the smallest vertebrated animals existing—caddis worms, water beetles, and snails; and for a time, a number

of little black tadpoles, apparently the imps or demons of the little world. Harmless little demons they were, the real fiends being the delicate-looking, beautifully-formed sticklebacks. An observer watching the tank carefully for a short time seldom failed to see a stickleback dart suddenly from his leafy retreat, pounce upon a passing tadpole, seize him by the tail and give him a smart shake after the manner of a dog worrying a rat, loosing his hold in a minute or two, when the tadpole would swim merrily away, his tail decorated with a large semicircular notch, sharp and clear-cut as that made by a ticket collector's punch. The tadpoles did not at first seem to mind this treatment, twirling their mutilated tails as gaily as ever, but as the tails diminished day by day, they seemed to droop and pine, and finally they died, one by one, tailless as full grown frogs, before the advent of their first pair of legs.

The fierce sticklebacks survived them a long time, subsisting on water snails which they used to *worry* out of their shells, and when these had been exterminated, on little bits of raw meat supplied to them daily.

One by one, however, they also paid the debt of nature, and when the sole survivor departed this life, the tank was in the condition of the American city in the ballad, where, the chief desperado of the place having been executed, there was

"No one to do our killing,  
And nobody left to kill."

Such books as those of the Rev. J. G. Wood have done much to popularise the study of natural history, and have given a fresh interest in life to thousands who are debarred by circumstances from other amusements and pursuits. But the very popularity thus given to the study of natural history has had one consequence, unforeseen by those who have brought it about; the danger of total extinction to many rare plants and insects caused by the collecting mania. Acquisitiveness is an instinct more or less developed in all mankind, and the first impulse with the beginner in any branch of natural history is to make a collection, whether of flowers, butterflies, or birds' eggs. So long as this collection is confined to specimens of the commoner sorts, no great harm is done (unless, indeed, you look at the question from the bird's or the insect's point of view), but soon the love of rarities begins to develop itself, and long before the herbarium or cabinet contains specimens of each of the commoner sorts, some effort is made to obtain those of the rarer varieties, either by journey to their *habitats*, or by

means of purchase or exchange. The exchange columns of certain newspapers afford a fatal facility for this sort of thing, and many districts are being completely denuded of the ferns or orchises which constitute their speciality, by young ladies who offer to send by post so many roots of such and such a plant in return for music, trinkets, or sometimes even for small sums of money. All true lovers of flowers should look to this.

But to return to our catalogue. "*Oliphant, Mrs., Works of.*" Here follows a goodly list chiefly composed of novels, but including the biographies of such widely differing personages as St. Francis of Assisi, Edward Irving, and the Count de Montalembert; a History of English Literature in the Eighteenth Century, a little volume on Dress, for the Art at Home series, and some strangely speculative stories dealing with our relations to the unseen world. There is something very melancholy in the story of Old Lady Mary's return after death to her old home, where she wanders about, unable to make her presence manifest to anyone save a child, a stranger to her, and her fruitless efforts to right the wrong caused by her thoughtless self-will. She hears, however, the victim of this carelessness express her free and loving forgiveness for it, and content with this, she returns to what appears to be a place of probation, there to await the will of God.

I think the last novel of Mrs. Oliphant's which I read was "*Innocent*," a pretty story, if somewhat improbable. Innocent herself is one of those elaborate psychological studies which are so often to be found in the novel of the present day. By no means a character study; for that complex result of impulse modified by circumstance which we call character is as yet quite undeveloped in the girl who has grown up almost alone in a foreign land. She is not deficient, but she is simple; she expresses her feelings frankly and without any idea of restraint or concealment, and once she has grasped an idea, she retains it unmodified by any reasoning process. She is too gentle and docile to do wrong, but her moral sense is still dormant. We see possibilities for her future however, and we feel that when the story wherein she plays so important a part is ended her life is only beginning.

The character of Amanda in this book is, I think, overdrawn, as Mrs. Oliphant's vulgar women are apt to be. She succeeds better with good women. Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly are a charming study of mother and daughter, and many similar ones are to be found in Mrs. Oliphant's writings—Lady Lindores and Lady Edith for instance, and Lady Markham and her daughter Alice. Mrs. Oliphant's

manner of writing about women is, to me, her pleasantest characteristic ; her sympathies are all with her own sex, and we are indebted to her for some very skilful studies of feminine character, especially of the middle-aged type.

In this she offers a marked contrast to a contemporary novelist, the author of *George Geith*. Mrs. Riddell is evidently one of those women who seek to ingratiate themselves with men by depreciating women ; even her own heroines are not safe from the spiteful and ungenerous remarks which she seems incapable of suppressing when a woman is in question ; the said heroines being invariably men's women, pleasant and accommodating, but not strong in point of either principles or brains. There is a certain Mrs. Jeffley now pursuing a course of blameless industry through the pages of *Temple Bar*, who seems to be an object of special aversion to her creator Mrs. Riddell. Mrs. Jeffley is silly and vulgar, certainly, but not more so than the men who surround her and with whom Mrs. Riddell evidently sympathises. Mrs. Riddell, in fact, considers Mr. Jeffly morbidly high-minded because he deems it necessary to throw a large proportion of his salary into the common household fund. Most people are under the impression that a man is bound to contribute to the support of his family, but Mrs. Riddell evidently does not share this opinion. Given the same situation, how differently Mrs. Oliphant would have treated it. Not, indeed, that a city boarding-house and its inhabitants would be a congenial subject, but, had such come in her way, she would have shown some sympathy with poor Mrs. Jeffley, and have treated her little foibles tenderly.

Mrs. Eastwood's son Jemmy (Plantagenet) is a new departure in schoolboys. He describes himself as a Women's Rights man because he is a woman's son ; and he speaks of his sister's future husband as "Mr. Nelly" by way of showing that he considers her, at least in the eyes of her own family, as the more important personage of the two. Mrs. Oliphant is not a Women's Rights woman ; indeed she sometimes makes rather severe remarks on the subject ; yet I think some of her quietly expressed opinions on mankind in general must make a masculine reader feel rather small, whether said remarks are uttered in her own name, or in that of the numerous mothers, sisters, and aunts who throng her pages.

And, *apropos* of the sisters and the aunts, I may remark that among them are to be found some good specimens of the genus spinster, Miss Jeans and Miss Barbaras, by no means of the conventional type, a prey to sad memories, and always summoned by

their relations when the children have the measles ; but sensible, active women, filling definite places in the world, living their own lives, and exerting a considerable influence, generally for good, over the lives of others. Indeed, the most superficial student of fiction cannot fail to be struck by the improved position accorded to single women in the literature of the present day. The elderly unmarried woman of the modern novel is generally good-looking, with lovely white hair covered by a little cap of cobwebby lace, and a black dress which is always either fashionable or picturesque. She is rich too, or at least independent, and her house is a rendezvous for all the clever and pleasant persons in the neighbourhood. Some little time since, I beguiled the tedium of a long railway journey with the summer number of one of the magazines, and the first thing that struck me was the large proportion of single women among its *dramatis personæ*. It contained six short stories by different writers ; and in four of these stories were to be found fascinating single ladies, each of whom exercised a decided influence on the progress of the story. Some day, when I have as much time to devote to the subject as it deserves, I mean to make a careful study of Spinsters in Fiction.

*"The Letters of the Mendelssohn Family, edited by Sebastian Hensel."*

This book is a family chronicle, not unlike that of the Ferronays family, although its subjects are German Jews instead of French Catholics. Not indeed that Felix Mendelssohn and his sisters were of the Jewish religion ; their father, Abraham Mendelssohn, having caused them to be brought up Protestants, with a view to freeing them from the disabilities, social and political, which still fettered the Jews in Germany. Changes of religion were not infrequent in the family, two of Felix Mendelssohn's aunts having become Catholics.

The younger Mendelssohns seem to have had a happy childhood and youth in their home in the Leipziger Strasse ; with every facility for study, and that best of culture which is given by association with its possessors. Felix, when eleven years old, was taken by his music master to Weimar, and remained a fortnight in Goethe's house, whence he writes enthusiastic letters to his father and his sister Fanny, four years his senior. In spite of the objections raised by some members of the family, he was allowed to take up music as a profession, and his life, although short, appears to have been a brighter and happier one than usually falls to the lot of men of genius. Fanny Mendelssohn married the painter, Wilhelm

Hensel, after an engagement of some years' standing. Wilhelm Hensel was brother to Louise Hensel the poetess. She had been attached in early youth to Clement Brentano, afterwards the biographer of Catherine Emmerich, but their marriage was prevented by her conversion to Catholicity, Brentano's divorced wife being still living.

Fanny Hensel's life was as bright and nearly as short as that of her brother. Married to an artist, herself a musician, composer as well as performer, she lived in the midst of a musical and artistic set; she was deeply attached to her husband as well as to her own family, from whom she was scarcely ever separated, and she was the first of her generation to die. It is her son, Sebastian Hensel, who edits the family chronicle.

A considerable portion of the book consists of letters written from Italy by the sisters Fanny and Rebecca, the latter of whom was married to the mathematician Derichlet. These letters, Fanny's especially, are lively and natural, and contain a good deal of gossip about musical and artistic society in Rome and Florence. Fanny notes in her diary the fears entertained by Gounod's friends lest he should fall under the spell of Père Lacordaire's influence so far as to forsake his art and enter religion.

Lacordaire himself had lately made his profession as a Dominican (ordination, Fanny Hensel calls it; there is an account of the ceremony in the journal of Alexandrine de la Ferronays) and was exerting all his eloquence in public and influence in private to draw into the church all those whose mental gifts were likely to be serviceable to the cause of religion; such efforts being of course looked on with suspicion by the artistic and musical world whose brightest lights he thus coveted.

Felix Mendelssohn and Fanny Hensel died in the same year, 1847, I think.

"*The Journal and Letters of Caroline Fox*" derive their interest less from the quiet Quaker authoress than from the little group of friends whose sayings and doings she chronicles. Her father was a man of some note in the scientific world, and the family lived on terms of intimacy with some of the deepest thinkers of the day. The Mills and Carlyles, Sterling, Wordsworth, and the younger Coleridges are among the *dramatis personæ* who fill the pages of the journal. Caroline Fox seems to have possessed, in an unusual degree, the power of remembering and recording the conversations to which she listened, and in this way her journal becomes filled with the familiar unstudied utterances of those whose published

words carry most weight in the world of thought and letters. I passed Carlyle's house lately. The only distinction between it and the other houses in Cheyne Row is the high roof, evidently raised in the construction of that sound-proof chamber in the roof which poor Mrs. Carlyle vainly hoped would secure quiet for the irritable philosopher, and peace for the sorely-tried household. If I had a wife who would arrange a sound-proof study for me, send me away for change of air whenever my temper was worse than usual, and act generally as buffer between my sensitive organisation and an unappreciative world, I almost think I could write immortal works myself. Some woman, whom I cannot now remember, has said that the want of wives is the real disability under which working men suffer, and the possession of them the main cause of any intellectual superiority of which men can boast. Was it Lady Ashburton who said that? It sounds like one of her shrewd remarks. If so, the idea must have originated in a prolonged study of the Carlyles.

The Carlyles are a suggestive subject. Even those who, like me, cannot presume to criticise or even to understand the Philosophy of Clothes, or the French Revolution, can find food for thought, of a kind, too, that assimilates easily with one's own ideas, in Mrs. Carlyle's bright lively letters.

But as I look up, I see that the rain has stopped, and the clouds have lifted on the horizon, showing a bright line of clear, colour-tinted light. It is going to be a fine evening, and it is time to set off for the railway station, in search of something more substantial in the way of reading than my own reminiscences of books that I have read.

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## NEW BOOKS.

THOUGH a good thing *may* be done too often, it will be no harm to mention a good book a second time, even if we have already introduced it to our readers, "Mary Foreshadowed; or Considerations on the Types and Figures of our Blessed Lady in the Old Testament," by the Rev. F. Thaddeus, O.S.F. (London: Washbourne). It is no doubt by design that the meditations reach precisely the number of thirty-one, which makes the book convenient as a new and novel *Mois de Marie*. The plan of the book leads us to study some of the most beautiful passages of the Old Testament; and this is very much better than when a spiritual writer, especially a mere contemporary, elaborates his considerations out of nothing in particular, as a spider spins his web. *Telum araneæ texuerunt*. The book is brought out with the care and taste which the

publisher bestows on all the books that are issued under his auspices—some of them not quite worthy of such pains. For instance, what readers will be served by perusing “A Village Beauty and Other Tales”? These laboriously edifying stories of sin and repentance seem to be good for neither the innocent nor the penitent; and some of the nine pictures which illustrate the present book and which must have cost a good deal, do not increase its suitableness for a lending library. The writer’s object is excellent; we consider the means injudicious. What a pity that the cost of such publications is not spent on disinterring from back volumes of *The Month* such a tale as “Wafted Seeds,” which, if procurable in an independent form, would be a real gain to Catholic literature. But here is a Catholic story-book brought out prettily and even daintily, which, though written with the best intentions, we cannot conscientiously recommend to any convent lending library as an item in its next supply of new books.

“The Lion and the Frog,” (M. H. Gill & Son) is the answer of an imaginary Frenchman to recent English attacks on French character and customs provoked by the rather flippant homilies of Max O’Rell. All these writings seem to be prompted by no very Christian spirit, and the wit is generally of a pathetic kind.

Mr. Washbourne has published a “Sketch of the Life of St. Francis of Assisi,” by Amelia Lucy Cotton. It is neatly written, but we should have wished a nearer approach to the spirit of the *Fioretti*.

A Sister of Mercy—who seems to belong to the convent at Coventry, for the work may be procured from that community—has translated from the French “Contemplations and Meditations on the Public Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the method of St. Ignatius.” (London: R. Washbourne.) The two volumes have come to us bound in one. The same translator had previously given us the *Meditations on the Passion, Death, and Glorious Life of our Lord*. The present volume has had the great advantage of being revised by the Rev. William Amherst, S.J., who has also prefixed a very practical introduction. This, and an examination of several meditations here and there, give us a high opinion of this newest addition to our ascetic literature.

Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, of Dublin, have brought out a new and illustrated edition of “The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel” by Monsignor Dillon, of Sydney, Australia. This handsome volume of more than four hundred pages gives the history of the ancient sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano in Italy, and of the miraculous translation thither of the sacred image from Scutari in Albania in the year 1467. A great many interesting topics are touched upon incidentally, and much edifying information is conveyed. On one small point we are glad, on Monsignor Dillon’s authority, to correct a mistake which we allowed to pass with much misgiving in this magazine a year or two ago. The holy philanthropic priest of Italy, of whose life and work a pleasing sketch was given at that time, ought



to have been called Don Bosco, not Dom Bosco. "Don" is the usual title of secular priests in Italy: "Dom" is prefixed to the names of Benedictines.

Mrs. Rhoda White, the American Catholic lady, whose biography of her daughter, Jenny White del Bal, we noticed some months ago, has since published, through Messrs. James Duffy and Sons, of Dublin an interesting story under the title of "What will the World Say?" Though sensational in its plot, it adheres to real facts, and American readers have no difficulty in identifying many of the characters. The story enforces a useful practical lesson in a most striking way, none the less so on account of the transatlantic flavour in thought and style, incident and description.

"The Irish Readings" published by the *Nation* newspaper (Abbey-street, Dublin) have reached their sixth weekly issue. The Numbers before us contain essays and speeches by Mr. Parnell, Mr. T. M. Healy, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Thomas Sherlock, Mr. Davitt, Isaac Butt, O'Connell, Meagher, Sir Gavan Duffy, and Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath. But, great as these names are, the brightest bits of prose are, we think, the three extracts from John Mitchel, Father Joseph Farrell, and Mr. William O'Brien, M.P. The poets in these new numbers are Helena Callanan, Thomas S. Cleary, the Rev. P. M. Furlong, Mrs. Power O'Donoghue, Daniel Crilly, J. F. O'Donnell, T. D. Sullivan, Daniel Connolly, and Miss Katharine Tynan, whose fine poem, "The King's Cupbearer," is not included in her recently published volume.

And now a word about some of our contemporaries—those namely that take the trouble of tapping every month at the door of our editorial sanctum. The two most important of these cross the Atlantic—the large monthly magazine, "The Catholic World," under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers of New York, and the "American Catholic Quarterly" of Philadelphia, both of them in the fore front of contemporary Catholic literature. Of strictly clerical journals we know of nothing to surpass the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record."

The opening number of "Hibernia" has appeared in London, with contributions from the Rev. H. S. Fagan, Miss Charlotte O'Brien, Miss Skeffington Thompson, Mr. Huntley McCarthy, and others. This candidate for public favour is animated with a generous Irish spirit.

The August number of the *League of the Cross Magazine* contains an interesting specimen of a poet's prose. "Jem's Repentance," by Miss Katharine Tynan, is a very bright pathetic little tale, with some bits of description in it, worthy even of the muse that sings so delightfully "In the May" in the current number of the *Dublin University Review*. By the way, why does so learned a periodical speak of the poet "Grey"? And why does it, three times over, put a *u* into the first syllable of Cardinal Baronius? And is it Dean Swift or the *D.U.E.* that offends twice by accident against Latin accident?

Happy is the author whose work is in its thirty-first thousand. What poet, what historian, nay, what novelist can make such a boast? Many are proud when one thousand copies of their darling *opus magnum* (or *parvum*, as the case may be) are scattered by the booksellers—helped by the wastepaper merchants. Yet here is a little book published first in 1879, and its new issue for 1885 bears on the title-page these words, “thirty first thousand.” It is “The Catholic Child’s Bible History: A Text Book for School and Home Use, compiled by the Sisters of Mercy, Downpatrick.” It is published by Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son, of Dublin, but it may also be obtained from the zealous Sisters, whose practical experience taught them the need of a little treatise on the Old and the New Testament, not so dear as some already published and at the same time giving fuller matter than the very cheap ones furnish. They devote a separate threepenny book to each of the Testaments, that devoted to the New Testament consisting of more than a hundred pages, into which a wonderful amount of clearly arranged matter is condensed. The success of these two admirable little books may be partly attributed to the very special and systematic attention given to religious instruction in the schools of Down and Connor under the vigilant direction of the Diocesan Inspector, the Rev. D. McCashin; but they have also made their way into other dioceses and other countries, and even to Australia and the United States.

We can at present do no more than announce the appearance of two important works by two Irish priests—for the first Australian Cardinal is still an Irish priest. Cardinal Moran has added another to his many great services to our ecclesiastical literature by publishing a third volume of his splendid “Collection of original letters and documents illustrative of the history of Ireland from the Reformation to the year 1800,” which from his first diocese he called *Spicilegium Ossoriense*. Will His Eminence honour the great Archdiocese of Sydney in a similar manner?

The other work is the second volume of the Very Rev. M. Comerford’s History of the United Dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin. In this portion of his task the zealous pastor of Monasterevan gives an account of all the parishes of Kildare—their patron saints, antiquities, succession of parish priests, &c. The last pages of the book are devoted to Clongowes Wood College. We wish that in every diocese in Ireland some learned priest was at work, making at least manuscript collection of materials which might hereafter enable him or some one else to do for the diocese in question what Father O’Lavery has done for Down and Connor, Dean Cogan for Meath, and Father Comerford for Kildare and Leighlin.

## PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

A FRIEND has mentioned to me a saying of O'Connell's which he heard from Mr. O'Neill Daunt. Mr. Daunt one day asked the *Liberator* if he was anxious for future fame. "Fame? What would fame be to me when once I am judged?" This reminded another friend of what Edmund Burke said:—"Unless I greatly deceive myself, I would not give one peck of refuse wheat for all that men call fame and honour."

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In our April Number, page 211, there is a sonnet "At Daybreak" signed with the letters "K. T." which will now be recognised as the initials of the Author of "Louise de la Vallière and other Poems." Strangely similar, especially in the opening words, is the following little poem which appeared at the same date in *The Weekly Register* (April 4, 1885), by Mr. Frederick George Scott of Montreal.

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

I HEARD a voice at midnight, and it cried :

"O weary heart, O soul for which I died,

Why wilt thou spurn My wounded Hands and Side ?

"Is there a heart more tender, more divine,

Than that sad Heart which gave itself for thine ?

Could there be love more warm, more full than Mine ?

"What other touch can still thy trembling breath ?

What other Hand can hold thee after death ?

What Bread so sweet to him that hungereth ?

"Warm is thy chamber, soft and warm thy bed ;

Bleak howling winds are round the path I tread—

The Son of Man can nowhere lay His Head.

"Wilt thou not open to Me ?—To-and-fro

I wander weary, through the driving snow ;

But colder still that thou shouldst spurn Me so.

"Poor weary heart, so worn and sad within,

Oh, open to thy Friend, thy Strength from sin,

That I with all My love may enter in !"

I heard a voice at midnight, and I cried :

"O Lord, I need Thy wounded Hands and Side !—

I need Thy love ! Lord, enter and abide !"

\* \* \*

A sportsman one day set his dog after a hare.

"Seize him ! seize him !" cried the sportsman.

The dog sprang forward with all his might, caught him at last and held him fast with his teeth.

The sportsman then took the hare by the ears, and said to the dog: "Let go! let go!"

The dog immediately let it go; and the sportsman put the hare into his game-bag.

A party of villagers had been looking on; and an old peasant, who was of the number, said: "The miser is just like this dog. Avarice calls out to the miser: 'Seize it! seize it!' and he obeys, and pursues, with all his power, the riches of this world. At last Death comes, and says: 'Let go! let go!' and the wretched man is obliged to give up the riches which he obtained with so much labour."

\* \* \*

Professor John Ruskin, author of "Modern Painters," and many other admirable books, has published his latest work, "Fors Clavigera," in such costly instalments, month by month, stretching over so many years, and has offered them to the public in so novel and capricious a manner, that the series is known only to a very limited circle. The following tribute to the dignity and influence of the Immaculate Mother will thus be probably unknown to nearly all of our readers.

\* \* \*

"Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentleman from the churl, the first is that reverence for womanhood, which, even through all the cruelties of the Middle Ages developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century, and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of that age.

"To the common Protestant mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have been always a violent offence; they are one of the parts of the Catholic faith which are open to reasonable dispute, and least comprehensible by the average realistic and materialist temper of the Reformation. But, after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. I do not enter into any question as to the truth or fallacy of the idea; I no more wish to defend the historical or theological position of the Madonna than that of St. Michael or St. Christopher; but I am certain that to the habit of reverent belief in, and contemplation of, the character ascribed to the heavenly hierarchies, we must ascribe the highest results yet achieved in human nature; and that it is neither Madonna-worship nor saint-worship, but the evangelical self-worship, and hell-worship—gloating, with an imagination as unfounded as it is foul, over the torments of the damned, instead of the glories of the blest,—which have in reality degraded the languid powers of Chris-

tianity to their present state of shame and reproach. There has probably not been an innocent cottage-home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden, 'He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His Name.' "

\* \* \*

The foregoing passage occurs in the 41st Letter, published very appropriately on the first of May, 1874. We may join with it this remarkable sentence from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance." "I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendour, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

\* \* \*

Miss Mary Anderson, the Catholic American actress, once ended a very successful engagement with these remarkably simple words of farewell:—

"Good-bye to you. You have been very, very good to me. I have tried hard to deserve your goodness. Please do not quite forget me. I can never forget you or your kindness to me. I hope I am not saying good-bye to you for ever. I want to come back to you. Dare I hope you will be a little glad to see me? Until I come, good-bye! I thank you again."

\* \* \*

The forty most prominent literary people in the United States! In the following attempt to draw up such a list there does not seem to be a single Catholic mentioned. There are several of them who would be greatly surprised to learn that they have never been heard of in Ireland. The present paragraphist only knows twenty-six out of the forty, and of the twenty-six many are known to him in the vaguest and dimmest manner.

\* \* \*

*The Critic and Good Literature* has made a canvass of the preferences of its readers for a possible American Academy of "Forty Immortals," and the following is the result, the names occurring in the order of favour: Oliver W. Holmes, James R. Lowell, J. G. Whittier, George Bancroft, W. D. Howells, G. W. Curtis, T. B. Aldrich, Bret Harte, E. C. Stedman, R. G. White, E. E. Hale, G. W. Cable, Henry James, S. L. Clemens, C. D. Warner, H. W. Beecher, James Freeman Clarke, R. H. Stoddard, W. D. Whitney, Walt Whit-

man, Asa Gray, Noah Porter, John Fiske, Theodore D. Woolsey, A. B. Alcott, Julian Hawthorne, John Burroughs, Mark Hopkins, T. W. Higginson, J. G. Saxe, O. B. Frothingham, George P. Fisher, Moses Coit Taylor, Charles A. Dana, D. G. Mitchell, Alexander Winchell, Edwin P. Whipple, G. P. Lathrop, W. W. Story, and Francis Parkman. It is curious that in this list there is but one editor of a daily newspaper, Mr. Dana. *The Critic* intimates that the Academy will probably never be realised, and recalls an abortive attempt to found a "National Institute" in 1868.

## WINGED WORDS.

WEAK minds easily mistake violence for strength and effrontery for courage.—*The Times*.

After the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding, after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state, at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.—*Cardinal Newman*.

True faith does not covet comforts; they who realise that awful day when they shall see Him face to face, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, will as little bargain to pray pleasantly now as they will think of doing so then.—*The Same*.

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object, self; but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.—*Anon*.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.—*Anon*.

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—*Anon*.

The Eternal God deals with us one by one, each in his own way; and bystanders may pity and compassionate the long throes of our travail, but they cannot aid us except by their prayers.—*Cardinal Newman*.

## MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERREVIL," "ELDMOGOWAN,"  
"THE WALKING TREES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## DEATH AND LIFE.

DARKNESS and horror hung over the house in Merrion Square where two stricken women lived through their first hours of hopeless and inconsolable anguish. The mother's appalling shriek when she heard the fatal news was followed by a fit of violence which subsided after a time and left her mind unhinged and full of delusions. Happily, her insanity involved entire forgetfulness of the misfortune which had overturned her reason. She believed that Bryan was travelling abroad for his pleasure. He had undertaken to make a voyage round the world, and could not be home for a year.

"And I am so glad he is gone," she would exclaim, "for I always had a dread that these Fenians might drag him into some kind of trouble."

"But the worst of it is," she would whisper to Father Daly, "that I fear Marcella thinks he has forgotten her. She ought not to indulge such fancies; but you see she is looking shockingly ill."

Marcella's suffering was of a different order. No shrieks came from her, and no merciful madness blotted out the terrible reality from her mind. With white lips and sunken eyes she tried to listen to Father Daly's religious exhortations, but heard nothing. The roar of a sea that had no shore was in her ears, shipwreck lay all around her, and a ghastly something to which her eyes as yet had given no shape, loomed on her horizon.

"Can you not cry a little, my child?" said Father Daly, seeing that his words of attempted consolation did not reach her brain. The tears were rolling down his own wrinkled face.

"There will be time enough to cry—afterwards," she said; "I am going now to Bryan. He will be expecting me."

This was the day after the close of the trial, when she knew that his death, a horrible and disgraceful death, was soon to separate them.

"My dear, I am afraid to let you see him yet. I have been with him this morning and he is as brave as a lion. Remember, it is your part now to keep up his courage. I fear if you go to him like this you will break him down."

"I think I am not going to break him down. The martyrs who were burned and crucified did not break each other down. God will help us, too."

Then he took her to the prison and left her alone with Kilmartin for an hour, keeping near the cell so that he could be summoned if needed. But Marcella made no scene. She seemed to have no longer any feeling for her own suffering, physical or mental. Her whole soul appeared occupied with the necessity for being helpful to Kilmartin in his need.

"I never seen a young creature suffer so brave and not die of it," said the warder to the priest. "Them that screams and faints get over it afterwards, but trouble like that drops down on a sudden when it can do no more."

Father Daly agreed, and acknowledged to himself that so to drop down might be the best thing Marcella could do after the final touch had been put to the tragedy. Only he felt a grave doubt as to whether her unnatural strength would keep up so long.

It was some relief to him when, on returning home that evening, she fell into an agony of natural grief, moaning and weeping, and calling upon God to deliver her from insupportable torment. He and Bridget watched beside her all night, and he strove through the long terrible hours to save her reason from becoming wrecked by the paroxysms of frenzy which attacked her brain as each fresh image from the hideous future rose with ghastly reality before the eyes of her imagination.

She not only knew but had realised now that Bryan had got to die a felon's death.

• Her reiterated cry, "Father Daly, is there a God—is there a God?" brought down the old man's sympathetic tears plentifully. He could not bring himself to rebuke her for her unbelief, only kept saying:

"There is a God, my dear, and He is good. The cross is his throne, the crown of thorns was on his own head before He put it on yours."



He believed that the first despairing ravings of a broken heart are not heeded in heaven. Mercy waits patiently for the crushed spirit to right itself, for the soul burning in flames of anguish to rise out of the fury and delirium of the fiery furnace before words of faith and resignation come meekly from the tongue.

Towards morning she became more calm, her natural thoughtfulness for others returned, and she reproached herself for robbing the kind old man of his rest.

A little later she was taken possession of by a frantic hope which kept her in a fever of expectation for days.

"It is quite impossible that it could happen," she said. "Something will come to prove the truth. I will go to the Lord Lieutenant myself and tell him so. I will ask him to wait and to consider. When he thinks over the matter he will see what I mean. It is utterly impossible that in a Christian country such a horror should be permitted ——"

Father Daly assisted her to carry out this intention, and accompanied her to the Castle, and stood by her during the short interview granted her with Viceroyalty. His Excellency explained to her that, unfortunately, her interference was useless. The case had been fully established, and in a matter of this kind it was impossible to take the life of one criminal and spare that of another. The fact that the convict was a gentleman only aggravated his crime. The terrible words were gently if coldly spoken, and Marcella had only herself to blame for the extra suffering heaped on her by this incident.

After that she went down again into the abyss where there is no God and no hope, only the howling temptations that set upon an immortal soul given up to despair. And again Father Daly watched and waited for her return, praying for her who could not pray for herself, and at last he was rewarded by seeing her rise once more into the light of heaven and look at him with sane and seeing eyes.

Then, with an astonishing rally of all her powers, she would behave herself during her visit to Bryan with a courage which amazed both the priest and the condemned man. And so the fearful hours went past, like a slow lifetime of torture, and the day for the final separation began to draw near.

As for Kilmartin himself, he was, as Father Daly had said, brave as a lion, looking his terrible and disgraceful end in the face with the calmness of a true soldier who is losing his life in the thick of the fight. Somebody must die when there is a cause to

be won, and it is not always where glory has been earned that it is given. A scaffold will do as well as a battlefield for the passing of a martyr. He had made mistakes in his time, and let this expiate them, seeing that death was not the wages of mistake, nor of any wrong-doing, but had followed directly in the wake of his daring resolution to do right.

His deepest trouble was for Marcella. God had comforted his mother with a merciful oblivion, and she would, perhaps, never, while she lived, know of the fate of her son. But it was for the young and passionate soul, strong to suffer, and valiant in its desire to fight his fight with him to the end, for whom there was no oblivion, nothing but wakeful wide-eyed anguish in store, that the heart of his manhood was wrung almost to the destruction of his courage. The sight of her bleached mouth, and eyes withering away in her head with sorrow was more than he could bear. He wished that Father Daly would take her at once to some other country where she might remain till after the end—where she could not realise the last scenes because of distance, and of unusual surroundings.

Father Daly shook his head when the suggestion was made to him.

"You do not know her yet," he said. "Where she is she will stay—that is, if her body and soul keep long enough together. I'm not at all sure, however, that she will not be in heaven before you—will not be the first to welcome you when you get there."

It wanted now but two days of the end, and Marcella was on her knees, at Father Daly's knee pouring out her heart to him as a child to its mother

"I have given it all up, Father, and I will not struggle with God any more, I will not make things harder for *him*, I will smile at him in the last moment if you will only listen now to what I am going to say to you. And if it seems to you very strange and impossible you will forgive me, for perhaps I am a little mad—a horror like this might make anyone mad, Father Daly; only I will try to keep my wits till all is over. I could not live through my life afterwards if I thought I had missed a word or a look of his that I might have had with me to keep ——"

Father Daly put his hand on her bent head, and prayed over her silently, as her voice stopped and her whole frame quivered and rocked with anguish.

"I am not crying," she said, presently, having mastered her

agony for another effort to speak, "for I promised to look cheerful the next time I see him. I promised to smile at him now every time until the last, and I must not have my eyes all black and red with weeping when I go to him. What I want to say to you is this, it is always coming to me that if—I may not after all be able to die, as I hope and pray I may, to-morrow, or next week : I may even have to live years—and if I had had his name for my own to go through the world with, I could have been braver. I could claim him as my own in heaven ——"

"My dear, there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage there."

"I know that, Father Daly, but I would like that the very angels should know that he belonged to me."

"My child, do you mean that you would marry him now?"

"Oh, Father Daly, if it might be! If you would join our hands and give us your blessing so that I might carry the name they have blasted through my life, and might care for his mother and his people who would then be mine."

Father Daly was startled and shocked. A marriage in a convict's prison on the very verge of a grave, seemed to him too awful to be thought of, and yet to this ghost-like girl with her hollow eyes and pleading wail it seemed the only one thing in the universe to give her a little comfort, a little courage to endure what was to come. To bear his name in face of the world that had condemned him, to be able to speak of him here below as her own, and to claim him among the angels above, to have the right to take a daughter's place beside his afflicted mother and the place of a mother to the people whom he had loved and was leaving forlorn, those were the only boons that were within the limits of possibility for her. How could any one refuse to think the matter out for her?

He raised her from her knees and told her to take a little rest—idle words, as he knew while he was speaking them—and he would reflect on what she had said and consider whether anything could be done.

When the piteous request was conveyed by the priest to the condemned man in his cell, Kilmartin's courage broke down for the first time, and those strange rare things, the tears of a brave man, dropped on Father Daly's hands which had closed upon his own.

"I am not worthy of such love," he said. "If I might have lived I would have tried to be worthy of it. But how can I be

so cruel as to allow her so to destroy herself? She is young enough to make new ties. She will not forget, but her sorrow will wear itself out in time and a happy fate may still be in store for her. As things stand now, her connection with me will soon be forgiven and forgotten; but marked out by my name ——”

“I thought like you at first,” said Father Daly, “but I have changed my mind. That creature has no future before her except what is bound up with you. You have brought her, my poor lad, under God’s providence, a great deal of sorrow; give her the only scrap of comfort it is in your power to bestow on her. A heart like hers is beyond all our measurements. Only the God that made it knows what can satisfy it, or give it rest.”

And so it was arranged, and in the felon’s cell, with Bridget and the warder for witnesses, Father Daly made Marcella and Kilmartin man and wife.

“*Till death do us part.*” Very awful did those impressive words of the service sound when only twenty-four hours lay between the moment of speaking and the coming of the destroyer whose right to part bridegroom and bride no one dared to question. “*What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.*” Yet these two were to be sundered by man, and how soon!

That night, after the last stroke of the clock ending the prison visiting hours had driven her away from her husband, Marcella Kilmartin, was alone in her darkened and melancholy house, prostrate on the floor, struggling to pray, imploring to be allowed to keep her senses to the last and not through madness or sickness to desert her post while his eyes could look on her and draw comfort from her smile. The hand on which he had placed the wedding-ring with the old pearl-ring he had given her that fatal night in the Liberties set above it as guard, was thrust into her breast and clenched there as she called on the God who had made her to help her in the suffering of this hour. Through the whirlwind of her agony a faint and spectral joy hovered near her heart at the touch of that ring which was like a living tie holding her to him now, and drawing her towards him hereafter.

No matter how long she might have to live here without him, or how withered and wrinkled she might have become before the years released her to him, he would know her looking down out of heaven by the gleaming of that ring. No matter how far she might have to wander even when released, seeking for him through the boundless regions of the other world, she would,

having all eternity to search for him, be able to make herself known at last through the shining of that mystic circle. Has not gold, which neither crumbles like flesh, nor rusts like steel, a sort of immortality among mouldering things, and would not the gleam of this cling to her, even there, somehow ?

She started, alarmed at her wandering fancies, suspicious and watchful of her own sanity. Madness was waiting like a wolf to devour her, she thought, to snatch her from his sight even before death's black curtain could descend to hide her from him. To keep that wolf at bay she claimed sanctuary within the fiery circle of the Redeemer's ever-burning love on the Cross. By fire only could she be saved from the monster. She must hold herself sane and sound for a few hours longer so that in the last moment she might be all present, body and soul, brains and heart, to stand with him on the verge, and send her spirit forward with him.

And here the ghastly reality of common facts loomed black and hideous from behind their spiritual veilings, and the form and shape of what she was soon to see in its enormity of horror and iniquity filled all her consciousness and stared straight in the eyes of her despair.

A sudden cry arose in the street outside, and the wan creature, swaying in the darkness like an already broken reed lashed by storm, caught the sound with her fine ear, held her breath involuntarily to listen, and then pressed her hands to her head that she might not take in the sound of which she guessed the meaning.

It was the last call of the newspaper-sellers for that night, trying to earn the price of bed and supper out of the morbid curiosity of individuals eager to know the final arrangements for the event of the morrow morning at Kilmainham.

Then Marcella's weak body was seized with a long fit of shuddering, like the convulsion which sometimes comes before death ; but which in this case was only the outward sign of the uttermost torture which human nature can suffer through, and yet live.

When it became known that day in Dublin that the heiress of Distressna had married the convict Kilmartin in prison, and on the very eve of the last scene of his tragedy, a curious thrill ran through all circles, and for the moment public feeling pierced that dead wall of separation which rises up at once between the criminal condemned to death and the outer living world to which he belongs no more, and pitied the two suffering creatures who had joined hands undauntedly under the very eye of the King of Terrors.

This romantic incident, as it was called by the world, roused again the wavering belief in Kilmartin's innocence which had for long dragged out a kind of cowardly existence in some minds, and disposed them to question the conclusions of the jury who had decided on the guilt of the condemned. It was remarked that the girl who had wedded him on the very step of the scaffold must at least be thoroughly convinced of his innocence. For of course this strange act must have been done of her own wish. Nothing could be gained to Kilmartin by a marriage with her now.

But in opposition to the few persons who are powerfully attracted by the out-of-the way and romantic incidents of real life, there are always larger numbers who feel an unconquerable repulsion towards all erratic departures from the well-beaten paths of conventional behaviour. There were not wanting many people who held that Marcella had played a forward and unseemly part all through this business, and that her thrusting herself into notice again at so ghastly a moment, a moment which all right-minded people would be glad to forget, showed her singularly wanting in decency, not to say *savoir faire*. She ought, once the convict's cell had closed on her miserable lover, to have disappeared from public view and hidden her head in a kindly obscurity. In that case human sympathy might have sought for her and found her, after the memory of painful events in her life had a little passed away. But now she had finally made a fiasco of her future. Nobody would marry the widow of a murderer, or care to be associated in any way with a woman who had deliberately assumed an accursed name.

It was thus that the strange wedding of the morning had brought forcibly to minds that wanted to forget it, the date of the death of the convict Kilmartin, and on that night when Marcella closed her ears to the cries of the newspaper-boys and writhed alone in her despair, the subject of the event of the next morning was discussed by many lips. A ball was going forward at the opposite side of the square, and in the pauses of the waltz the startling romance was mentioned, and then forgotten again, as the music stilled tongues and stirred feet; music which wafted through open windows over the trees in the square crossed Marcella's agonised consciousness with an occasional blare of sweet sounds, echoes from the Patrick's Hall, as it seemed, where Kilmartin had smiled delightedly at her without recognising her, where she had first learned his name, and been permitted to stand beside him on an equality of position.

With those gales of melody came before her eyes the glowing of flowers, and to her nostrils the odorous breath of them on the air, and her hero's grave yet smiling face once more ascended out of the crowd on the staircase, and bent towards her with an expression of warm pleasure and startled interest.

If anything can add one more touch to the hideousness of hopeless calamity it is the flashing remembrance of former unexpected joy with its deceitful surprises and unasked-for promises. A new blast from the fiery furnace scorched this creature's soul as the music swept through her, and made as if to thrust her out into the howling wilderness of insanity from which with open-eyed resolution she was struggling to withhold herself.

A couple of waltzers stepped out on the balcony in front of the festive house. Miss Eyre, the soft-eyed girl who had sympathized with the sufferers in the Kilmartin affair from the first, and Mr. Shine, the young barrister, who, being one of the counsel for the prosecution, had fallen in love with his present companion because she had instinctively taken the side of the defence.

"I will not dance any more," said the girl, petulantly, "I cannot get it out of my head. No one ought to have given a ball to-night. I hate myself for being here. Oh, heavens, here are the newspaper men coming screaming round the square. Think of that poor creature listening to them over there across the trees!"

"By Jove, I believe they are calling something new," exclaimed Mr. Shine, suddenly interrupting himself in his task of consoling his gentle partner with such philosophic platitudes as a good-hearted man could bring to mind on such an occasion. "Just wait here quietly for a few moments while I go and find out what they are making such a rout about. If it is one of their usual falsehoods, I will have them up in court for it."

He returned presently, and took possession again of his seat in the balcony.

"They have been telling the truth for once," he said, "Kilmartin is reprieved. Don't look so white, or I shall have to leave you again to fetch you some water, or wine."

"Don't, please, don't. Tell me the particulars."

"I don't know that it's much to be rejoiced over, even by those most concerned. The sentence is commuted to penal servitude for life."

"But the reason?"

"It seems that one of the informers died suddenly this afternoon, and made some kind of wild statement before he expired. No depositions were taken as there was not time, but two or three witnesses have sworn that he exclaimed urgently that Kilmartin was innocent."

"But in that case ought not Kilmartin to be set free altogether?"

"There is the other informer, who had the longest and the strongest tale to tell, and there is the powerful corroborative evidence. I don't believe myself that Kilmartin did it, but, all things considered, he was bound to be condemned. I am surprised that even this occurrence has made any difference at head-quarters. It is out of the usual course of procedure under the present stern regime."

At the same moment Father Daly was knocking at the door of Marcella's gloomy mansion. He had left her for only a short time, with the promise to return at midnight and watch with her for a few hours, waiting for the moment when they two might again be admitted to the prisoner's cell, not to leave him again until after the final parting. The old man trembled with agitation as he waited impatiently for the opening of the door, and his face was wet with tears of which he was perhaps unconscious, or forgot to dry away.

Marcella, hearing the knock, which was to her ear as the tolling of a knell, or the sound of stones falling on a coffin, gathered up her shuddering limbs from the floor where she lay and made her way down the staircase to meet this faithful friend of her tribulation. At the foot of the last flight he was waiting for her, hearing her coming.

"My dear," he said, "where are you? I have turned almost blind. Give me your hand. Are you able to bear a little lightening of your cross, Marcella? Hush, child, there is a change for us. *He does not die.* There is a reprieve——"

At the first hint of what was coming the shattered creature staring at him with dry fixed eyes fell forward into his fatherly arms; at the last words she slipped from them again without a sound and lay as if stone dead across his feet.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

## SEPARATION.

THE remainder of that night was spent by Father Daly in dragging her through an unexpected danger, in tiding her over a new crisis, the sudden return of joy into veins from which it had been with long and slow purgation torturingly expelled. He tried to moderate her wild transports of delight, reminding her that this unlooked-for boon did not mean freedom and happiness.

"But it is life, life! The sun will shine on his living face at noon to-day. His eyes will open to-morrow morning, and the next, and the next! His heart will be beating still this day week—this day year. Oh, Father Daly—with life—what possibilities! I *cannot* see any further than just this, yet. Now, I will not die, neither. I must not die. Oh, Father Daly, do not let me die. I am like a poor starved creature, am I not? bound to drop into the grave in a month? That is what I was hoping for, praying for, but now it is different, different. Oh, I must not die, I will not die. Give me food to eat, anything to make me live and be strong. For I have a great deal to do, Father Daly; I cannot remember what it is now; but I know I have a great deal before me to do."

For many hours this rapture in the mere possession of his life lasted. Her face altered again with wonderful quickness, the pinched darkened features took their natural curves and colour, her eyes lost their fevered lustre and grew soft and luminous with happiness. On her way to the convict's cell she was bright, cheerful, almost gay. She could not remember that a separation almost as cruel as death, and in some ways more unendurable, was hanging over their heads whom death had unexpectedly failed to part at once and for ever.

Kilmartin himself had realised more readily the questionable nature of the boon that had been granted to him. He knew something of the horrors of a convict's life, and it taxed all his courage to meet it with fortitude. To see the face of his young wife smiling at him, to think of his peaceful home upon the lake, to remember his plans and hopes for his people, and know that these must be lost and forgotten, shut out for the long span of an intolerable lifetime behind prison walls by years and miles of time and distance,—all this staggered the spirit within him and made his

heart quail when in his solitude he stood up and confronted the truth.

Would it not have been easier to die?

His death would at least have set her free, given her the chance, if not the certainty, of beginning a new life, even if many years hence, even if in a new country, and under such new conditions as she could not foresee. No such possibility was now before her. Chained by a chain that could not be broken to one who could have no part in her life, she would be like a living body bound to a corpse. No freedom, no gradually dawning peace and joy would ever belong to her until time and labour, having worn out the resisting strength of his manhood, might crush him at last into a felon's grave.

It seemed to him now that he had been cruelly wrong in marrying her, criminally weak in yielding to her pathetic prayer to be allowed to belong more absolutely to his memory, and to have a right to him recognised by the angels of heaven. Good God! among what herds of demons must her right in him now be claimed. What a horror she had taken into her young life. Overwhelmed by these thoughts, Kilmartin looked back almost with regret on the calm courage with which he had stood erect yesterday, looking at a scaffold.

But when the door of his cell opened and he saw her face radiant with joy shining before him, he forgot everything except that it was sweet to be still in the same world with her. As his wife wept in his arms, he felt that somehow or somewhere there must be a future in store for them.

"Do not reproach me for looking gay," she said; "do not ask me to grieve any more. Not now, I cannot think of anything but that you are here, instead of gone where I could not follow you. There may be a terrible time coming; I cannot see it yet. I will not see it, Bryan. Let me rest a little from suffering, just looking at you, listening to you."

"Dearest, I am so selfish, I can think of nothing but that I love you and that God has left me life."

"Left *us* life, I should soon have followed you. But my fear was that I should not die for a long time. And yet how could I have thought of deserting your mother? And I have good news for her. The doctor thinks that she may recover."

"Thank heaven if there is hope for her."

"I will take such perfect care of her, until—you come back to us."

"My darling, you must not think of that—there will be no coming back. But you may come to see me,—sometimes."

"No coming back? You coward! Can this be the man who was so ready for death and who would not quail an inch? Have you no hope in you, after all that has happened? If you have not, no matter I have got enough for two."

"It was easier to love, and leave you a widow than to leave you a wife and yet no wife. Oh, this cruel ring which is to bind you to that which is no better than a corpse, a living man behind a prison wall; this wicked ring, which is to rob your youth of every hope, a sign that you are linked forever with a convict. Would to God I had not been so weak as to be persuaded to put it on your finger."

"Ah, now indeed you are cruel. So you only pretended to love me, you are sorry you are bound to me; you wedded me hoping to escape from me? Then, sir, you might have kept your repentance a secret from me. It would have been kinder not to rob me of my foolish joy——"

"My love, your courage under this wrong I have done you is breaking my heart."

"Then I must express it badly, or wrap it up in some repulsive disguise, for if I could make you feel it as I feel it your heart would be the gladder for it. You would be thankful that I have the comfort of this ring, the support it will give me, the authority it will bestow on me, even the power it will confer on me to take care of your people for you,—until you come,—until you come."

"I will hope to please you. I will believe anything you bid me. My people will have a trusty steward over them, my poor mother will have a faithful daughter by her side. But my darling who ought to have a husband to take care of her——"

"Has got one, thank you, and one who is quite to her taste; though you do not appear to think much of him."

"He would have been a loving and tender one, he would have shielded her from every hurt. I think he would have been able to make her happiness, if evil had not befallen him. As it is, he is only a millstone round her neck, a cross laid on her shoulders——"

"A great joy in her heart, a crown on her head, a glory round her life—how far shall we go on with it?" laughed Marcella, interrupting him. "Oh, my dear, you do not know me yet—but you must try and believe in what you are to me. I tell you while you are still in the world I cannot altogether mourn. I am too full of

the future which God must be getting ready for you. Why has He spared your life now except for that future? while you are away I shall live in it, and for it, and you will be happy too, knowing that you are suffering like the souls in Purgatory, only kept away for a time from the beautiful life that is waiting for you. It will be such a lovely life, won't it, when we are together taking care of the people at Inisheen? It will come soon, Bryan, it must come soon. I will weary the heavens with my prayers till the truth comes to light. And then the whole world will acknowledge my martyr whom I have been glorifying."

He allowed he to rave on in the fever of joy which the reaction from the chills of death had brought upon her, and tried to hide his own anguish which was in its sober senses and wide awake to the reality of the parting that was at hand. He knew that soon enough the sense of hopeless catastrophe would descend upon her once more, and said to himself that he must store up his own strength for the moment when hers should fail. He put aside the haunting thought that he was leaving her alone in the world, cut off from all human sympathy by the curse of bearing a convict's name, and tried to believe, or to pretend to believe for the hour, in the impossible future which she insisted on creating for him. He knew very well that a convict who has narrowly escaped death has not much further boon to hope for from justice, and he felt that he could better bear to wear out his life in a prison cell than accept freedom unless his innocence were fully established. All the unlikelihoods which Marcella would not see were arrayed before his eyes in their uncompromising actuality; and yet he smiled with her, talking lover's talk, the sweetness of which sometimes beguiled him into forgetting wholly the terrible loneliness of the waking which lay beyond the full living and loving of this short-lived dream.

During the small space which lay between the date of the commutation of his sentence and the departure of the convict for Dartmoor prison she was with him all the time that prison rules would permit, sometimes accompanied by Father Daly, sometimes by Bridget, travelling back and forward through winter rain and fog from the melancholy house in Merrion Square where his mother sat reading imaginary letters from him all day long, and talking about his travels, and congratulating herself continually that he was safe at the other side of the world, away from the Fenians. When she was not with him Marcella was waiting on Mrs. Kilmartin, talking to her cheerfully about Bryan's return, that return

toward which her own heart was now set in hope with all the force which her nature could muster ; or praying in the old church where she had first begun to pray for him. As the hour for parting drew near there were no signs about her of the setting in of that despair which Bryan had feared to see, and he watched her with surprise as her manner became more tranquil and her strength seemed to strengthen, instead of vanishing before the anguish of parting like a phantom in the light of day. He did not know with what passion of earnestness she had prayed for that strength, with what fervour she had asked for supernatural help to brace up her courage for the separation. She would not weaken him in his cruelest moment by her complaints, nor send him away overwhelmed by the thought that he had left behind him a woman with a wretched life whose moans and tears must haunt him in his prison cell and oppress him more terribly than the wreck of his own future, the loss of his liberty, or the unmerited condemnation of his fellow-men. Come what might afterwards she would send him away with the warmth of hope in his heart, with a little spot of blue breaking, though ever so far away, through the black clouds on his horizon.

It was early day yet in both of their lives, and how many times might not the weather change before night ?

Till the very hour of the convict's departure for Dartmoor she kept her spirits wound up to this exalted pitch. It was arranged that she and Father Daly should travel to England on the same day and remain for some little time as near the prison as possible, seeing him as often as was admissible. The farewells were thus deferred, and the idea of separation disguised and kept aloof.

Fortunately she was not allowed to see him prepared for departure, the iron fetters fastened upon ankle and wrist by chains that clanked as he walked to the black conveyance waiting for him outside the prison door. As he glanced for one moment at the green distances around Kilmainham the felon Kilmartin thought that even a prison in Ireland might be sweeter than a prison elsewhere, and asked himself should he ever look on an Irish field again. One more glimpse of Ireland, the bay, the Wicklow mountains struggling through mist, and he was buried in the convict-ship, hurrying away from country, wife, mother, home, people, alike from the happy past and the future that was to have been so bright.

As soon as they were permitted to visit him Marcella and Father Daly found him in his cell at Dartmoor, a grim stone chamber with a small window, his surroundings a wooden bench

for a bed, a small table, and a pitcher of water. He was dressed in prison-dress, but he had not as yet settled down thoroughly in this narrow stony space within which he was to wear out all the years of his manhood. He kept walking about the few yards of flagged floor like one who had been detained there by accident and was impatient to get out, the place looking just such as a man might, by chance, spend a bad quarter of an hour alone in, and which he would remember uncomfortably for the rest of his life. It was absolutely impossible to imagine Kilmartin, as he stood, his eye full of fire and energy, his frame vigorous and young, snared in this trap, caged in this hole till death should set him free. Marcella could not believe that such was his fate, though a sob caught her breath when she saw him standing there solitary in his felon's clothes, already barred out from the world of action and defrauded of the light of the sun.

Still she would not allow herself to break down. She had brought him books, writing materials, flowers, though it was winter, without asking how much of the comfort of these he would be permitted to enjoy. During the short visit she persisted in speaking as if his stay here must only be for a week, a fortnight, at most a month. "You can bear it for that little time, Bryan. Soldiers have often to endure as much. And how you will enjoy the comforts of home afterwards! And what a welcome the people will give you! What visits I shall have to pay them all when I go back, telling them how you look, and all about it!"

Bryan, who nursed no delusions, never contradicted her, spoke no word to undeceive her, tried to look as if he shared her hopes and expectations, but it taxed all his strength to restrain his own grief, to conceal that wide-awake despair which possessed him as the moment for the final separation drew near, and arrived. Father Daly bade him good-bye first and waited outside for Marcella.

Kilmartin held her in his arms, and at last the half delirious words of hope froze on the young wife's lips. She seemed to waken suddenly out of a trance. Like one who has been dreaming sweetly of home and sunshine, and is shaken up to confront howling hurricane and shipwreck, she looked wildly round the pitiless stone barriers and clung to his neck. In that moment she was terribly assured that their hands were severed, that she was leaving him there for life. But there was no more time for speech, not an instant to undo the work she had struggled so hard to accomplish. The madness in her soul could find no expression before he himself had put her from him outside the door of his cell and the bolts had grated and clanged behind her.

Then Father Daly felt that the only way to save her reason was to get her home at once, home to the wide moors and the rolling waves, and all the soothing sights and sounds of nature which, being associated with happier days, might win her round to hope again after the present crisis should have passed.

She followed him meekly and passively, but with such a look of silent despair in her face as made people turn to look at her where she sat in the corner of a railway-carriage or steamer, staring blankly before her, and seeing nothing but rigid stone walls built up between her and the face of the heavens. When the journey was at last at an end and Crane's Castle reached, she was carried up to her room and laid on her bed, the blinds were drawn and the servants stepped about softly. Surely this was a dreary house on the verge of the thundering Atlantic, under the shadow of the hills; in one room a woman whose wits were gone with sorrow, in another this crushed creature huddled on the bed, unable to turn her face to the light of day.

The little home at Inisheen had been shut up and Mrs. Kilmartin and her attendant had been removed to Crane's Castle. Miss O'Donovan remained with her friends in Dublin, feeling unequal to the melancholy task of looking after so sad a household as that at Distresna. Faithful Bridget managed as best she could, hoping for the moment when the young mistress would open her eyes again on the daily world and lift the terrible cloud a bit that hung over the sombre dwelling. Father Daly came and went, his hair somewhat whiter, and the wrinkles in his pathetic old face deeper than on the day when we first made acquaintance with him.

And every day the people from their cabins among the bogs and mountains besieged the castle for news of Mr. Bryan, and of their darling lady. They had a vivid understanding of the tragedy that had been lived, and was yet to be lived through. Their prayers and their *ululus* rose evening and morning in lonely places, and filled the wide air seldom disturbed by other noise than the roaring of the waves and the cries of sea-birds. Bare feet were for ever on the tracks leading to and from homes and burrowing places undiscoverable by all save those who knew the way. Marcella and Kilmartin had cared to know those ways and had left the high roads of the world to find them out, and therefore they were worshipped now in their sorrow by barefooted pilgrims who knew no other paths through life than these seamy zigzags that led along dreary flats and up to lonesome highlands.

## FROM OUT THE DARKNESS.

## 1.

THANKS for the violets! But in vain  
 They bear this message from a friend,  
 That nature wakens up to send  
 Fresh hopes, and blossoms forth again.

They tell me that the spring's young green  
 Peeps gaily through the brown and dun :  
 They tell me that the smiling sun  
 Again through April tears is seen.

They say, the time which young hearts love  
 Has come, when Hope's exuberant glee  
 Laughs out for very joy to see  
 Bright green below, bright blue above.

They tell me this, the while I hear  
 The loving warblers of the trees  
 Scatter gay sonnets on the breeze,  
 To prove that life is bright and dear.

Then, too, the city's ocean roar,  
 By soft winds soothed, speaks low and mild—  
 Such dream-fraught murmurs as a child  
 Will hear in sleep beside life's shore.

But each glad sound, each winsome sight  
 Is dull'd and darkened at my door :  
 For I shall see the spring no more,  
 But grope through winter's life-long night.

The violets' breath is like a sigh  
 From quiet homes of human woe ;  
 For everywhere we come and go,  
 We tread them down or pass them by.

Then bring me violets, let their breath  
 With sorrow's wisdom teach to me  
 The lesson of humility,  
 Sweet lowly life, a calm sweet death.

Darkling within my chamber walls  
 Bring me fresh violets, set them near ;  
 Such fragrant sighs alone can cheer  
 A life on which no sunbeam falls.



Thanks, friend, your message lingering nigh  
With violet breath embalms my loss,  
For thus I learn beneath the cross  
The sacred sweetness of a sigh.

## II.

Yet think not that with banished light  
The promise of my life must die;  
Or that my soul must henceforth lie  
Imprison'd by my darkened sight.

For let each longed-for blossom cling,  
A blighted bud, within my hand :—  
Let pallid, wither'd leaflets stand  
As though a curse had killed my spring :—

And let each fruit I hoped to bear  
Down-dropp'd in folding earth be sunk,  
And from this sere, rough-gnarled trunk  
Let sunless failure ever tear

All tenderer offshoots:—yet I feel  
From God such deeply rooted will,  
As can give sap and fibre still  
To make my woe serve other's weal.

From out the vigour of my heart  
Strong, living beams may yet be hewn  
Which, dried and hardened, may be strewn  
To bridge some soul to nobler part.

Though maimed and blinded be my fate,  
I will not sit and idly cry  
For pity from the passers-by :  
But limp and grope toward something great.

Though crushed to earth, my every breath  
Shall writhe against my fierce despair,  
I will not moan, for I must dare  
To crawl on in the teeth of death.

Ay, should all pain and weakness blend  
With life to suffer, none to grasp ;  
My soul would hurl with desperate gasp  
My body towards some noble end.

And till this clay beneath the sod  
By heavy feet be firmly pressed,  
I cannot pause to weep or rest,  
For I must work the work of God.

## III.

But Thou, my God, make strong mine arm ;  
 Bless Thou my work :—bid Thou me speak  
 Thou art so strong, and I so weak,  
 Alone, my work can only harm.

How can I work ?—In long hard strife  
 All foes and fates I once warred down :—  
 Low-smitten now beneath God's frown,  
 Am I now dead ? or is this life ?

For I am blotted out from light,  
 And from my mangled heart are torn  
 The noblest hopes that man could mourn,  
 While on my soul too falls the night :

And in the darkness demons seem  
 To crown my holiest aims with dust :  
 Athwart my prayers with sneers they thrust  
 The broken fragments of my dream.

Yet I had never flinched to fling  
 Far from me all less high desire,  
 That could not stand the flash and fire  
 Of my heart's worship for my King

Close fetter'd in an icy gloom,  
 To earth my soul now droops so low,  
 That o'er my buried life there grow  
 The mouldering mosses of the tomb.

And yet I think that I could fold  
 All pain and pang in calm unmixed,  
 If once for all my will were fixed  
 Unto God's will with certain hold.

Then crush or kill, but teach me well  
 To love Thee, Christ, to hate all wrong,  
 And I will prove me true and strong  
 Up to the very gates of hell.

In this, my sight, if blinder grown,  
 Is blest :—I pass all others by :  
 No beauty hence can win mine eye,  
 O Christ ! until I see thine own.

For Thee I work ; for me one grace  
 Thy pity keeps, I know, in store,  
 For I shall see the spring once more,  
 When I shall look upon Thy face.

R. K.

*April 23, 1884.*

## NOTES OF A SHORT TRIP TO SPAIN.

BY JOHN FALLON.

## PART X.—HOMEWARD.

HAD any one told me, when leaving Ireland, that I would return from Spain leaving a host of places unvisited, each of them well deserving of a special pilgrimage, I should have had considerable difficulty in believing him: yet here I am, rapidly rolling northwards, all owing to the still increasing temperature, which begins to make sight-seeing a toil instead of a pleasure. Spain is a country so large, and so full of interest, that its different provinces afford ample material for separate trips; and it would be Vandalism and folly to visit any of them at a disadvantage. To me the places unseen will be pleasures deferred; thus am I homeward bound, much sooner than I projected, but more than content with the little I have accomplished.

Central Spain is often described as an "elevated plateau," a "lofty table-land," and by other words which leave on the mind a vague idea of plains instead of mountains. Elevated the land no doubt is, varying from two thousand four hundred to four thousand five hundred feet above the sea; but, so far as the run northward of Madrid is concerned, it is no more level than the Snowdon district of North Wales, which it somewhat reminds one of, in the first part of the journey, by the wildness of its features. Scarcely an hour from Madrid, you are in the midst of the Sierra de Guadarrama, bleak and savage beyond description. Huge blocks of granite, many of them from twenty to thirty feet in diameter and hundreds of tons in weight, lie strewn along the steep slopes as if they had fallen from the sky. If ever the Titans fought the gods, some such place as this must have been their battle-ground; or rather, it must have been some such sight as this that first suggested the legend; and the wonder is, how freshly fallen the ponderous masses look.

In the midst of such strange surroundings Philip II. reared his Escorial, "eighth wonder of the world," palace and burial-vault, convent and college, all rolled into one. The vast pile stands quite near the railway station, on the right hand side as you travel northwards; it looks to be of grey granite, and is like a huge barrack all perforated with windows like the portholes of

an old-fashioned man-of-war ; at each corner is a turret, and, in the centre, a commanding dome. That the name of "Escorial" is taken from the scorise of old Roman mines still worked, is a stereotyped piece of etymology. That it was reared by Philip II. in votive thanks for the fruitless victory of St. Quentin that opened his long reign, and built on the ground plan of a gridiron because that battle was won on the feast of St. Lawrence, all that is matter of history and general literature. But what art or magic can explain the mystery of a man, who was *not* a lunatic, selecting such a site for such a work, and interning himself here for years like a cloistered monk, while issuing orders to more than half the world ?

At intervals, as we advance, the welcome sight of pine-woods meets the eye, showing, if needs be, that we are rising into cooler regions of the atmosphere ; but too many of the trees, alas ! are marked for the axe. And now, interspersed through the rocks, are frequent bits of real verdure, with great brown goats grazing innocently on them, then scampering off at the sight of our train. On we go, whirling over viaducts that, Roman-fashion, span the ravines arch over arch ; then cutting through tunnelled headlands or hugging their precipitous sides and looking down at the airy depths beneath. My companions were three young Spaniards who never stopped chatting and smoking alternate cigarettes ; they insisted on my joining in their conversation ; I hope I was intelligible ; as for them, it was impossible for any one not to understand them, speaking as they did with their fingers quite as much as their lips. While thus advancing, night fell, rapidly as usual ; and again, as in the Sierra Moréna, a glorious thunder-storm followed ; the purple lightning was almost continuous ; the majestic thunder spoke through the hills, truly like the voice of God ; and soon large rain-drops came pattering down : to me, after the recent days of simmering heat, they seemed like manna from heaven.

It takes nearly twenty hours to get from Madrid to the French frontier town of St. Jean de Luz ; and the train passes, at about equal intervals of time and distance, Avila, Valladolid, Burgos, and Vittoria. How dearly would I have wished to break the journey at the first and third of these ! but the delay might have involved missing the Pacific boat, which I had resolved to catch at Bordeaux. So that Avila, mediæval city of paramount attractions, and home of St. Theresa, the seraphic lyrist of divine love, is only associated in my mind with an excellently served Spanish

supper, eaten with Spanish dignity and calm ; and Burgos, premier capital of Old Castille, and home of the Cid, is to me only a fleeting vision of tower and steeple, seen in the cool grey twilight of morning, in a half-wakeful interval of sleep ; an open carriage was returning empty from the station ; I felt that I ought to be in that carriage, instead of rolling remorselessly away : but Burgos, like the rest of places unvisited, will be to me a dream for the future, and foremost on the list.

And now dismiss all thought of Titanic boulders and bleak rocks, for we have got into a country still hilly, but all made up of pastures and woodland, deliciously refreshing to the eye. The Pyrenees are supposed to end at the corner of France, but the mountain range continues westwards, into the Asturias and Galicia, only under a new name and title. Approaching the southern slopes of this long range, nothing could be more charming than the small Basque provinces of Aláva and Guipuscoa. Crops of standing corn still far from ripe—flocks of white-woolled sheep wandering in sweet liberty on an emerald sward—forests of dark-foliaged oak and chesnut—such were the scenes that unfolded themselves, as mists of genuine moisture rolled up the hills like shrouds before the sun. One kingly tree towers in this district over all its associates, with glossy foliage of darkest tint, ponderous boughs and rough trunk ; it bears lovely sprays of palest green blossom, but I failed to learn its name.

Before reaching the frontier, a little incident brought our train to a halt : the carriage in which I was took fire, through some over-heating of the fittings adjoining the axle. Not in the least degree did this disconcert the calm officials ; the too combustible vehicle was quietly detached and shunted ; the connections were restored, and off we went.

Fuentarabia looks brown and Moorish from across the bay of Irun : both places evoke lively recollections of the Carlist war. At Hendaya French soil is reached, and evinces itself in a change of carriages, an examination of luggage, and a capital buffet, only so noisy—but this just helps to make the night travellers shake themselves wide-awake and gay. The Bidassoa, frontier stream of historic associations, is crossed here. A little island, within view of the bridge, was the favourite trysting ground for the kings and diplomats of France and Spain to meet, as on neutral soil, to plan and plot treaties and marriages, without the slightest reference to the parties concerned : here Louis XI. met Henriquè IV. for just such a double purpose : here Mazarin met the representative

of Philip IV., for just such another. And it was here that Charles V. set Francis I. at liberty, in exchange for his two sons. The island has been curiously called the "isle of pheasants," but it is also known as the "island of conferences," a far better name for such a place.

And now, with frontier crossed, the next station, just seven miles off, is St. Jean de Luz, and I shake the honest hand of an honest friend, and descend.

\* \* \* \*

St. Jean de Luz is a small place, but full of historic associations. Not to go further back, the marriage just referred to as negotiated by Mazarin in the "isle of pheasants," was celebrated here: the parties concerned were no less than Maria Theresa of Spain and the young "Grand Monarque" himself. The large houses in which both lodged, preparatory to the occasion, are still in perfect preservation, and inhabited. That which was honoured by the presence of Louis XIV. has an oak staircase, kept carefully as he stepped on it, and dark with age. It reminds one a little of that in the "Posada de la Sancta Hermandad," at Toledo.

The parish church in which the marriage was solemnized is one of the quaintest I have ever seen. In span it is much wider than any cathedral that I know of, being fully sixty feet in the clear, but of course *not* stone-vaulted. Three galleries, one over another, of time-darkened oak, run along its rectangular sides. To these galleries the lords of creation must climb to pray; while their wives and mothers, daughters and aunts, calmly send up their ejaculations from the pavement below. Suspended from the lofty roof, like a sanctuary lamp, is a miniature ship full-rigged, large enough to float a man or two; this I do not mention as exceptional, for, in almost every seaport along the French coast, is found some such emblem in the parish church, betokening the devotion of the mariner to "Mary, star of the sea."

As at other sea-sides, half the natives have an amphibious look. They join the sea from inherited taste, or to avoid the hateful military conscription, which stares them at every turn. Brave to the tips of their fingers and toes, they detest enforced soldiering, and, to shun it, they face the horrors of the North Pole, and of Cape Horn. All wear the "berret" cap, a sort of flattened glengarry—also a blue sash round the waist—and they are a fine broad-chested type of men, with straight features and open countenances, and the frank ennobling air of freedom in every turn.

A sculptor would say the women are a splendidly built race,

with classic features, and more than classic height. A regiment of lifeguards might easily be enrolled from amongst the tall Amazons whom I saw assembled in the fair-green to-day, driving their fathers' teams all unconsciously. Their cattle resemble the Estremadura breed, which used to frighten our Dublin salesmasters into fits ere now—fawn-coloured, dark nosed, large-footed; but with horns less wide-spreading, and beef on every joint. Prizes had been awarded to the best matched teams, and it was a pleasure to see them driven, or rather led, by those rustic daughters of noble pedigree, each walking in front of her quadrupeds, and quickening their pace, or bringing them to a stand-still, by one wave of her spiked wand, or one glance of her eyes. Blue is the costume of all, with a white handkerchief on the shoulders, and another on the head: and truth compels me to add, many wear a slight moustache, just enough to qualify them for court beauties, had they lived in the days of Charles II., and been immortalised by Sir Peter Lely.

They all speak French, I believe; but it is not their language: Basque is their national tongue, and I can vouch that it sounds sweet and musical to the ear. Scholars agree that it is no patois, but as distinctive from other European languages as the dead Etruscan, or the living Magyar. Older than Latin, or Greek, or Sanscrit, it allows no affinity with any of them, or with any rude Teutonic dialect of the savage north. The legend is that Adam spoke it; Lucifer tried to learn it, *and failed*; it was the language of the masons of Babel before the confusion of tongues. As a matter of fact, the friend, with whom it was my privilege to walk, spoke it fluently, and it was interesting to observe the respectful freedom with which the brave peasants discussed with him the awards of the cattle show judges. In some remote time, a king of Castille, or Navarre, whom their ancestors had served right loyally, unable to repay them in kind, adopted the bright expedient of ennobling them all, and you can discern in the present generation, peasants as they are, that they know what is due to themselves, and to you.

Note, they were never conquered; the Roman she-wolf never flaunted on their ramparts. Virgil compared them to midnight robbers, and to wolves; but admitted them to be untamed, and, to keep them off, recommended the feeding of Molossian bloodhounds:

“Nunquam custodibus illis

“Nocturnum stabulis furem, incursusque luporum,

“Aut impacatos a tergo horrebis Iberos.”

King Recared, the Gothic monarch who rebuilt the cathedral of Toledo in the sixth century, used to despatch his troops against these Cantabrian highlanders, as Cetywayo in our own days sent out his braves, just to whet their spears and learn fighting. The Bidassoa, boundary between two kingdoms, has made no severance in their language or character ; they are still Basques on both sides of the line, and look as if they would remain so for a considerable time yet.

I saw a grand match of court tennis between the champions of two opposite parishes, two on each side. It is a game that calls into play all the qualities of strength, agility, and lightning quickness of eye that a man can possess. It resembles rackets, only the balls are much larger, and each man, instead of a battledore, has a wooden scoop strapped to his right hand, and with this he sends the heavy ball in with terrific force against the front wall. There are nets and lines along the ceiling and side walls, and, according as the ball gets within these, it is over or under, in or out. Such was the former game of kings and nobles, in the great old days when royalty was bound to prove its prowess, days which I fear are gone for ever.

Most of the ancient houses are gabled on the street-face, as in many other places, from Nuremberg to Amsterdam. But here the peculiarity is that the roofs, instead of being high-pitched, are of immense span, and spread paternally over the whole wide frontage of the dwellings ; some roofs, more ambitious still, are not content without covering two entire houses under their wide embrace, like two faces under a hood. I can now understand how the parish church was roofed, although probably wider than any cathedral in Christendom.

So conservative of ancient institutions is St. Jean de Luz that Cibourre, a mere suburb on the other side of the river Nivelle, and perfectly connected by a bridge, preserves nevertheless its separate municipality, its separate mayor and corporation, &c., &c. Just as if Dublin north and south had opposition lord mayors and town councillors, and opposition debates, to fill the daily papers, and drive quiet people to seek for some halcyon peace west of the Shannon or north of the Boyne. Crossing over to this independent municipality, I found a perfect *alamèda*, lined with the orthodox poplars, and leading straight to the coast. Here the view is of bluff headlands, Atlantic-washed, bare and defiant, fitting bulwarks against the ocean, which breaks ever against them in



whitened spray. This walk is the favourite resort of Spanish hidalgos, who come here during the recess of the Cortez, and recreate themselves planning the fusion of parties, and the upset of a ministry, while merely seeming to inhale the delicious breezes, or coolly whiffing their cigarettes. To them the change must indeed be delightful; I found the thermometer here down to 67°, and a complaint of constant rain; at Madrid the temperature varied from 80° to 95°, and the prayer was for a little moisture. Thus does kind nature vary her gifts from place to place.

\* \* \* \* \*

From St. Jean de Luz the railway to Bordeaux passes Biarritz, and Bayonne, then runs through the "pays des landes." Is your imagination of the latter that of a vast sandy plain, only held together by a little bent grass, with a few flocks of hungry sheep seeking for pasturage on its scanty herbage? Do you picture the guardians of these flocks striding about on stilts like giant spectres, to get an advantageous view of their stray ones from the vantage ground of their tall leg-appendages? Such had been my idea and expectation, I tell you frankly; founded probably on some childhood stories, which were true in the prehistoric period, and until some recent date, when modern improvers remodelled the face of the land; foremost amongst those improvers was Louis Napoleon. At present the scene is of pine woods alternating with corn-crops; and, for hundreds of yards, almost for miles, along the line, piles of timber, cut to the exact length for sleepers, and saturated with some preparation of copper to make them almost everlasting, are spread, or rather built, in readiness for transport; those piles represent the judicious thinning of the supposed barren waste; hence they will go to distant places, perhaps to England, which is fast becoming tributary to all the world for most of its necessary wants.

Bordeaux, ancient capital of Guienne and Aquitaine, and for three centuries a British possession, is a town of straight and wide streets, lofty and wealthy-looking houses; at least the drive from the railway station to the quays passes through the modern quarters, which are as I describe. One sees the "place des quinconces," with its lofty pair of rostral columns, where formerly stood the Bastille of the city—for Bordeaux had its supreme law courts, and its Bastille, and a sort of servile parliament of its own, until near the close of the last century. Its present boast is that it possesses the largest theatre and the finest bridge in France, and the grandest line of quays in Europe; along these quays ships from every lati-

tude ride at anchor, and exchange the produce of every clime for the tempting vintage of Medoc.

Can any one explain why, in a civilised land, a river, after receiving a tributary, assumes a new name, which has no affinity either with itself or its confluent? . . . Yet here we have the Garonne, enriched by the Dordogne, suddenly becoming the Gironde, and thus flowing majestically into the sea, wide as the Danube, and with vineyards to the water's edge.

In or near the tongue of land formed by the two confluent was fought, early in the eighth century, the famous battle between Eudes of Aquitaine, and the Moorish hosts led on by Abderrahman (the Emir, *not* the founder of the Caliphate of Cordova). On this occasion Abderrahman gave Eudes such a beating that "God alone could count the number of the slain;" then did the victor sack and plunder Bordeaux; and thence, foolhardy, he went on, till he met more than his match in Charles Martel, whose sledge-hammer blows and generalship put an end for all time to any further Moorish invasion of France.

From the quays of Bordeaux I steamed down the river to Pauillac, to be in readiness for the big steamer, hourly expected from the south. As regards the picturesque, I would place the Gironde rather low; but as a navigable river, it ranks among the grandest I have ever seen. The vineyards that stud or clothe the hills add no feature of beauty or of grandeur, but each has a name and a reputation more or less world-wide. One is Chateau Leoville; another is Chateau La Rose; a third is Chateau Margaux; a fourth is Chateau Lafitte; of course I only mention the well-known names. The head of the French Rothschilds owns the Lafitte vineyard, and some of his spare nectar recently went for the neat little item of five pounds sterling per bottle. The peculiarity about these Medoc vineyards is that they vary so much from one to another. You pass from the vintage of the gods to a stuff unfit for clowns, and next door it is a gravel that will scarcely graze a goat; and yet the pebbly soil is all alike to the eye.

Pauillac itself, metropolitan centre of this juicy land, is not a lively place to spend a night in; neither is the landscape, when you sally out in the morning, by any means exhilarating. Boardings everywhere along the roadsides; those boardings armed at top with spikes, and nails, and uninviting broken glass. From inside you hear the ominous grumbling of mastiffs, perhaps the lineal descendants of those Molossian bloodhounds that Virgil recommended, as against the Basques of his day. What matters it to

your thirsty soul that the vineyard within may be worth a hundred or a thousand pounds an acre, or not worth a dollar? To your mortal eyes it is an enclosure, and nothing more.

The negative part of this picture, if it be not all negative, is that the thrifty people cannot afford themselves the luxury of a single blade of grass, even to feed a cow. How their infants fare is a mystery, for milk is an imported luxury, brought by rail and steamer from afar. When I asked for "*café au lait*" at breakfast, the answer was: "*Hélas! Monsieur, du lait! nous n'en avons plus. Nous en avons deux litres ce matin—mais une famille Anglaise est arrivée avec tant d'enfants—c'est tout fini—les enfants ont tout pris!*" This, in the principal sea-side hotel of Pauillac, where grape-juice of any château can be had by the gallon! Truly the vine is the cow of this district. . . . And yet the precious vine-soil ends as abruptly as it began; pinewoods and heather almost flap against the vineyards of millionaires.

But all in due time the small tender rings its loud bell for passengers; the big ship has been sighted, and is swinging round to the ebbing tide. So good-bye to Pauillac and Europe, and three cheers for the sea.

\* \* \* \*

Our ship is just completing a prosperous voyage from the coasts of Peru and Chili, round by the straits of Magellan, Montevideo, Rio, and Lisbon. At the latter port it was warned off under penalty of quarantine, because it had touched at the previous one; but the Bordeaux officers, less apprehensive of yellow fever, allowed those who wished to land and rush off to Paris, which seems the focus and centre of gravitation for most part of mankind. The crew consists of blue jackets, all natives of "Great Britain and Ireland," as Lord Miltown would say. No lascar sailors, with turban, sash, and bare feet—no Nubian firemen, with heads like cannon balls—no stewards from Goa, with Portuguese features, complexion and air—but British sailors all, and of the usual type, weather-beaten and reliable-looking. The captain is an Ulsterman, and a gentleman all over—the young doctor is also an Irishman—so are several of the crew. One was a porter of Trinity College; probably his bones are as safe here as among the undergrads of Alma Mater. Another is a distinguished steeplechase rider on the Irish turf, only suspended for a couple of years for too well obeying his employer's instructions and pulling his horse. Deprived for a time of the luxury of risking his neck over the stiff banks of his native home, he consoles himself with the chances

and excitement of a little life at sea, and makes a most excellent steward.

The passengers, for the most part, are men who left England years ago, with light hearts and lighter purses, and who have worked as people do who voluntarily undergo exile for wealth's sake. They are now returning more or less enriched, but also more or less dispirited, uncertain what real friends will meet them, and what manner will be the greeting. Compared with the military and civil service men of the P. and O. boats, they have, not exactly a buccaneer look, but a hardened air, like men accustomed to carry loaded revolvers, and ready to use them. Two of those who landed at Pauillac wanted to fight a duel before reaching Lisbon, but the little incident was nipped in the bud. It is to be hoped the fates did not throw them into the same hotel or railway-carriage on Gallic soil.

The vessel had steered through the straits of Magellan a few short weeks before, just when merciless winter was setting in there—lamps all lighted before dinner—mufflers and overcoats in general demand—stoves the sole centres of attraction. And now, after that short interval, our way-worn passengers are rejoicing in the glorious length of summer days, and have already had almost an entire month of sunshine. Such is modern travelling.

Amongst the contingent who joined at Bordeaux was the clergyman of the English church at Pau, a fine old man, hale, hearty, and most intelligent, but by no means welcome to the sailors. Had another of his cloth appeared, those enlightened mariners would have forecasted squalls, and all manner of evil fortune: when they thoroughly ascertained that he was really single, they calmed down and soon became reconciled to his genial presence. It was Sunday evening, and, as night drew on, the old gentleman was asked to preside at prayers in the saloon. A lovely hymn was sung, which the second officer accompanied on the piano; then the old man spoke, delivering a brief address, not without thankful reference to the charming weather on this first night in the Bay of Biscay. This I was afterwards told, for all had gone down, except your friend, and I could hear the voice, but not the words. Then another hymn was sung, the trained voices of the crew joining in parts. To me, solitary pilgrim on the deserted deck, the strains seemed surpassingly lovely, as true music ever does at sea. There was much, of course, in the surroundings: the sun had gone down behind a bank of ruby clouds, which seemed still on fire while the sea and sky darkened, and a spell of calm was on both, while we made noiseless head-way through the phosphorescent waters.

The second day out was quite different from this; the sea was all flecked with foam, and heaving angrily, and the spray ran along its surface like dust. We hugged the monotonous French coast till Ushant was before us, then France faded in the distance.

On the morning of the third day, it was Cornwall, then Wales, that was in view on one side, and dear old Wicklow on the other. The "lizard," the "wolf," the "mouse," the "lamb" . . . such, as well as I can remember, are the graceful names by which Jack Tar has christened the southern landmarks of his island home. In the afternoon Snowdon and her satellite peaks presented themselves in ever-changing groups. Then the vessel steered right under the cliffs of Holy Island, sanctified in former days by Celtic hermits, known now only through its packet-station of Holyhead. Great caves undermine the beetling precipices under the lighthouse of the "South Stack;" myriads of gulls keep swarming and fluttering in and out of these caves, and cawing their dull chant evermore. One of these caves has been appropriately called "Parliament House" from the confusing shrieks of the birds that frequent it. Those birds are all sacred, because, when thick weather makes lights unavailing, and fog-horn and fog-bell are equally drowned in the louder shout of the storm-wind, high in air they bravely bring to the mariner timely warning of the iron-bound coast he is approaching.

Rounding "Great Orme's Head," the journey's end is considered accomplished; and accordingly the crew treat us to an amateur concert of Christy Minstrels, with bones and blackened faces, striped coats, grey hats and lengthened boots, all in perfect fashion, and perfectly done. By far the best performer was the ex-steeplechase rider, who will probably be in the first flight at Punchestown next season, and will remember his two years of suspension merely as a cooling interlude in his chequered life.

For miles, as the brave ship works up the Mersey *broadside on*, the darkening coast is fringed with straight lines of light: they are like an illumination, and as such I accept them, to celebrate my own joyous return.

And now, to end these too lengthy notes: written for favoured eyes, with a running pen; private when taken, and intended to remain so for ever—if your eyes have followed them, I would ask you to imagine that you have been for the time being as part of the family circle; thereby will you sit disarmed as a critic . . . With this understanding I wish you farewell, and again would say with the Spaniards:

"VAYA USTE CON DIOS."

## THE LORD'S PITY.

*A Sonnet in Dialogue.*

BY EVELYN PYNE.

*Sinner.*

O Lord, I am alone, athirst, afraid !

*Christ.*

Didst thou not smite me, till I sorrowing went ?

*Sinner.*

Love spake so sweet, and looked so innocent !

*Christ.*

And thou, denying me, his voice obeyed ?

*Sinner.*

Yea, Lord, I did, so am I sore dismayed.

*Christ.*

Hath love no comfort, no sweet message sent ?

*Sinner.*

He loves the sinner, loathes the penitent !

*Christ.*

How should I help thee, whom thou hast betrayed ?

*Sinner.*

Dear Lord, I know not, yet I dare to pray.

*Christ.*

For what ? The feast of faithless love again ?

*Sinner.*

Ah no ! Thy blessed presence at my side !

*Christ.*

My child, thou hast it, on the cross I stay !

*Sinner.*

Belovèd ! and I smote Thee in Thy pain !

*Christ.*

To win thy pardon, was I crucified !



## DR. RICARDS ON THE CATHOLIC RULE OF FAITH.\*

THE need there is at the present day for what we may designate a Popular Catholic Literature cannot be easily exaggerated, and certainly has not been exaggerated by Dr. Barry in his admirable article in the *Dublin Review* for July, 1885, or in his recent contributions to the *Tablet* newspaper. This need is increasing and becoming more and more pressing every day. The enemies of the church are exceedingly active, and threaten, if Catholics do not exert themselves more, to all but monopolise the literary market. Popular books of every description are daily pouring from Protestant and infidel sources, admirable, at least many of them, for their style and for the attractive and artistic manner in which they are brought out, while the works of a popular character that come from Catholic pens are comparatively few and are not, unhappily, as a rule, over-attractive either for their style or their get-up. We say comparatively and as a rule advisedly, for we have no wish to minimise or despise the excellent work already done by Catholics, or to compare for an instant their logic or their matter with that of non-Catholic writers. Our point is this. The literary taste of the age is sickly and fastidious. Plain solid food, placed before it in its plainness and solidity, it will not have. Whatever food it accepts, whether solid, or not, must be spiced and seasoned with the particular spice and seasoning it desires, else it will reject it. Now, though we know that the food offered by Catholic writers is solid and wholesome, if taken and digested, while that presented by non-Catholic writers is as decidedly only a temporary stimulant and unwholesome, yet the one is bought up at a fabulous rate, while the other is turned from with loathing. The result is or soon will be, if care is not taken, that all, old and young, will have been so poisoned and starved that the remedy will be all but useless even if it comes. Neither can the blame be thrown entirely on the fact that Catholics are precluded from treating of subjects which owe their popularity chiefly to their novelty. This is true to a considerable

\* *Aletheia; or, the Outspoken Truth on the All-important Question of Divine Authoritative Teaching: An Exposition of the Catholic Rule of Faith, &c., &c.* By the Right Rev. J. D. Ricards, D.D., Bishop of Retimo, and Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape Colony. Benziger Brothers, New York: Dublin, Gill & Son.

extent, yet it is by no means sufficient to account for the whole of the evil. The most old-world truths are capable of being treated in a novel way, and in competent hands may be made to vie with the most modern fiction in interest. Truth has an attraction for every human mind greater than any mere theory or fiction can have even independently of the way in which it may be told, for truth is the connatural object of the mind. Men may be found to deny or conceal the effect of truth on their minds and consciences, but of this we may be certain, that if these very men can be brought to listen to truth, its effect it will produce upon them, however much they may try to conceal it.

Hence every Catholic writer, who evinces aptitude and willingness to meet the crying evil of our times of which we have just spoken by boldly proclaiming the truth, merits the warmest encouragement and support. Hence it is that with all our hearts we welcome such works as "*Aletheia*" from the pen of Dr. Ricards. Urged by the same motives as at present we gave some months ago a hearty welcome to another work from the same zealous pen, "*Catholic Christianity and Modern Unbelief*."

The object and scope of these works needs to be clearly understood that the works themselves may be judged of and appreciated as they deserve. To judge of them by a false standard would, it is needless to observe, be most unfair. Now, Dr. Ricards has been at pains to clearly set forth his object in the preface of both his works, but more especially in that of the former. He does not pretend to give treatises laden with learning and erudition on the questions on which he undertakes to write, nor in any sense to exhaust his subject. What he does pretend to do is to give a true, brief, and correct statement of Catholic doctrine, carefully separating it from the erroneous notions prevalent of what that doctrine is, and contrasting it with the various errors opposed to it. This, further, he undertakes to do in a style which, if not positively attractive by its polish, will at least have nothing which, as far as in him lies and consistently with the truths he has got to enunciate, will in any degree be repulsive to the prevailing taste.

Now, at the present day, when almost everyone can read and does read, it is obvious that there are several classes of readers, for each of which a different standard of reading is required. The class to whom Dr. Ricards primarily addresses himself is composed chiefly of those, whether Catholics or non-Catholics, to whom a little learning is proving a dangerous thing. The world is becoming



overrun by a horde of freethinking scientists—for your true scientist is not and cannot be a freethinker—men who undertake to overthrow the Catholic religion, though they have proved themselves utterly ignorant of the merest outlines of the great economy of Catholicity. Catholicity they have condemned unheard in its own defence, or, what is worse, they have condemned as Catholicity what is but the sorriest caricature of it. Many of these men are far from possessing even ordinary gifts of mind, but there are likewise many among them highly gifted by nature, who have had in addition every rare educational advantages. These men pose as leaders and undertake to lead their followers somewhither or nowhither. The masses being already robbed of all rational belief, thanks to Protestantism, and being taught to look on Catholicity as the great enemy of humanity—the very antichrist of our race—are prepared to listen to the boldest speculation and theorising, particularly if it is in favour of larger licence, and so the evil goes on and widens. The speculators feed the imaginations, not the minds and hearts of the crowd, and the crowd in return supply the stomachs of the speculators with “corn, and oil, and wine.”

This is the evil which Dr. Ricards would fain, as far as is in his power, put a stop to. And he would do so by raising his voice and addressing in strong, and earnest, and trenchant words the duped multitude. He knows that vast numbers are wandering outside the Church because they have never known it as it is, that many blaspheme it not knowing what they do. The leaders he does not so much consider in his writings, though if they could be induced to consider earnestly and ponder over his words, even they would find therein a light new, and strange, and kindly. It is to be feared, however, that there would be but small use in trying to convert such men as Spencer, and Harrison, and Huxley, and Littledale, and Bradlaugh, and the American Bob Ingersoll. At all events a book written specially to suit their case were mere waste paper for the vast majority. It should pursue them through every species of fallacy, and quibbling, and lying, and go into details whither the bulk of readers either could not or would not follow. This kind of work Dr. Ricards is inclined to leave to others, and would devote his pen to showing to the duped and ignorant both what true Catholicity means and how absurd and grotesque are the errors opposed to it when stripped of their vagueness and despoiled of their tinsel. Neither is he content to do so briefly or superficially, or by the use of rhetoric alone. The readers for whom he writes are many of them men of good natural parts,

and honest if misled minds—men who can understand the force of a fact and the point of an argument. Facts and arguments accordingly Dr. Ricards gives in abundance, and he states them fairly and honestly. Indeed, this is one of the leading characteristics of his writing. No one, as we have said elsewhere, can read ten pages of his book without feeling satisfied that he is in contact with a mind sincerely earnest and honest.

Following out his idea of how good might be done and the progress of infidelity stayed, Dr. Ricards gave to the world some six or eight months ago his first work, "Catholic Christianity and Modern Unbelief," a work destined to have an almost unprecedentedly rapid sale. To this work he has now added another, that which at present lies before us, and which forms an admirable supplement and sequel to the former, written in the same vigorous style and uncompromising strain. His present subject is "The Catholic Rule of Faith, with a full Explanation of the whole Question of Infallibility and Application of the Principles to the Development of Catholic Doctrine, according to the needs of the times." In the entire round of controverted questions there is clearly no other of such paramount importance as this. For if it be once shown from Scripture and tradition that Christ established a visible infallible Church, and that the Roman Pontiff is the visible infallible Head of that Church, all controversy with Protestants is necessarily at an end. The same is to be said of infidels, if the Divine authorship and inspiration of Scripture is proved, a question with which Dr. Ricards had already dealt in "Catholic Christianity and Modern Unbelief."

We do not, as we have already explained, stop to consider whether Dr. Ricards' works are calculated to silence and convince the leaders of Protestantism and infidelity. This is not their primary object. What they are decidedly in our judgment calculated to do is to awaken the dupes and victims of these men to a lively sense of the fact that Catholicity is neither so absurd nor so effete as it is confidently represented to them to be, that not only is much to be said in its favour even in the full light of modern discoveries, but that the balance of proof is altogether on its side. If Dr. Ricards proves thus much to doubting and perplexed minds, and we believe his works are eminently calculated to do so, he has done a mighty work of zeal, and one which if followed up must end in the happiest results. He has given a lead and pointed out a road which we believe Catholic polemical writers would do well to follow in the future—the road of securing a hearing for Catholic

truth at any cost of trouble or of condescension to prevailing tastes.

There is one notable feature in Dr. Ricard's work which we cannot allow to pass without at least a word of notice—the zealous freedom with which he attacks and lashes the religious follies and foibles of the age, exhibiting them, like another Paul, in their true colours, and yet in a manner which could come only from fatherly apostolic zeal for the welfare and safety of children.

“‘No,’ I fancy I hear them exclaim, ‘it is preferable to nerve ourselves, and look calmly on the awful future, than bear the utter renunciation of all that makes life dear and charming. And after all, *perhaps* it is not quite so dangerous as conscience tells us to trifle with the Divine appointments; and who knows but we may find a plan whereby we can at the same time serve a merciful God and gratify our own spirit of independence, and those tastes and inclinations which are essential to our happiness as human beings? Surely there must be some way by which we can safely put aside this “humble obedience to the Faith” and this “foolishness” of Catholic teaching that excites our honest loathing and contempt.’

“What shall I say to souls thus so sorely tried? Shall I attempt to argue with them and point out how unreasonable and unfounded are their prejudices against Catholic doctrine and Catholic practices and worship?

“I know it would be a vain hope to cast in this way even one gleam of light on this dark sea of troubles. Of course in picturing to myself these severe temptations to proud human nature, which may all be summed up in the words ‘the pride of life,’ and the mental struggles of those who suffer under this most dangerous of all earthly temptations that war against the acquisition of Life Eternal, I do not for a moment set before me a class of Christians who are altogether spoiled for serious thought by inordinate and constant frivolity. The case of such as these is, I fear, utterly hopeless. An angel from heaven might perhaps by a smart brush of his wing, or the vivid suggestion of an eternity of misery, startle them from their fascination; but the plain and homely words of a minister of the Gospel—“the foolishness of our preaching”—if it is heeded at all, can only divert such as these.”

The present work is brought out in the same admirable style as its predecessor, and is a credit to the firm of Benziger Brothers.

D. G.

## RELICS OF "A CERTAIN PROFESSOR."

## PART II.

THE last of Father Joseph Farrell's letters that we quoted was a letter of consolation for the death of one who had lived a long and useful life. The next was addressed to a mother who had lost a peculiarly attractive and graceful little girl of three or four years of age, whose exquisite portrait haunts the memory even of one who had hardly known the child in life.

"I was so shocked and pained when I took up the paper and saw that poor little —— was taken from you. I wish I could say anything to comfort you in the great sorrow that God has sent you. It is a great sorrow. A child just at that age takes hold on one—just beginning to grow into an *individual*, with its own little ways and its own little character. However, there is no great use in words. I need not tell you that it is only from supernatural sources—fortunately so accessible to all of us—that real comfort comes in times like these. I hope God will give you grace and strength to bear the cross. The bright side—to a cross there always is a bright side—the bright side is that it ought to be a great consolation to parents to be so sure that one dear saint in heaven is so specially interested in their well-being. —— will do many a good service to her friends on earth."

After a visit of condolence Father Farrell writes again to the afflicted mother :—

"I hope you have been faithful to the resolutions you made, and that you have settled down to the performance of the many happy duties which God has given you to do. If there is any happiness in this world, it is only to be had in that way. You have been constantly in my thoughts and in my poor prayers since I saw you. I hope you will make all possible profit out of your great cross. It is so great that it would be a pity to lose any of it.

"It is well for you just now to have so many people to care for and to look after. It will do you good. You cannot expect to have a very happy Christmas. That is not in our power, but it rests with ourselves to have a holy one—and that is better. I think the sooner you resume your ordinary life the better—I mean, as regards going out, seeing visitors, &c. Above all things do not make a luxury of grief, as many people unconsciously do."

Of the next letter that our choice falls upon, we give all except a phrase or two.

"I took advantage of your kind suggestion, and waited till now to write. You said I ought to wait till I should have something to write about; but, if I waited so long, I fear I should have to wait a long time. Of course nothing

happened since. In truth, the blessedness of this little place is that nothing ever seems to happen. In a great feeling of loneliness I have been paying for my lotus-eating at \_\_\_\_\_. However, I do not grudge the price.

"I am better. I have got quite into harness again, and feel all the better for it. There is not much to be done just now; and it is fortunate, for I find my strength returning very slowly. How have you been ever since? Have you buried yourself beneath piles of what women call 'work,' but which men are prone to think ought to be done off the premises. I think a little idleness would do you all the good in the world, if only you could get yourself to take kindly to it. Do try and make the most of your coming trip. Be resolved to get all the good out of it, and bring with you as little care as you can—for care is the heaviest and most troublesome of all luggage. Though I say this, I think I myself, if I were in your place, would feel a little pang leaving your beautiful home—even for a time. R — seems to me a place of peace. But then, I remember, I had nothing to do but enjoy it: were I *governor* or *governess* of so large a household it might come on me sometimes from another point of view—and I might like a trip to Aix, as I hope you will.

"The spring has just begun, and only begun. It was very late in coming this year, but it is very beautiful now that it is here. How I enjoy driving through the country as I have been doing to-day—watching everything, as it were, beginning over again! Still, spring is by no means my favourite season. I hope all the children are quite well now—though, where there are so many it is hard to have all simultaneously well. I have read 'Democracy' and 'Louisiana.' The latter is exquisite. I shall not rest till I read 'Mrs. Burnett' through.

"I wish I had some news to make a letter interesting—though I must say my theory has always been that in letters between friends, 'news' is the very last thing that should find a place. There is enough, and more than enough, of that in the newspapers, and on the tongues of gossip. A letter should carry more precious things—such as what we think, and how we feel about the little bit of life that touches us closely, and every day I hope you think with me in this."

The remark which introduced the preceding letter applies also to the pleasant one that follows :

"It was at the same time too good of you, and too bad, to write so long a letter at such a time. I am truly rejoiced that you were able to do it. What a time you have had since I saw you, and how little I imagined when I thought of you (and I do think of you sometimes) that you had drifted so near the fatal shore on which all our life-barks must one day strike. Now, thank God, you are out in mid-ocean again with many a fair day before you in which to do the many things that fall within your daily work.

"To-day we have the first snow, and, in some way, I am glad to see it. It is so white and so silent, it always seems to me like a garment of peace on this troubled world. Still, it is hard for the poor, and for the birds—and I hope it will not stay too long. I had to drive out to the country to-day—and it was that reminded me of the birds. Poor things, you should have seen them—how they flocked together as if to take counsel in this calamity, and what surprise and confusion the white world seemed to cause them.

"I am very sorry about the poor little child—but these things are in the hands of God, and are amongst the mysteries we cannot solve in this world—

but it is consoling to know that these little souls that die without baptism shall never know any pain, but shall be happy with a happiness of their own which will suffice for them. This is what most of the great theologians teach.

"About my not writing at Christmas—you know it was only a day or two since I had left you, and I am so unconventional that I don't like Christmas letters or Christmas cards. So I wrote when all that was over. I hope M—— is all right by this, and poor D——, and poor little N——. How hard a thing it is to see little ones suffer. I had had thoughts of going to Dublin this week, but now I shall put it off till about a fortnight. I am troubled somewhat with my ear—no pain, but an unpleasant sense of fulness and a continual noise. However, it does not interfere with my work, and I am getting used to it; I shall let it take its own course and its own time. I have no faith any more in specialists—but in nature great faith.

"As for —— I begin to believe that he is a pure ascetic—one of those who scruple to give pleasure to themselves or to others. I think, however, that real *saints* like to give pleasure to others. I do not quite mean that —— is not a real saint, perhaps he is in process of becoming one—and then the unpleasant side of his asceticism will disappear. For myself I fear I am so little of a saint that I like to give pleasure both to others and to myself."

To a friend away on a trip to the Continent, the "Certain Professor" wrote a very amusing letter from which we can venture only to take two fragments :

"Remember, the return from a journey like yours may well be made a new starting-point; and at the starting you must put away, and for ever, all worry. It is worry that makes life hard, and oh! how useless a thing it is. You see I am *lecturing* you; but if I have given up *lecturing* the public in 'THE IRISH MONTHLY,' I still claim the privilege of lecturing my friends . . . While you are away, just do this—paint a careful picture, I do not mean on canvas but on your memory. Study all the details, put in the very nicest bits of scenery and the best faces you meet; throw as much sunshine over it all as you can, and bring it home to hang for many a day in the chambers of your mind, recalling this pleasant episode of your life. Indeed, but it is a sad thought sometimes that we have to leave behind and see no more places and people that touch our fancy, and sometimes touch something in us deeper than fancy. I have had that feeling a thousand times. I suppose we shall meet all the very nicest people in heaven; and surely we shall not have to go without bits of scenery to remind us of the dear old earth where we lingered and wept, were sad and perhaps sometimes happy."

Before continuing my extracts from Father Farrell's correspondence, let me quote the tribute paid to his memory at a public meeting, by Mr. J. J. Clancy, M.A., one of the editors of *The Nation* newspaper, and the popular candidate for the representation of the county Dublin at the momentous election now impending. In the course of his speech Mr. Clancy said that he "could not stand on that platform and address that meeting without thinking

of a great man gone whose presence, while he lived, dignified that locality, and whose memory, now that he was dead, was a holy inspiration. When he was in Monasterevan before, it was to spend a few hours with Father Joseph Farrell (*loud cries of 'God rest him'*) and though before that day he had learned, from his writings and speeches, to admire and love him, it was only when he met him in the privacy of his home that he felt the full charm of one who united in his single person the best and highest qualities of a true priest and a true patriot. They were bound to revere the memory of such a man, and he would take leave to say that the best way in which they could show respect for him would be by carrying out both in the departments of religion and public life the principles which he upheld throughout his career."

Of the letters found among my own papers in the familiar handwriting of the "Certain Professor," I have already given the one written on the occasion of the death of Dr. Russell of Maynooth. Father Farrell, in dating his letters, gave the day of the month but hardly ever the year. It is therefore only from internal evidence that I conjecture the following to be the earliest of the letters which I have preserved. It must relate to the lecture about Money which appeared in the "IRISH MONTHLY" for August, 1874, the fifth of the series :

"MARYBOROUGH.

"July 6 [1874].

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"I am sending the remainder of the proof. Indeed it was not necessary to send it at all. Besides, I can never see a proof-sheet without a wish to re-write the whole article.

"You ask me what I have written ; and I am sorry to have to answer 'very little !—in fact, I have hitherto published nothing of any account. The 'Carlow Magazine' contains only one article of mine. It was in the July number, 1870, and was entitled 'Liberty and the Press.' I have never been brought into connection with published literature, and I have been too indolent, or have had too little ambition for literary fame, or, perhaps found it too hard to satisfy my own notions or come up to my own standard, to have ever cared to push myself forward. I have always had a notion, too, that there were enough people writing about everything. There has, perhaps, too, been some degree of pride in wishing rather not to do a thing at all than do it anything less than first rate. With the 'Lectures' it is different. They aim at nothing, and it may be they just succeed in hitting it. At all events they suit me—suit my time and circumstances, and my inexact knowledge of things which I do know. Some day they will cease, and, perhaps better things may take their place.

"Do you find the Magazine a success ? I mean a commercial success ; for, after all, *that* is the main point, even though ultimate ends be the loftiest possible.

"I hope to be able to send you a lecture as often as you want one, and perhaps a few verses. But contrive to tell me beforehand when you *do* want them—for I cannot write very much in advance of requirement.

"I cannot but say what I think about Miss Ryan's piece for August—it is, that it seems to me a pity that she should throw her beautiful thoughts into that broad Scotch, which will rob them of their beauty in the eyes of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the readers of the 'IRISH MONTHLY.'

"As to changing the H. L. into J. F.—you must remember that both owe their appearance to your own judgment—and to your own judgment I leave them.

"I have never read a word of 'Jack Hazlett,' but I shall do so, for I have heard many people speak well of it. But I hate to read a serial story. Do you know I think that in your editorial capacity you will miss it very much—for I believe all editors find out how pleasant it is to have a substantial joint, however plain. It gives them scope to devote themselves to those accessories which make all the difference between a dinner and a banquet.

"Father O'Reilly is admirable, and I can assure you is relished by people whom you would hardly imagine capable of relishing anything so substantial.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOSEPH FARRELL."

In the foregoing Father Farrell refers to "My Twa Luves," by Miss Julia O'Regan, which appeared in September, 1874. Guided back to it now by this criticism of our lost friend, we have read this poem anew with great admiration for its originality and pathetic beauty. Some of Father Farrell's own poems printed in this Magazine had been signed with the final letters of his name; and he speaks here of using rather his initials for this purpose. The last words of his letter refer to the late Father Edmund O'Reilly's essays on the Relations of the Church to Society, to which Cardinal Newman called emphatic attention by his manner of quoting them in his famous "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk."

After many intervening letters which are as irrecoverable as the lost decades of Livy, next come two letters which must have been written in 1876, for they refer to the very remarkable "Lecture about Life," which appeared at page 181 of our fourth volume.

"MARYBOROUGH,

"February 11 [1876].

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"I am sorry to have come in any degree under the ban of a censor whose opinion I value so highly. It were perhaps better as well as safer to have avoided dangerous topics, but there are topics that are everywhere discussed in our day, and I think it quite inevitable that Catholics must discuss them and impose upon them a Catholic sense. *I, more meo*, neither discussed nor dogma-



tised, merely suggested—and I should think it no small gain, even if the lecture never saw the light, that the attention of such a man as Father O'Reilly was directed to the problems it suggests. They are, I repeat, problems that are everywhere discussed—and one day or other they must be grappled with. I believe them to be *old* difficulties in new forms, but in the new forms they must be met again.

"I am glad that Father O'Reilly does not absolutely pronounce any of my propositions 'false' in the sense in which I might be judged from the context to have conceived them. One sentence I had grave doubts about, and accordingly I correct that: the rest must take its chance. Let the censor decide—but if any large portion of the lecture were condemned, I should rather the whole were suppressed.

"About *judging*—I scarcely think I exaggerate—by judging I mean, as might, I think, be inferred from the context—'accurately to determine the amount of responsibility to God.' (Mind, I do not offer this as a definition but as a description of what I had in mind)—how in this sense I still think that neither in our own case nor in that of others can we *judge*. For instance, in hearing confessions I apply my knowledge of moral theology to what a penitent tells me, and pronounce in a given case—that was a mortal sin; but I never profess to determine the degree of his responsibility; and think that the same sin may not involve the same degree of responsibility in one and another, and that this results from differences of circumstance and condition which I have no means of ascertaining, and which I am not called upon to ascertain.

"There may be a danger of false *impression*, but such a danger, like other dangers, must sometimes be incurred. Prudence may be the better part of valour—but the valour that would be always squaring its proceedings by prudence, would soon cease to be even respectable. I know these are sentiments to vex the soul of an editor. You will say, indeed have said, 'Why will he not stick to the safe?' Why, indeed—I write as I think—and do not suppose that either my writing or thinking will cause revolutions in any sphere. Perhaps it had been better that the series had closed, as I always meant, with the dozen. I suppose that even had I commenced a new series, I should scarcely have rushed at the outset into difficult questions.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOSEPH FARRELL."

"MARYBOROUGH,

"February 14 [1876].

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"I am glad the correction was acceptable. I now send an addendum that may possibly set the other objectionable paragraph right. I should be extremely sorry that any erroneous or even dubious doctrine should be deducible from my lecture, and I need only say that I submit *ex corde* to any corrections, or changes, or blottings out that Dr. O'Reilly may think needful. I am sorry to have given you so much trouble, and shall try for the future to steer clear of rocks and sandbanks.

"I have a new lecture ready, though not transcribed for press. Will you have room for it in April? Let me know, and I shall have it with you this week, as I shall be away next week.

"Yours affectionately,

"JOSEPH FARRELL."

Refraining from any footnotes or commentaries, we arrange the following letters in what appears to be their proper chronological order. One of them refers to "Miss O'Brien"—namely, the late Attie O'Brien, one of the most gifted of the friends that this Magazine has gathered round it. "Uno avulso non deficiit alter aureus."

"MARYBOROUGH,

"March 11, 1877.

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"I send back the proof of the verses. I am glad you like them. There is at present no lecture on the anvil; for I am just now in a transition state that renders literary work an impossibility. I do not know the day when I shall have to strike my tent and begone from Maryborough.

"Your critical friend has reason for his strictures on the 'Certain Professor,' perhaps. It has more than once occurred to myself after writing a lecture—'What does anyone care what you think or feel about the subjects of these rambling papers?' They necessarily take an egotistical form. They do not pretend to instruct. They aim merely at amusing. Whether they succeed even in that is a matter that may illustrate the vast difference that sometimes exists between intention and achievement. Egotist I may possibly be in treating my subjects from the point of view of my own impressions; not, I think, an egotist in the sense of unduly expecting my impressions to be of any great value. I only hope that my critic supplies the 'IRISH MONTHLY' with a quantity of unegotistic papers. If he do, he has all the more right to a hearing. Father Finlay wonders do the lectures cost me much trouble? You might tell him that they cost me just the trouble of living as long as I have lived, and of becoming exactly what I am. The trouble of actually writing them is not great. I should like to see his 'Savonarola.' It is a subject on which I have long had an intention of treating. He is one of my heroes.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOSEPH FARRELL."

"MARYBOROUGH,

"June, 1878.

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"I had somewhere found it written that a presentation copy is rarely or never read. Well, I determined before thanking you for your neat volume, to establish an exception to that general rule. I read 'Emmanuel' with great

care, and with very great pleasure. You have earned the gratitude of everyone who has the happiness of being interested in your great theme. And if He is not unmindful of a cup of cold water, will He not richly reward a cup of true poetic wine?

"I felt in reading—I who have written so many idle words—that you had found the really profitable investment for your poetic capital. After all, nothing profits so much as that which does good to others. I need not say I wish your book every success. May it please many—but may it still more, fulfilling a purpose still nearer, I am sure, to its author's heart—be the interpreter of the many pious thoughts it will be sure to excite in those that read it, about the Holy Eucharist.

"Is it a wish too far-fetched? (I do not think so)—may you one day sing and hear sung your verses in Heaven.

"Ever yours affectionately,  
"JOSEPH FARRELL."

"MONASTEREVAN.

"March 24.

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"I was glad to get your letter. It proved you had not quite forgotten me, though I well deserve to be forgotten. I seem to myself to have lost all wish and power of writing anything. I am as sorry for this as you can possibly be. I read a great deal in a desultory way, and occupy myself with my duties, and my days pass by, if uneventfully, yet peacefully. I shall be glad and thankful to get Dowden, or indeed, any interesting book. I have been of late very much thrown back on old books. *That*, however, I do not count a disadvantage—yet one longs now and then for something new. I am quite well—I need not ask about you, for you seem never to be sick.

"I should like to know how is Dr. Russell, and I need hardly say that I should be pleased, indeed, to learn that he is quite restored.

"Yours affectionately,  
"JOSEPH FARRELL."

"MONASTEREVAN,

"May 1, 1879.

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"It is startling to experience how apathetic conscience may become after a long course of duty deferred. One first feels uneasy, then less uneasy, until at last one almost forgets. However, I had not quite forgotten. When I got the book you sent, I should at once have acknowledged it, but I thought I would wait till I could express some opinion about it.

"I have been disappointed by it. I think Mr. Dowden absolutely *grovels* before his idols, and I think he has written (especially on George Eliot) a great deal of what may be called 'stuff'; other parts of the book pleased me better. On the whole, I think I see signs of ambition on Mr. Dowden's part (whether realised fully or not I cannot say) of becoming the 'king of a coterie'—and that ruins a critic. I am sorry to hear your account of Dr. Russell. I had hoped that by this time he would have been his old admirable self.

"Yours affectionately,  
"JOSEPH FARRELL."

"MONASTEREVAN,

"June 11, 1879.

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"To-day, cutting the leaves of George Eliot's latest book, I came upon the sentence 'Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact.' This is my justification at present—so, do not blame but bless me.

"I take great interest in Miss O'Brien's success, and I think her blank verse is of a high order. I am almost sorry that she should let herself down into stories. I shall not read her in the *Weekly Freeman*, but shall wait till she has finished her labours. I hate to take my fiction in instalments. Indeed I am beginning to tire of fiction, except the very best, and have taken very much to more serious though not less desultory reading. To the questions asked of me by many, 'Why do you not write?' I feel an ever growing inclination to answer: 'Why should I?' Little as my success has been in literature, it quite satisfies me—perhaps because it was so little—and I think I shall never write again until forced either by internal impulse or outward pressure, or both. Meantime, all manner of success to you and the 'IRISH MONTHLY.'

"Yours affectionately,

"JOSEPH FARRELL."

"MONASTEREVAN,

"April 30, 1880.

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"I cannot refrain from writing to tell you how charmed I was with your commemorative verses to poor Dr. Russell. I will well express what I feel when I say that I think them quite worthy of the sad occasion of them. I am sure he will know about them in Heaven. I thought I should have been able to meet you at Maynooth, but a mission had just opened here at the time, and as it was only to last a fortnight, the work was too pressing to allow me to go. I am sure you will be glad to learn that I have at last conquered my long reluctance to appear again in print. I have sent a paper, the first of a series of two or three, or perhaps more, to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. The subject is 'St. Paul and Seneca.' I also made an unrhymed translation of the 'Adoro te' with a short prose introduction. I do not think either was in time for the coming number, but they will see light in due time. Now, I want to ask some information from you—you surely can give it, or get it for me—it is about the authorship of the 'Anima Christi,' of which also I have made a translation. I only know this about it, that it is attributed to St. Ignatius, and that there are various versions of it, some leaving out portions that others contain. I want some information that will enable me to construct a little prose frame for the picture. Indeed, I think, translations of church hymns would make an agreeable feature in the *Record*, and, perhaps, you would be able to refer me to some work in which I could learn enough about them to introduce the translations in an interesting way. Dr. Walsh of Maynooth sometime ago suggested to me to take up the subject of 'The Hymns of the Church;' but I am at a loss for sources of information. Now this seems to be peculiarly your field, and it may be, you could direct me to the needful books. I hope you are well. Indeed you must be, if I can judge from the large part

you take on your own shoulders in the present 'IRISH MONTHLY.' May God give you health and strength to pursue your labours!

"I will just add that it is on occasions of wanting such information as I need that we will miss Dr. Russell.

"Yours affectionately,  
"JOSEPH FARRELL."

"MONASTEREVAN,  
"May 24, 1880.

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"I thank you for the treat you have given us in 'Madonna.' I think I like it even better than 'Emmanuel.' When you see the next *Record* you will find from me some thoughts about 'prayer poems,' and I must tell you I thought of you when the words were written. I am rather fond of unrhymed metre—and perhaps it is for that reason that I like best in your latest volume 'St. Agnes,' and 'St. Emerentiana,' especially the latter. I have to thank you, too, for the books you sent—I shall keep them safe, and send them back in due time. Yesterday I was rather surprised by getting from Gill's two volumes of *Hymni Latini*. I suppose they were sent by your orders. I am sorry to say they are of little use to me, as I do not know German. As a collection of hymns, they are valuable—but it is not hymns I wanted, but rather some historical information about hymns, especially about those that are best known. I shall keep the two volumes till I hear from you. I have not yet got Mr. O'Hagan's translation—I suppose it is not yet out.

"I make a very modest beginning in the *Record*—my longer essay is held over for another month. I pray that you may be spared to gratify our Lord and His Mother, and His saints by many more sweet songs.

"Yours affectionately,  
"JOSEPH FARRELL."

"MONASTEREVAN,  
"January 6, 1881.

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"I hope it is not yet too late to plead, not in excuse, but in extenuation of a delay in writing, that seems even to myself unpardonable. You must have despaired of me when even the charming Christmas-box you sent me failed to elicit an acknowledgment. Well, my delay in answering your letter of last October was due to this, that I really hoped I should be able to do something for the 'IRISH MONTHLY.' Then great crosses came upon me. I lost my only niece, a charming child of twelve years, after a few days' illness. Three days after I was overwhelmed by the death of my dearest friend on earth, Father Tom Delaney. Since then I have not been well, and just coming up to Christmas I got an attack of congestion of the lungs. I was barely able to say Mass on Christmas Day, and the day after, but then I had to give up, and have not been out of doors since. I am now much better, and hope soon to be about as usual. When I am quite restored I shall pay a long-meditated visit to Dublin—and hope then to make my peace with you—though I trust it shall be made before that. This time of illness is a time of despondency, and I seem to myself as if I never should write anything again. It is not too late to wish you a happy New Year—and, indeed, I do so from my heart. I hope your change to Gardiner-street has been to your own advantage and to that of the Irish

MONTHLY.' How proud you ought to be of your brother, who has done such eminent service. May God reward him. Will you not forgive me, and accept my best thanks for all your past kindness?

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOSEPH FARRELL."

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"MONASTREEVAN.

"Christmas Eve, 1881.

"MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"I suppose you will have quite forgotten my handwriting. It would be no wonder. I have treated you so badly that I resolved to wait and shelter myself from your just indignation under the mantle of Christmas. I know you will forgive me. I have (to my grief) deserted the pleasant ways of literature, for the noisy highway of politics. I have had to endure many worries, both from public and private matters. I fear it will be some time before I could make myself worthy to appear in the pages of the 'IRISH MONTHLY' which you continue to carry on with a vigour that surprises and delights me. I was in Dublin not very long since—and very near you—but I almost feared to meet you until I should first have written. I know you will accept my warmest wishes for a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year to yourself and the Magazine.

"Yours affectionately,

"JOSEPH FARRELL."

I remember Father Farrell once objected to the name "Winged Words" given to those selections of pithy and striking sayings which have very often appeared in the "IRISH MONTHLY" and been received with marked favour. He quoted Homer to prove that the epithet was used not in a complimentary but a disparaging sense. A curious confirmation of this view occurred in that one of Mr. Gladstone's innumerable speeches which was delivered in the island of Orkney when he and Tennyson (not yet Lord Tennyson) visited it during their trip in the *Pembroke Castle*. They were both presented with the freedom of the borough of Kirkwall. In returning thanks, the Prime Minister spoke thus of the Poet Laureate:—

"Mr. Tennyson's life and labours correspond in point of time as nearly as possible to my own, but Mr. Tennyson's exertions have been in a higher plane of human action than my own. He has worked in a higher field, and his work will be more durable. We public men, who play a part which places us much in view of our countrymen, are subjected to the dangers of being momentarily intoxicated by the kindness—the undue homage of kindness—we may receive. It is our business to speak, but *the words which we speak have wings, and fly away and disappear*. The work of Mr. Tennyson is of a higher order. I anticipate for him the immortality which England and Scotland have supplied in the course of their long national life for many whom you are proud of to-day.

The additions that have been made to your municipal body may happen to be examined in distant times, and some may ask with regard to the Prime Minister, 'Who was he, and what did he do? We know nothing about him' But the Poet Laureate has written his song on the hearts of his countrymen that can never die. Time is powerless against him, and believe this, that were the period of that inquiry to be as long distant as between this day and the time when Maestrowe\* was built, that still in regard to the Poet Laureate of to-day there would be no difficulty in stating who he was and what he had done to raise the intellect and hearts of his fellow-creatures, to a higher level, and by so doing to acquire a deathless fame."

Amongst Dr. Russell's papers we have found the following letter of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, which refers to Father Farrell's poem in the "IRISH MONTHLY" on "The Laying of the Stone"—namely the foundation-stone of the still unfinished Collegiate Church of the great College of Maynooth:—

"27 CHAPKEL STREET, PARK LANE, LONDON W.

"DEAR DR. RUSSELL,

"Pray accept my best thanks for your great kindness in thinking of sending to me the spirited and interesting poem on the laying of the stone at Maynooth College. I read it with great pleasure as I always do what has relation to the Faith of Ireland—a country which, though I have never seen it, I love. Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

"October 27."

One of the preceding letters, referring too kindly to a little book of verses about our Lady and the saints called "Madonna," alluded to an article of Father Farrell's in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, which may be found at page 273 of the volume for 1880. One sentence may be quoted as a last "Relic of the Certain Professor:"—

"But suppose that such a poem was also a prayer; suppose that the lips that first chanted it were touched not only with the inspiration of human genius but also with fire from a far more sacred altar; suppose that the repeating of it stirred that thought of God which lies deep down in all the hearts He has created: could any fame be purer or more holy than the fame of him who, having spoken in the silence of his heart to God, found his thoughts turning to music on his lips, and flying off beyond his reach to the ears of men whom he never saw, never would see, till they came to him in heaven to thank him for his prayer-poem?"

\* A "profoundly interesting prehistoric relic" which they had just visited eight miles from Kirkwall.

## THE SOLITARY'S GUEST.

BY THE REV. M. J. BYRNES, S. J.

**A**MBROSE, the saint, as he was named  
 Piously, when men spoke of him,  
 Sat by the door of his hut, in the cool  
 Of a summer eve, when the light was dim.

Not idly sat; but plied his craft,  
 No matter how tired his fingers were,  
 With web of baskets of wicker-work,  
 Since sultry noon and mid-day prayer.

For, years ago—three decades and more—  
 He had vowed, in his prime, to the Crucified,  
 To labour and pray, alternately,  
 In the desert, from dawn until eventide.

"Surely, the Lord hath witnessed my pledge,  
 Body and soul to Him I owe;  
 And if these hands are now weak," he said,  
 "I must keep them steady until I go.

"Surely, the gracious Lord will please  
 To render these failing hands their meed.  
 Hath any one faithfully served Him yet,  
 And found Him not, in hour of need?"

Thus, till an hour after fall of sun,  
 Monk Ambrose prayed and wrought the while;  
 And when he lifted his head, the light  
 Was faint on the waters of distant Nile.

What was it crossed the light, but then?  
 A shape of man, if his eyes told true.  
 "Some brother seeking the city, I trow,  
 Hath erred from the path the wilderness through.

"He shall tarry, this happy night, with me,  
 And blest shall I be, if my meal he shares;  
 For, erewhile, in Mambre's Vale, 'tis writ,  
 How Angels were sheltered unawares."

Full of his thought, Monk Ambrose sped  
 Forward to meet the stranger guest,  
 And with loving clasp and courteous speech,  
 He bade him welcome to food and rest.

"For well I know how it fares with him  
 Who travels the sands of the Desert rude;  
 With a comrade more joyous is the feast,  
 And since matins, I have not tasted food.



"But, first I pray you, throw back your hood :  
The sand blows not through my sheltered nook,  
I have made it pleasant with palm trees' shade  
And, yonder, runneth the living brook.

"God maketh the Desert to bloom for us—  
And part the shoon from your burning feet,  
And let me bathe them, on bended knee ;  
To brother and guest such things are meet."

Made answer the stranger in gentlest tones ;  
So rapt his look and his smile so rare,  
That never, thought Ambrose within himself,  
Had he seen a man so divinely fair.

"May He measure to you an hundred fold,  
The Master, in whom we both confide !  
In love and thanks I will sup with you,  
Though with you, to-night, I may not abide.

"For many a league ere the moon be full  
Which mounteth now o'er the level plain,  
I must hie me to join my brethren in choir ;  
But, in brief while, I shall see you again."

"God speed you, then, if it must be so ;  
And haste your coming, good youth, to me,  
For, as never before, my life seems lone ;  
And lovingly I shall wait for thee."

"Oh, fear me not, Father, I shall not stay,  
Nor fail to bear good tidings to you :  
To-morrow morn, at the hour of Prime,  
Our spirits shall meet in affection true."

Ambrose the Monk looked out on the skies,  
From his pillow of wood and mat of straw ;  
And he said : "If my sins were not so great,  
I could deem 'twas the Lord's own self I saw.

"For never, never 'mid mortal men,  
Is mien so noble and joyous bright :  
Lord, if thy servant find grace with thee,  
Speak thy message to me, this night."

Raphael who standeth before the throne,  
At the word, flashed down from the heights sublime,  
And said : "Brother Ambrose, dost know thy guest ?  
I have come for thee at the hour of Prime."

## NEW BOOKS.

Messrs. Benziger Brothers, who have establishments at New York, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, have rapidly attained a very prominent position among the Catholic publishers of the world. In an earlier part of our present Number, a brief paper is devoted to one of their recent publications; and another of great merit and interest, reaching us at the last moment, has now the good fortune to be placed first among the books of the month. A very beautiful portrait of "Father Isaac Joques, S.J., Founder of the Iroquois Mission, killed near Auriesville, N.Y., October 18, 1646," faces the titlepage which we transcribe in full: "The Life of Father Isaac Joques, Missionary Priest of the Society of Jesus, slain by the Mohawk Iroquois, in the present State of New York, October 18, 1646. By the Rev. Felix Martin, S.J. With Father Joques' Account of the Captivity and Death of his Companion, René Goupil, slain September 29, 1642. Translated from the French by John Gilmary Shea, with a map of the Mohawk country, by General John S. Clark." Mr. J. G. Shea is one of the most learned and most distinguished of the Catholic writers of America. He is no mere book-maker, like some who contrive to get their names printed on a good many titlepages. He is in particular a high authority on all matters connected with the history of Catholicity in America. His present work is deeply interesting in its subject, and Mr. Shea has fortunately not confined himself strictly to the rôle of translator.

The fourth series of "Irish Penny Readings," to which we have more than once called attention, has now been completed in ten weekly parts, and forms a very cheap as well as a very pleasant and useful volume. Its readers are pretty sure to ask for the three earlier volumes of the series, if not already acquainted with them. "Happily the garland is not gathered from graves." The table of contents contains only the names of living writers except those of A. M. Sullivan, Lord O'Hagan, John Mitchel, John Keegan, John Francis O'Donnell, Thomas Davis, Father Joseph Farrell, Miss Attie O'Brien, Isaac Butt, Archbishop Trench, Samuel Lover, Ellen Downing, Fanny Parnell, and Denis Florence MacCarthy—a longer list than we thought, but a small minority of the authors who figure in these closely packed pages. The only Irishwomen, besides three already named, are Lady Wilde, Mrs. Atkinson, Helena Callanan, Mrs. Power O'Donoghue, Fanny Forrester, Katharine Tynan, and Rosa Mulholland. The last two are represented by two of the longest and finest but least known of their poems. Our criticism on this book is becoming a mere enumeration of names, like Homer's catalogue of the ships. We

may carry the process further by congratulating our own Magazine on the large number of its contributors who are deemed worthy to contribute also to this Irish anthology. Besides ten of the names already mentioned, it claims Mr. T. D. Sullivan himself, the editor of the volume, together with Mr. Arthur G. Geoghegan, author of "The Monks of Kilcrea," Mr. Richard Dowling, author of "The Mystery of Killard," and four out of the eleven priests on whom tribute is levied. Three other names that are placed side by side form a very curious combination—John Cashel Hoey, Alfred Perceval Graves, and Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa. But we must not exhaust this analysis of the table of contents. It is well, however, to mention that the cost of the whole collection in a serviceable cover is only a shilling, and that for threepence it will be posted from *The Nation* office, 90 Middle Abbey-street, Dublin. We trust its rapid circulation will induce the editor to undertake a fifth series before long. How quickly materials for such a collection accumulate may be evidenced by two poems which appear together in *The Nation* of this date (September 19th), and which we will venture to introduce to our own readers. If they were stowed away in the pigeonhole devoted to "Borrowed Plumes," they might lie there, like many another good thing, for half a dozen years. We fear that few of our readers are acquainted with the poetry of Sir Henry Taylor, of whose *Philip van Artevelde*, a critic of high authority, has written that, "for largeness of scope and skill in execution—for delineation of characters at once harmonised and contrasted—for intellectual vigour, gravity, variety, and energy—it has no equal since the Shakespearian age." This Englishman had the good fortune to win an Irish wife—a kinswoman, we believe, of Smith O'Brien—and this strain of Celtic blood allows us partly to claim Miss Una Ashworth Taylor, especially as she has published some of her finest poems in *The Nation*. This is her latest—the moral she draws from the late Egyptian campaign, applying to it bitterly the word of the prophet, "the desert shall blossom like the rose."

How many slain upon the sands red sodden ?

Hear, O thou Christian God ! The Christ-born came—  
Behold their track, the road their feet have trodden,  
Their victories won—of triumph and of shame !

Thus is their gospel spread in far-off places,

As the old prophet in dim vision wrote,  
Behold Thy Scripture graved in ruddy traces,  
And preached aloud from the fierce cannon's throat.

The highway hath been made with sword and slaughter ;

Henceforth in peace "the Lord's redeemed" may tread.

The thirsty land is fed with springs of water—

The heathen women weeping o'er their dead.

Behold ! the wilderness breaks forth in singing,  
 But lamentations are the songs we hear ;  
 Thus march the ransomed of our Master, bringing  
 The tidings of salvation far and near.

Henceforth the parched ground hath no sleeping peril,  
 The Lion of the waste lies in his grave ;  
 Rushes and grass shall deck the desert sterile,  
 The home the warrior died in vain to save.

True was the vision. See the waste place lying  
 Which to Isaiah's eyes might dreams disclose ;  
 Behold the blood of slaughtered thousands dying ;  
 The desert blossoms—redder than the rose.

To this poem succeeds immediately the following song, which is marked by the familiar initials of the editor of the volume from which we are now straying a little :—

They say the clouds are clearing  
 That long o'er Ireland lay,  
 They say the dawn is nearing  
 Of freedom's glorious day—  
 To all such news we answer,  
 "God grant it may be so ;  
 But on we'll bear our banner,  
 Let the wind blow high or low."

The weapons of our fathers  
 They bid us cast away,  
 For peace has given us others  
 More potent far than they—  
 If these be truthful tidings  
 A little time will show ;  
 But "forward" is our watchword  
 Let the wind blow high or low.

Our brutal tyrant's temper  
 Is growing mild, they say ;  
 He hears the voice of reason,  
 He lets the truth have way.  
 For all his friendly seeming  
 We doubt our ancient foe ;  
 But Ireland's cause shall triumph  
 Let the wind blow high or low.

When the author of these lines fills next year the civic chair of our metropolis, Dublin will be able to boast that, in whatever other respect she may be behind the world, she is governed by a Lord Mayor who can sing a better song (in both senses of the phrase) than any other mayor in the universe.

Any piece of writing by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, no matter how political it may be, is sure to be literature also. As such we mention

an excellent sixpenny brochure published by Hodges and Figgis of Grafton-street, containing his letter to Lord Carnarvon on "The Price of Peace in Ireland," and also his "Appeal to the Conservative Party," reprinted from the high Tory organ, *The National Review*.

Would that a large but thin quarto which lies before us were at all worthy of its theme or even of the elegant typography which sets it forth. We have never heard of "Miriam and Other Poems," the author of which now devotes twenty-seven sonnets to "The Mysteries of the Rosary" (London: Burns and Oates). The most that can be said of them is that they are fairly respectable. At Bethlehem St. Joseph expresses his perplexity in this distorted and ungrammatical couplet:—

"Where shall, who shares my destitution, *lay*,  
When born, the Child whom creatures all obey?"

But perhaps *lay* is not here the vulgarism for *lie*, into which Byron himself falls in the most famous passage of *Childe Harold*. Perhaps our sonneteer means St. Joseph to ask "where shall she who shares my destitution lay her divine child?" Even this interpretation leaves the phrase harsh in the extreme. We should not dwell on blemishes if beauties attracted our eye. But this very elegant quarto derives no advantage from the old warning, "Don't judge a book by its cover."

As we have been unable to speak as favourably of the preceding volume as its theme and the character of its publishers would predispose us to do, we are reminded of a very different book which we censured last month. We rejoice to see a similar tone adopted towards it by other critics, especially in *The Catholic World*.

The Catholic Truth Society is pursuing its good work with great zeal and success, printing and distributing a variety of useful sheets and pamphlets. One of these, "All is not Gold that Glitters"—a very telling tract on the Education Question and Board Schools, by Father Splaine, S.J.—has run quickly into a second edition.

The President of St. Colman's College, Fermoy, has given a new proof of his literary industry and priestly zeal by translating from the Italian Father Salvatori's "Practical Instructions for new Confessors" (London: Burns and Oates), which the great moral theologian Father Ballerini, S.J., esteemed so highly that he issued a new edition of it shortly before his death.

Part IV. of "The Little One's Own Coloured Picture Paper" is a wonderful sixpennyworth and is the first to enlist chromolithography in the service of the young.

The enthusiastic welcome given to the new Archbishop of Dublin has suggested the publication of a popular sketch "The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Prelate and Patriot" (Lalor, Earl-street, Dublin).

The *Stonyhurst Magazine* has reached its twenty-first number. It

bids fair to be, and it deserves to be an exception to the generally short-lived race of academical periodicals.

"Christian Childhood: a Mother's Religious Instructions to her Children" (Burns and Oates), is translated from the Countess de Flavigny's French, by a lady who has a very French name. It is, however, well translated, and in itself it seems to be good and solid, though it shows none of that wonderful adaptation to the thoughts and language of the young which makes Miss Rosa Mulholland's "Holy Childhood," though a mere juvenile prayer book, a work of art and even a work of genius.

No. 4 of the "Lays of St. Joseph's Chapel" (London: Burns and Oates) contains pious and prettily written ballads about St. Margaret and St. Edburgh. And No. 5 of *The Ave Maria Series*, admirably printed at Notre Dame in Indiana, is a solid and convincing lecture by Father Zahm, on "What the Church has done for Science."

Mr. Wilfrid Robinson tells the story of "The Revolt of the Netherlands" (London: Washbourne), within the compass of two hundred small pages of large type. He aims at nothing more than a clear and interesting sketch of an important epoch in the history of the country where he resides. This last circumstance perhaps accounts for his choice of the subject.

Father Joseph Loyzance, S.J., of Troy, New York, has issued each month during this year, a special periodical for the benefit of St. Mary's of the Martyrs, "The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs, a Magazine of early Catholic American History and of the present Indian Missions." The readers of the Life of Father Isaac Joques, mentioned at the beginning of these book-notes, will be interested in the pious enterprise of which this is the monthly organ.

Two local controversies have led to the publication of two volumes excellent in their kind—"Catholic Controversial Letters" by the Rev. Philip Sweeney, D.D. (London: Washbourne), and "Controversy between the Rev. R. R. Kane and 'S.J.'". These initials stand for an intelligent Catholic layman who contributed these letters in the first place to a Belfast newspaper. They speak well for the writer's zeal and industry and for his innate controversial skill.

Two new books from the busy pen of the Head Master of Foyle College must wait till next month.

## MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERKEEVIL," "ELDERGOWAN,"  
"THE WALKING TREES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE CONVICT'S WIFE.

WHEN Marcella's fit of prostration gave way and the vitality of youth lifted her up and set her on her feet again, she looked round in vain for the delusive hope that had carried her so far on her travel of pain. As one short dark winter's day after another dawned and set, and life went on monotonously in the silent house, the hours going and coming with as little variety as the waves that rose and fell with dreary thunder under the garden wall, and leaving as little trace behind them, she realised gradually that this separation was for life. There were no forces in nature, strong and rich in resources though nature might be, great enough to overturn the barriers set up by man against man; no subtleties of the brain of a loving woman sufficiently ingenious to reverse the decrees of a law-making universe intent on securing itself against the encroachments of crime.

Bryan, snatched from the very step of a scaffold, was yet condemned to a kind of death. Shut in his tomb, bound by the cerecloths of a living grave, swathed in the oblivion his friends had consigned him to, an oblivion that blotted his name from the roll of men who could be suffered to live, there was no gentle Saviour to take away the stone from his sepulchre and bid this buried Lazarus arise and come forth. There he must remain, a living soul immured in a vault till the years should shrivel his face, and extinguish the light of his eyes, and dry up the sap in his veins. At each short visit paid him at long intervals she must expect to find him more worn, more weary, his mind more exhausted with the rebellion of the imprisoned body, or, if less impatient of his restraints, then also less strong to resist the slow blight gradually eating up his manhood.

When she began to resume the duties of her household, as  
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much for the sake of others as to occupy herself, the effort was at first utterly vain, the tasks would drop out of her hands, the entire uselessness and futility of everything stared her out of countenance, and her eyes would suddenly grow blind again to her actual surroundings, and fix themselves with a fascinated gaze on one point in a universe of wrecks and follies, the single dim ray from heaven penetrating a dungeon and lighting up a solitary figure built round with intolerable stone.

Even long walks on the moors and rocks afforded her no relief, such weak yielding to an impulse to escape with her sorrow from all eyes bringing its own punishment. The result was too much time and space for that kind of thinking which attains to no solution of anything, but acts like the welling away of life-blood, leaving a drained heart and a benumbed and bewildered intelligence.

There was too much time and space everywhere for such a small weak creature as herself, and all visible things seemed at pains to enforce this idea upon her, and fix it permanently in her mind.

The wide rolling Atlantic waves that came and went as if out of and into eternity, widening and lengthening with each fresh approach and retreat, the free wandering moors that stretched themselves out immeasurably under the rays of the wintry sun and made paths for their own travelling through the clouds to infinity, alike oppressed her with the invitingness and suggestiveness of their triumphant scope. While she walked swiftly she asked herself why she, and the land, and the water, and the clouds, and the fleet birds, and above all the wild breeze, had such limitless powers of going and coming, while the active feet of one who was always in her mind were cruelly tethered within a few square yards of masonry, restrained from even as much movement as the feeble and the aged and the maimed among living creatures may enjoy.

At last the sickening hatred of the liberty of motion which he could not share grew to a sort of madness in her, and she forsook the moors and all out-door life, and shut herself up with Mrs. Kilmartin in the room where the invalid chiefly lived, an apartment overlooking the sea to which the afflicted mother had taken a fancy.

As yet, that poor lady had shown no sign of recovery from her mental disorder, but neither had her madness assumed any unhappy form. It was still her mania that Bryan had escaped away from Ireland at a fortunate moment, and was enjoying to the utmost his travel round the world. Sometimes she fretted a little because he did not write word that he was coming home, but soon forgot this



only cause for dissatisfaction. Formerly, Marcella had fled scared from before her smiling face, and the task of inventing pleasant answers to her ceaseless remarks and questions, but now that the girl's own heart-sickness had taken a new turn and she found a relief in chaining her young limbs within limits as narrow as those that constrained the prisoner whose life in bonds she was trying to follow, she made fresh efforts to amuse the poor woman and to humour her happy imaginations.

Letting her mind go with the stream of her companion's delirium she would pretend for a moment that the mother's delusion was reality, and reality only a nightmare, and would talk about Bryan's travels and Bryan's enjoyment, would even read fragments from Bryan's letters to which she added passages of her own invention, such as he might have written during an absence under happier circumstances.

She would divert herself and her listener with descriptions of scenery supplied by her own imagination, and with sketches of imaginary people he had met. When the mother talked of his home-coming, which she said was to be expected soon, Marcella humoured the fancy, and, with what she felt to be a half-crazy glee, spoke of the preparations that must be made for him at Inisheen, the pleasure he would find in seeing certain improvements which he had wished to be made, and of the jubilee that would be held among the people to welcome him.

But when the pathetic play was played out, and the invalid, soothed and charmed, had relapsed into her cushions to sleep a little, Marcella had then to pay too dearly for the riot of her fancy by the anguish of the reaction from imaginary happiness to intolerable woe.

With her face buried in the foot of the mother's couch she would kneel with covered face, taking blow after blow as it fell on her heart afflicting her whole body with physical pain, and then, having borne the shock, she would pass a silent motionless hour, seeing with her closed eyes into the prison cell, watching Bryan as he paced about his few yards of pavement, trying to look over his shoulder on the page he was reading, scanning the pallor and the lines of his face, striving to speak to him without words, to make her presence known without touch or sound.

In the evening she would recover a little, would sing Mrs. Kilmartin her favourite songs, and help her with her needlework, and read, and talk, and feel a certain satisfaction in the thought that she had passed her day within limits almost as narrow as Kilmartin's own.

This unnatural way of living could not go on very long without leaving a trace upon her appearance, and when Father Daly came in one day he was startled at the look in her face.

"I am tired of walking out alone, Father Daly," she said. "I am trying to realise what it is to live within four close walls."

"I see," he answered. "You are anxious to take away Bryan's last comfort: when the time for your next visit comes round you will not be able to go to him."

"Oh, Father Daly, I am not ill. You don't think I am looking ill."

"Put on your bonnet and come with me at once for a walk."

She went obediently, her heart throbbing with a new fear. What if she were to be physically incapacitated by mental or bodily illness from paying him those rare visits which even the rigours of the prison law allowed? She owned her mistake to her friend, but pleaded her terror of that melancholy which the widths and lengths of air, water, and earth everywhere enforced upon her.

"Well, now, I have something to propose to you," said the priest. "My little school-mistress over in Ballydownvalley is not very well, and a holiday for change of air would be a blessing to her. I have thought that if you would take her place for a few weeks two people might be benefited."

Marcella hesitated. Grief has its feverishly active phases and its indolent phases. Kilmartin's wife felt herself at that moment inert and helpless.

"Of course, if you cannot think of it, I must try and incur the expense of a paid substitute for her, or, failing that, let the poor child take her chance of falling into confirmed bad health."

"No, no," said Marcella. "I will do it."

"I knew you would," said Father Daly, triumphantly. "You will find it irksome at first, but what you want is to be forced into something that will give you a little trouble quite outside of your own affairs. To be obliged to drive three or four miles in the winter mornings will be annoying but invigorating, and the effort to keep about fifty brats in order for some hours will rouse you a bit, I can tell you. And besides, my dear, it will be a step towards closer intercourse between you and your people—and his—whom you have been rather neglecting, haven't you?"

"Yes. They have all got away from me into the distance. And when they do come near they seem like ghosts. Only one person is real to me in the world."

"And that one person you must forget for awhile. I'll engage you won't get time to think of him during school hours. After I

have seen how this works I shall have another little plan to propose to you ; but one thing at a time."

At first her new task was distasteful to her. That very fact that she could not get leave to think of him for so many hours was a grievance. The noisy children were like a hive of bees let loose, that swarmed round her head and shut out her view of the sun. But by-and-by she had gained a sort of charmed away over her tormentors which surprised and pleased her, and she began to individualise the thin, large-eyed faces with their various expressions, to notice that Mary's lips were redder than Nannie's, and Nora's bare feet were smaller and finer than the rest that hung from the benches, and that plain-featured little Bridget always gave her a loving glance which more than any other went warm to her heart.

The welcome of the scholars grew to be a distinctly good thing in her day, when on going into the school-house she found half-a-dozen young heads with wind-tossed locks bending together over the fire of turf, while one fanned the flame with her scant petticoat and another pulled the logs this way and that way with her brown fingers to make them burn briskly that "Herself" might be warmed after her drive. And when in the twilight of a wintry afternoon she was met coming out of the school-house door by a crude, shy deputation of fathers arrived to thank her for her devotion to their children, she felt an unaccustomed glow in her veins, and thought with pleasure that here was something worth telling to Bryan, something that would interest him and give him a moment's delight.

In this writing to Bryan about it all she began to find her reward. The little world of the school-house, with its various characters and incidents, supplied her with many a long paragraph in her letters to the prison. The humorous scenes that occurred, the comical things that were said, found their way into the pages which occupied her evening after evening, and when Bryan's replies convinced her of the pleasure her pictures and anecdotes had given him, she looked about with eagerness for fresh varieties of everyday life with which to float a breath of fresh air into his solitude.

As with each new attempt to put the life of her world, the little world he knew and loved so well, vividly before him, proved a success, she felt a latent power awake in her, and with an excitement that was almost joy went to work to exercise it for his amusement.

Now she had something to walk out for, a motive in making

daily visits to the school even after the young school-mistress had returned with improved health to her post, a distinct reason for seeking out the people in their homes, hearing the tales they had to tell, and witnessing the homely scenes of their lives, scenes in which they gratefully made her a sharer. It was something to rise for in the morning, this search after life-like figures and scenery for her evening sketching in the journal which she now kept regularly for her husband.

Bryan, also, at her request kept a kind of record for her of the details of his prison life, all that could interest without too much afflicting her. Various characters of those with whom he had to associate were drawn for her with a power and skill which called forth her admiration. Sometimes in reading his letters her sorrow was almost forgotten in her delight in the vigour and noble temper of his mind, the manliness with which he accepted his misfortune and made the best of his circumstances. There were no complaints, scarcely even a reference to inconvenience and privation. When he failed of subject matter out of his present life he went back into his past, and gave her, bit by bit, a sort of history of his own thoughts, and experiences, and aspirations, from his earliest boyhood upward. Absorbed in this intercourse, Marcella wore through the winter months with tolerable calmness. Winter seemed suited to such a life, and lent itself easily to its requirements. The morning letter received, the short dark day spent abroad in the cold air, in the rough wind, among the poor and patient, then the evening fire and lamp, the howling storm and sea outside, and the scrape, scrape, of the pen that was carrying her message, expressing the extravagant lovingnesses of her heart, shaping out the humorous or pathetic anecdote which was to make him laugh or thrill the next day forgetful for a moment of his bonds.

But when spring burst upon her and the first lark began to sing, then again her life fell in ruins around her. How shape summer with all its glories into any kind of harmony with the tragedy of their two lives?

It was just when winter had breathed its last sigh and that the lark had found a patch of blue from which to hurl down his delirious rhapsody about liberty and joy upon Marcella's heart, that a passage in a letter of Bryan's smote her with a new and sharp anguish.

"I have learned," he wrote, "that as I am looked upon as a well-conducted prisoner, I may hope to be liberated at the end of

twenty years—always provided my good conduct continues. Here is something to look forward to, my dearest love. If we both outlive the term we may yet be together — ”

This, with the first primrose at her foot and new rose-tints on the sea, was too much for the woman who in one winter seemed to herself to have exhausted all the patience and endurance in her nature. Strange that the fixed term of twenty years seemed to her more intolerable than the vagueness of a lifetime. The idea of the lifetime had been hard to grasp, and all sorts of shapeless possibilities were felt to float through its measureless hours like unseen stars through space. But twenty years made a comprehensible period, sickeningly long, calculably ruinous in its workings, with a sharp, set limit that in its very assertion seemed to annihilate any shorter limitations which an extravagant imagination might conjure up.

She asked herself what kind of creature she should have grown to be during the slow, sad passing of those twenty years? Would not the wife to whom he must come forth in that distant day be a woman with faded cheeks, eyes whose lustre was gone, a worn woman with youth long wept away and no remnant left of the graces which ought to belong to the bride of such a man as Bryan Kilmartin. Oh, why had she in that mad moment of their tragedy stretched out her hand to take from him the liberty of even that far future, bound him to herself for time and eternity, shut him off from the possibility of choice in that new day which was still to dawn for him so far ahead, and which might, only for her, have possibly brought him new joys, a fresh beginning of life, happy hours unclouded by such memories and associations as must always hang around her? Ought not his wife, to be found among the young glad girls of that future day? Oh, she would have tried not to be jealous of those girls, whose fresh faces would, in that far-off hour, put to shame her own grief-worn, tear-furrowed countenance. She would have withdrawn herself, turned her face to the wall, and left him to find his happiness in forgetting her.

Then it occurred to her with a strange thrill of mingled relief and anguish, that the Bryan of that day would not be one whom glad girls would be likely to smile upon. He would appear not as a man freed from unjust imprisonment with a stainless name; he would be a convict, the brand of murderer would lie upon him, the long expiation of his supposed crime would arouse no pity, no sympathy among his fellow-creatures; the young, the gay, the glad would shrink from him in horror. Even if disease

had not fastened upon him, and he did not come forth stricken, crippled, and prematurely aged, yet there would be no one to welcome him back into the sunshine besides herself, no one but the faded wife to give him her faithful hand and lead him away to some happy solitude of nature where the mountains and trees would not gossip over his misfortunes, and the winds would not execrate his name.

There was comfort even in this melancholy thought, and the certainty that the very misfortune which turned and must always turn the world away from him made him more entirely her own, filled her with an eager joy.

Having got over this point in her outlook to the future, she began to realise a little more hopefully that there would after all be a future, however far away it might now seem.

And then she began to gather up a few crumbs of comfort and confidence in herself. Perhaps even if she should have grown old and unlovely, he would still see her the same because of the undying love in her heart. But in the meantime she must not weep all the light out of her eyes; time would be busy enough trying to quench it. From this point of view, even if from no other, despair was her deadliest enemy. By a constant habit of patience and the encouragement of sweet thoughts she would baffle the attacks of this foe alike of her present and her future. She would parry its thrusts and escape its disfiguring scars.

With rare visits to the prison and long weeks spent as close to it as possible during which she had the sorry comfort of feeling that she was at least near him; and with a trip to a little frequented part of Switzerland made for the purpose of getting some variety to put into her letters to him, she got through the dreaded summer. Winter brought her back to her old ways at Crane's Castle, and she added some daily hours of study to her former pursuits. And then with the opening up of a new spring came changes.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### MIKE'S END.

DURING that winter Father Daly had made trial of his second plan for Marcella's relief, which was the study of the Irish language; and thereby he hung a long tale of the helpfulness towards herself and others which she was to develop out of the acquirement of her native tongue. Having mastered the language herself she

was to instruct the children of the school (who already spoke it) in the mysteries of reading and writing it.

He was to be her tutor, and the good old man was glad of this excuse to spend two or three evenings of every week in that melancholy house by the sea in the company of two afflicted women who were forsaken by all the world but himself.

He was not a very practical tutor, as the lessons were constantly interrupted by his announcements of various scraps of news which he had picked up and treasured for Marcella, just to vary her thoughts even for a few minutes. Thus he informed her at various intervals that "The O'Donovan" was staying on a visit at Mount Ramshackle, that Miss Julia O'Flaherty had been married at last to Mr. Jones, the wedding having taken place from a hotel at Scarborough; and, a little later, that Miss O'Donovan was about to become Mrs. O'Flaherty.

To Marcella these items of gossip were the merest far-off echoes of a world of which she had never known much, and had almost forgotten. Old Biddy Malone's toothache was of infinitely more importance to her than the fact that Julia O'Flaherty's bride-cake had, like all the royal bride-cakes, been ordered from Chester. Nevertheless she had grown to be thankful for any passing idea that made her smile.

For Mrs. Kilmartin Father Daly had always cheery words about Bryan's travels and return, and a store of little jokes to make the poor lady laugh. But he asked her no more for the song of the *Wild Geese*, and the harp stood silent in the corner.

One evening after the usual gay ten minutes which he bestowed on Bryan's mother after his arrival, he pushed away the books which Marcella had opened under the particular lamp which suited his spectacles, and said:

"It is no use trying. I can't work to-night, my dear. My mind's uneasy. A bad fever, a kind of plague it seems to be, has broken out at Athlogue close to Ballydownvalley, and the people are dying fast. I'm thinking of what we shall do if it comes our way."

Athlogue was a district on the estate of the murdered Mr. Ffont. The people there had long lived in a wretched condition, and, since the murder, had fallen from bad to worse. The new owner had refused even to visit the estate, and lived in England, and the agent misbehaved himself pretty much as he pleased. The plague that had now appeared was the outcome of slow famine and

hardship, and would probably effect many wholesale evictions, carried out without the assistance of the sheriff and police.

The better condition of the peasantry living under Marcella's rule did not save them from the scourge, which, once started, flies over moor and mountain like wildfire; and the fever was soon raging at Distresna.

Marcella's heart quailed as she saw two distinct and conflicting duties confronting her. The doctor, who came from a distance and had a large district to attend to, stated that the only means of arresting the ravages of the disease were separation and good nursing, and how were these to be effected and procured? The poorhouse hospitals were full, and the people hated them besides. There were no Sisters of Mercy within reach. The peasants were deplorably ignorant of the first principles of nursing, and careless of the simplest precautions as to infection. She herself was the only person who could come forward and attempt to bring some sort of order into this confusion of suffering and alarm.

And yet, Bryan? If she were to take the fever and die? Seeing that he had only her had she any right so to desert him, to risk falling away from his need? Were all these people who had grown to be so dear to her, were they all, put together, half as precious to her as a single hair upon his head?

Father Daly had tried to be before her thought with his warning.

"Remember," he said, "you are to stay where you are, to stand to your post. You are not your own; you are Bryan's. You can give me your advice and I will carry it out. But we have had tragedy enough in this family. I will not allow you to risk any more."

She had heard him with a sensation of relief; but that night her conduct appeared to her in a different light. Was she Bryan's wife, and yet a coward? God would stand by her in her daring. Her effort, her trust, would win a blessing for both of them. The next day she met Father Daly at the bedside of a sufferer who was "down in the fever."

He saw her courage and faith in her eyes and did not remonstrate with her. A strong impression that she would be safe took possession of his mind, and from that moment they put their forces together in the work that was at hand.

She had already learned a good deal about nursing from the various attendants of Mrs. Kilmartin in her illness, and now she



easily took in the doctor's directions as to the treatment of this particular disease.

Her first care was to have long wooden sheds erected as a kind of temporary hospital, and she spared neither money nor personal attention to fit them with all that was convenient and comfortable for the necessities of the patients. Two or three healthy, strong-hearted girls volunteered as hospital nurses under her guidance, and her old ally Mike constituted himself her chief attendant and assistant, going and coming with her, fetching and carrying for her, and doing no small share of the nursing besides.

For this faithful lad she had grown to feel a special affection, associating him as she did with Bryan's trouble from the very beginning, and knowing that he had done his utmost for him at the trial. She allowed him now to do all that he wished, to think that he accomplished even more than was possible, and to know that she was grateful to him for all.

Soon the aspect of the plague-stricken country was changed. The panic subsided, the suffering were glad to go at once to where "Herself" would take care of them, the houses were kept as free as possible from infection, the deaths were fewer than they had been, and those who died went their way in peace and full of consolation. To no people on earth can death be made so sweetly acceptable as to the faithful among the Irish poor.

In the urgency of the need, in the press of the work Marcella forgot her personal fears. The belief that God would protect her for the sake of Bryan, who was so good, had strengthened into a conviction that no amount of weariness or anxiety could shake. If heaven was sometimes mysteriously severe it was also unquestionably merciful. So large a share of suffering had been laid upon, and accepted by him and by her already that this particular danger would be sure to pass by and leave them entirely unharmed. Instead of breaking down under her efforts she seemed to grow stronger, brighter, more thoroughly alert and alive. She felt a motherly love for her recovered patients, and knew besides that the lessons they had given her in faith and patience were well worth the price she had paid for their lives.

The hospital was at a distance of two miles from Crane's Castle, and stood on a wide stretch of high ground, not near to any habitation. In a small shed close by, she and her nurses changed their clothing on coming to the place, and before returning home, so that infection might not be carried by their means.

Here also she kept the medicines and various necessities given into her charge by the doctor.

On her way to the hospital in the mornings she was accustomed to meet Mike, who had either passed the night on guard among the sick, or had been busy on the scene of work from daybreak.

Running to meet her, to know if she had any messages or commissions to entrust to him, he often appeared at a point where the road was met by a narrower one leading to the mountains; and one morning as she passed this bend of the road, she looked up the path, while the thought just crossed her mind that Mike was not coming this morning by that way.

She felt pleased that her solitary walk had been so far uninterrupted, as of late this hour had been the only one in which she had leisure to think her own thoughts freely. At the same moment the sound of a shot that came with startling distinctness over the shoulder of a hill was heard by her with a sinking of the heart. That particular sound of the discharge of a gun—(not a very uncommon one in a country frequented by sportsmen) always smote her with a shock of indescribable pain. She must evermore associate it with the idea of murder, and with all the horror and disaster that a murder had dragged after it into her life.

Such a shot, though neither Bryan nor she had heard it, had been the signal for the beginning of their irreparable misfortunes.

Looking up at the blue sky, with high-sailing clouds, and at the plume of purple heather stirring upon the brow of the bluff above her, she dismissed that thought, but was sorry to feel sure that some happy bird had in that moment of her thinking been brought low.

Arrived at the hospital she found that Mike had not appeared there that morning, and after some hours it was felt that he was seriously missed. Nobody had hitherto thought a great deal about his simple services, but now that they were not to be had their value began to be recognised.

In the afternoon a general fear was expressed that Mike was himself "down in the fever," and a messenger was despatched to the mountain to bring tidings of him.

It was still broad daylight when Marcella set out again on her evening walk homeward. She was feeling grieved for her faithful friend and servant, sure that nothing but illness would have kept him from his post, that to-morrow she would find him on a bed in the hospital. He was a frail creature and the fever would

carry him off; though not if skill and care could save him. Repassing by that crooked point of the cross-roads she remembered the sound of the shot heard there in the morning and the pang it had given her, and again she looked up at the bluff above her head. There was the ragged bunch of heather swinging from the verge, only coloured a burning crimson now in the glow from the western horizon. She would get up on that breezy rock, before the glory faded. What a sweep of valley, mountain, and firmament must be visible from such a vantage ground. She turned up the by-path and ascended the narrow zig-zag that climbed the bluff.

How wild and sweet, how magnificent, and yet how peaceful was the world in which she breathed, on which she gazed! The scents of wild thyme and honey were in the breeze, a plover cried faintly in the distance, a flight of moor-birds winged over the brow of the hill she was climbing and circled in the upper air, the richest Tyrian dyes never produced colours so deep or so living as the purples, crimsons, rose-reds, ambers, that lay about her, above and beneath, softened and yet intensified by the grey of approaching shadows.

If Bryan could see this, but for one moment, one little half hour. She walked a bit across the hill, ascending as she went, fascinated by nature's meanings and mysteries, unwilling to break the spell of the enchantment of the hour. She would have ample time to reach home before nightfall; and even if not? She was at no time afraid to walk the hills and valleys of her little kingdom unattended.

She stood still and rapt for some minutes, looking upward, downward, outward, and then she began to move again, while her wide wandering gaze wavered gradually to what was near her as she stepped. Suddenly with a sharp cry and pause of her heart's beating, she came to a dead stop, staring at something a few yards away right in her path; a man flat on the ground, arms outstretched, and ghastly face to the sky.

It was Mike, her trusty friend, shot through the heart, dead as the stones, still and silent as the lonesome mountains that looked down on him.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## A WARNING.

THERE was grief and indignation among the people at the news of Mike's cruel murder, or "sudden death" as they called it, speaking under their breath as if they feared the blades of grass at their feet could hear them. Marcella, catching their whispers, told herself that these people must have lived terribly between two mortal fears—dread of the landlord, and dread of the secret societies—to have learned this cowardice, they who cared so little for hurt or death. Mike was followed to his grave by true mourners, but there was no loud demonstration on the part of his friends, and nothing was said about trying to discover the authors of his death. He was put away under the sod and apparently out of mind, with sighs and shudders; but even his own family mentioned him no more.

Marcella, having questioned some of the people on the subject, but without getting any satisfactory answer, asked Father Daly the meaning of this unnatural state of things. Was the murderer one among themselves, and had friends and neighbours agreed by common consent to condone the crime?

"Hush!" he said, "it is enough for me to speak loudly when I denounce the murderer from the altar, but it will be safest for you to be silent in the matter. Neither friend nor neighbour could do any good by lamenting over poor Mike's untimely fate. The same hands that with one blow struck Mr. Ffont—who, God forgive me for saying it, had worked hard to earn his fate—and struck your husband for defying the power that moves those hands, have felled this harmless lad. Doubtless he was marked from the first moment when he ventured to warn you of Bryan's danger, and told off as ripe for death after he gave his evidence on the trial. We have had a visitor or visitors in the country, it seems, unknown to us. Let me entreat you, my dear, to do nothing to provoke their attentions, to be silent on dangerous subjects, and to be careful how you go and come."

Marcella, appalled at such a view of the case, struggled awhile with her impulse to cry out, to condemn, to warn, but remembering her helplessness as a woman, and Bryan's dependence on her, lowered her voice, and was careful in her movements, and acknowledged herself at last to be a coward.

"For they would strike a woman," she said to herself. "Those

who would harm a poor simple youth like Mike would strike a woman. And I cannot deny that I want to live for Bryan. I braved the fever for the sake of the saving of many, but I am powerless here; and Mike is already gone beyond my help — ”

She did not, however, alter her usual course of conduct, persisted in the discharge of her self-imposed duties, and hung out no signals of fear.

Mike had been in his grave a month and the fever was abating; September brought cold, fresh weather, unfavourable to the spread of the scourge, and there was hope that it would have quite disappeared before winter.

One night Marcella had sat up later than usual to finish the letter that, whatever the labours of the day might be, was unfailingly posted to Bryan. She had had much to tell him lately and as she sat now alone with lamp and fire she told him that she felt with relief that winter was coming back and that the sweet airs he could not breathe with her, and the brilliant scenes he could not behold with her, were going and would soon be gone—she felt nearer to him as she was now, shut in a room, all her mind concentrated on her thought of him; even the sighing of the night wind —

What the night wind had to do with her fancies remained untold, for suddenly glancing up, she knew not from what cause, she saw the figure of a man coming into the room. She was sitting in the library, a room somewhat removed from the others in the house, the table and the fire were between her and the door. Scarcely believing the evidence of her senses she stared at the figure, saw that it was totally strange to her, that all the middle part of the face was blackened over so that the features could not be recognised, and finally that it was advancing towards her.

She glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was half an hour past midnight, and the servants had all been in bed for two hours at least. In the midst of the confusion of her sudden alarm she realised that there would be no use in calling for help even if her voice would come. If this meant death, then it must be death; yet if she could keep her senses —

The man had advanced to the table at which she had been sitting, and stood at the other side of it leaning towards her, his long, light-coloured eyes gleaming horribly out of the blackened face. Marcella had arisen as he drew near, with an attempt at defiance, and clenched her hands on her breast, striving to force back the sob of terror that broke from her. With a flash she saw Mike lying with the wound through his heart. She was Bryan's

wife and they were coming to punish her for having stood by him. And he would be left alone—unless she could use her wits. But with this struggle in her throat—how?

She kept her eyes all the time unflinchingly on his with an instinctive assurance that if she withdrew them an instant he would stretch out the cruel claw-like hands that supported him as he leaned across the table towards her, and would strangle her. Where had she seen those hands before? Her mind wandered back as in a sort of delirium to the trial, to the witness-box. No, she would not swoon, she would try to speak, she would not scream——

And then, after enduring this dreadful madness of gazing and battling for sane thought for a full minute, which seemed like years, she heard the man begin to speak, not ferociously, but in a quiet, reassuring, reasoning tone of voice.

"Don't be so frightened, lady," he said, "I'm no burglar, and I mean you no harm—that is, not unless you force it from me. I have come here to talk to you about business. Come, lady, I know you have pluck. Drink this glass of water, here quite handy, as if you were expecting me, and sit down and attend to what I am going to say to you."

Marcella drank the water, hoping that it would give her back her voice, and almost thankful to him for suggesting it. Then she sat down and made a great effort to gather up her wits so as to defend Bryan's property, that is, her own life, and all the comfort and service which that otherwise worthless life must mean for him.

Presently she was amazed to hear her own voice speaking rationally and quietly in the terrible silence of the room.

"If you wanted me on business," she said, "why did you not come in daylight like an honest man? I am here every day to see all who come."

"Thank you, but that would not suit me at all. My business is not ordinary business. I have come from them that have their own ways of working. Lady, you have got a warning lately. You met with something in your path that you did not like."

The lowered voice and insinuating tone emphasised the last words. O God, he was hinting at the murder of Mike. Her blood curdled as she saw again that white face staring up through the heather at the sky. So should she be found one day; and who would dare to tell Bryan?

"Now, lady, we don't want any more blood in this matter if we can help it; but maybe we will not be able to help it if we

find people stupid and obstinate. I come from them that are bound to work their will, not for your sake or my sake, but for the sake of the great cause."

"I am waiting to hear what you want me to do," said Marcella, mechanically.

"Well, lady, your husband, Mr. Bryan Kilmartin, belongs to us. That's one thing I have got to put before you. Once one of us, always one of us. He thought to shake us off and he was punished. Death was the punishment due to him, but an accident came in the way, and in a matter of a handful of years, twenty, eighteen, maybe fifteen—who knows? he'll be out on the world again. And, lady, he'll want something to do. The pretty, genteel world he wanted to belong to will have nothing to say to him. Let him return to us and we will rub out old scores. What you've got to do now is to swear to me, and to give it to me in writing, that you will use your influence with him. It's well known to us that you write to him pretty often, and that you're the kind of a wife that sticks to a man like glue—that you will win him over for us, so that when he comes out of his prison he will be one of us again."

"Never!" said Marcella.

"Ah, I thought you would say that at first, for you are a plucky one—I always said so, but I am going to give you plenty of time to think the matter over. It's a matter of life and death to you, but you won't mind that so much as some of your sex would do, for their own sakes, I mean. But when you come to consider of it, you'll think a good deal about all that you'll bring upon Bryan Kilmartin by refusing. When you are gone, he'll sit there in his prison cell—a hell of a place I can tell you—a desperate man, and by the time he comes out he'll have worked himself mad. And so we'll be pretty likely to get him without any thanks to you. The law has condemned him as one of us, and the world believes he belongs to us, and he'll find out he may as well have the game of it, seein' he's got the name of it. You and him can both be useful to us, but he's the one we want. We can do without you. So now you know what I mean, lady. As it is, you've been rather in our way for some time back. We have a score running up against you since the night you hid Kilmartin. At present you stand between us and the people here; you've got a lot of work in you and we could make you very useful; but if you won't change your hand, and work for us, you'll have to go."

"I must go, then."

"No, you needn't. I have my orders and I shall obey them;

but it's part of my business to tell you that we would rather not meddle with women if we can avoid it. As I said, you are going to get time to think about it. We do nothing without plenty of warning. You have ten days from this time to turn it all over in your mind. On the tenth day when night comes, you will put a light in your bedroom window, a bright light to burn all night, so that it can be seen ; and I will—no, I will not come here again, trust me for that—but I will contrive to meet you somewhere and to get that promise in writing from you. And I will have means of knowing too whether you keep your word —— ”

“ And if I make no sign ? ”

“ Well, I would rather not speak uncivil to a lady, but in case of obstinacy you will be likely, sooner or later, to—meet with a bad accident.”

“ I suppose this is all you have to say for the present,” said Marcella, struggling to control the expression of her horror. “ If it is, I will ask you to leave me for the present.”

“ I'm going,” said the intruder ; “ but I must say before I go that you are a plucky one, lady. I was afraid I might have frightened you to death. And I don't want to hurt you—not if I can help it. I'm only doing my duty and obeying my orders. You'll learn to do the same before long, if you are wise. Good-night.”

Marcella saw him withdraw from the other side of the table, turn and glide away, she did not see where. Her eyes, released from gazing at him, grew suddenly dim and she groped her way to a door near her with but one thought ; that she would escape to her room before the reaction after her fierce effort at control should set in and might take away her senses. To wake from a swoon, here, alone, in the dead of night with the recollection of this horror staring her in the face might overturn her brain. Safe in her bedroom she locked the door, and flung herself on the bed, feeling secure for the moment, if not yet capable of thinking.

Her first clear thought in the matter was that she would write to Bryan and ask his advice, his guidance as to her conduct ; he would know how she ought to deal with these people. Whatever he directed her to do she would do. The next thought that came to her was that she must do no such thing, that she would not even hint to him of what had happened. His anxiety for her might lead him to think of temporising with the fiends, thus entangling himself, through her, inextricably, in their toils. By telling him she could only fill him with alarm and cruel agony of mind causing



him to fear every moment, throughout the long monotonous moments that made up the prisoner's day and night, for her safety. She would take counsel with Father Daly only. She would fight out this battle for her husband and for herself, alone.

As soon as possible she hastened to the priest and related her extraordinary story. The old man stood aghast at the dilemma in which he saw her placed. He was dazed and horrified. He had no expedient to suggest, no advice to offer.

"They mean what they say," he said, walking about his little parlour where his breviary lay open on the table showing where he had been interrupted in his reading, "and they generally do what they threaten; not always, perhaps, but generally."

"Not always?" asked Marcella, tremblingly.

"Sometimes their only object is to frighten, but I am terrified for you, terrified, terrified. I can only think of getting you away out of this ——"

"Would that do any good?" said Marcella. "It seems to me that if they want me they will follow me—anywhere. I have got the impression that if I try to escape they will be the more bent on having me. I fancy that the only thing that seemed to soften that wretch towards me was what he called my 'pluck.' If I stand my ground, I have a chance; if I run, I am lost ——"

"Yes, you are right; they admire courage. It is the only virtue they have any longer a conception of. Oh, my lost sheep, my men who ought to have been soldiers!" cried the old man, throwing up his trembling hands. "When will the Lord lift the pall that hangs over this unhappy country?"

Then, recovering himself and returning to the urgent question of the moment, he went on:

"And yet I must think about guarding you. I could smuggle you into a convent where you could live as one of the nuns ——"

Marcella shook her head. "I feel that it would be no use," she said. "The moment I tried to come out again, they would meet me on the threshold. That is, if they are in earnest. If they are not, why I should only be wasting my time and neglecting my duties here."

"In the meantime, at all events, I will put you under the care of the police."

"I will not have the police," said Marcella. "I will not be followed about as if I were an evicting bailiff or an inhuman landlord. Father Daly, the more I think about this, the more clearly I see that my only chance is quietly

to ignore their threats. Even in the hope of ultimately persuading me to their ends, of utilising my 'pluck' for their own purposes, they may let me live a little longer. I will not temporise, I will not hold out a straw to them, but I will go my own way and take the chances that are in my favour. If even after five years' persuasion I could be induced to yield and take their oath, think how useful my money would be to them. They will hope, perhaps, to weary me out with fear ——"

"And, my poor child, are you strong enough to live with such a sword over your head?" asked the old man, taking her warm hand in his own cold ones, and looking pityingly in her eyes.

"I do not know. Who can tell how much he can suffer till he tries? Perhaps, if it were a question of myself alone, I should commit myself to God and say, 'let it be ended quickly, whatever is to be the end!' But ——"

"Yes," said Father Daly, as the look of almost stern resolve left her brows, and her lips quivered. "Yes, the whole of it is in that 'but,' I know. Then may God in heaven assist you, my dear, and inspire you in every step you take, for it seems to me I have come to the end of my helpfulness!"

During the ten days that followed that midnight visit Marcella went her way exactly as usual, and when the night of the tenth day arrived she went to bed early, locking her door and leaving her room in darkness. It surprised her to find that the terror she had expected to feel on this night, more than all others, did not, after all, assail her. Feeling that she had decided as best she could and that the die was cast, she fell asleep from sheer weariness, the entire bodily collapse that often follows on a long strain of suspense and excitement.

The next day she arose refreshed, wondering at her own fearlessness, cheerfulness, almost gaiety of spirit. Now that her course was finally taken she knew by the sense of relief that underlay her good spirits that she must have been in danger of turning coward, and of ruining Bryan's after-life by her weakness. Even if she died, and she did not feel that she was going to die, she would have done nothing to compromise him or his future. Almost before breakfast was over, Father Daly appeared.

"I knew you would be off to the hospital as usual," he said, seeing her hat and gloves on the table, "and I have come as your escort. For the future you must have some one with you wherever you go."

"What use, what use, Father Daly?" cried Marcella, drawing

on her gloves. "You are always welcome, but I do not change my habits one iota. My mind is made up."

Her eyes were sparkling, and a little red spot was on one of her cheeks. She laughed as she tripped down the steps before him. Then she turned grave for a moment as she looked back at him and saw his anxious face.

"I have said my prayers, Father Daly, and what matter about the rest? *Something* is going to take care of me, I know; else how could I feel so blithe when there is everything against me?"

Father Daly answered nothing except by taking her hand and placing it on his trembling arm with an air of protection; as he went along he found himself almost tottering. He realised for the first time that old age had come upon him. It was a fresh, bright September day: the birds were singing with that spontaneous afterburst of song which breaks from them when the heats of summer have gone away. The purple colouring of the heather was at its perfection; the shining silver of the sea was subdued with soft grey lines, the moors were at their tawniest and loveliest. When they had walked about half a mile, a man met them at a turn of the road and appealed urgently to the priest to come with him at once up the mountain where a person lay suddenly dying who had something afflicting on his mind.

The priest stood still with a shock of disappointment. Why could he not fulfil first the task he had undertaken of conducting Marcella safely to her destination? He hesitated, and the messenger renewed his entreaties. It was an urgent case, a desperate case. There was not a minute, not a second to be lost. After a minute's struggle and a short prayer Father Daly's hesitation was over. His priestly duty lay up the mountain-road. The angels must take care of Marcella.

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## SANCTUARY!

"SANCTUARY! Sanctuary!  
 Good Lord Jesus, ope to see  
 Two tired travellers at Thy gate,  
 Wan and worn, and desolate,  
 Who all night have wanderèd  
 On Death's weary waste," she said.

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!  
 Fair Thy lighted casements be;  
 Streams the rose-light through Thy door,  
 And the song rings evermore;  
 But outside the night is black,  
 And a foe is on our track.

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!  
 I am weak, and weak is he—  
 Icy dews are on his head,  
 On his hair's young gold," she said,  
 "And our eyes are blind with tears,  
 And our hearts are cold with fears.

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!  
 Many a long mile travelled we—  
 I in life, and he in death  
 Fared by many a lonely heath,  
 Seeking still this palace hall  
 Where Thou holdest festival.

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!  
 Stirs the tender heart in Thee?  
 Lo! two weary souls that stand,  
 Heart in heart, and hand in hand,  
 Where the shadow thickeneth—  
 One in life, and one in death!

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"  
 Still unwearied pleaded she.  
 "Lo! Thine own lamb, at Thy gate,  
 Whom didst early seek and late,  
 Whom didst ransom with Thy Blood,—  
 Ope, Lord Jesus, dear and good!"

Sanctuary! Sanctuary!  
Was the Bridegroom fair to see,  
Sitting at the table-head  
Where His shining Supper spread;  
Fair the guests, all clad in white,  
Each clear brow enaureoled bright.

Sanctuary! Sanctuary!  
And the gold cup lifted He,  
With His lovely eyes ashine,  
Broke the bread, and poured the wine .  
Sudden through the banquet hall  
Rang the sweet insistent call.

Sanctuary! Sanctuary!  
"Lo! is one that calleth me!"  
Oh, the Bridegroom goeth fast  
With a sudden tender haste,  
Flings the gold door open wide—  
Midnight, and the storm outside!

Sanctuary! Sanctuary!  
"Thou hast tarried long," saith He,  
And His lamb He gathereth,  
Weak and drenched with dews of death.  
One hath turned her round and gone  
Back to earth—alone, alone.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



## THE OCTOBER OMISSIONS OF MR. JOHN OLDCASTLE.

BY THE PRESENT WRITER.

THE title of this paper has the advantage of being utterly unintelligible to anybody except the present writer, and perhaps Mr. John Oldcastle himself. Mr. John Oldcastle is a frequent contributor to certain London periodicals, and his articles are often distinguished by an agreeable chattiness and mild personality, the light tone of the "Society" journals without a trace of their uncharitableness. As he often sprinkles his pages pleasantly with living proper names, it may be lawful in turn to reveal some of our suspicions anent Mr. John Oldcastle. There used to be a nursery rhyme about "Eliza, Elizabeth, Betty, and Bess going into the wood to rob a bird's nest." The end of the adventure the present writer knoweth not, but it turned on these four personages being in reality one and the same. We suspect something of the same kind would occur if Mr. John Oldcastle were, like Dr. Johnson, to say to the editor of *The Weekly Register*, "Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet-street," and if during their walk they were joined by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell and the editor of *Merry England*.

*Merry England* devotes the whole of its October Number to Cardinal Newman as a memorial of the fortieth anniversary of his reception into the Catholic Church. That great event took place on the ninth of October, 1845. The Memorial Number contains four portraits of John Henry Newman at different periods of his life, together with a facsimile of the Cardinal's letter of thanks to Mrs. R. F. Murphy of Dublin who had sent to him the copy of his "Dream of Gerontius" which was filled with pencil-marks by General Gordon at Khartoum and given by him as a keepsake to Mrs. Murphy's brother, Frank Power, who shared the chivalrous soldier's fate. An account of Dr. Newman's conversion is followed by a collection of his letters to various persons and then by a collection of the dedications of various books inscribed to him. Many of these are illustrated by very interesting notes, and the whole winds up with a summary of the chief events in the Cardinal's wonderful career.

The October omissions, therefore, of Mr. John Oldcastle are merely a few items which might have been included in his pro-

gramme. For instance, to the affectionate dedication in which Dr. Newman offered the new edition of "Loss and Gain" to Dr. Russell—whose successor in the presidentship of Maynooth College has just been made Archbishop of Dublin with universal acclaim—there might naturally have been appended as a footnote this passage from the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*.

"My dear friend, Dr. Russell, the present President of Maynooth, had perhaps more to do with my conversion than anyone else. He called upon me in passing through Oxford in the summer of 1841. . . . I do not recollect that he said a word on the subject of religion. He sent me at different times several letters; he was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone."

When the *Apologia* appeared in 1863 in parts week after week for many weeks—to give Kingsley, it was said, some idea of eternal punishment—this passage excited in the present writer feelings which revealed themselves partly in rhyme. Here are a few lines out of many:—

And what high privilege, dear Friend, was thine,  
Guiding Faith's pilgrim to her one true shrine!  
Pilgrim far-famed, in whom God deigned to see  
Fit instrument for work sublime—to be  
For many in our day and through all days  
Himself a guide from out the dreary maze  
Of error and half-truth and crumbling creeds—  
Himself a "Note" for all whom candour leads.  
Not such as he grope blindly in God's sight  
From light to darkness, but from dark to light,  
When helped by such as thou. Had he not all  
The faculties, the graces which might call  
God's blessing on his painful years of thought  
And prayer and study? Found he what he sought?  
Happy who have so much to sacrifice,  
Happy who buy the pearl at such a price!  
Rare intellect, rich culture, marvellous pen,  
A gently potent sway o'er thinking men—  
Humble and pure, his tale proclaims anew,  
"The clean of heart have eyes to see the True."

We suspect strongly that if the 350th page of the ninth volume of this "IRISH MONTHLY" had come under Mr. John Oldcastle's eye while he was compiling the October Number of *Merry England*, he would have joined with Father Ryder's three excellent sonnets "to Father Newman on his elevation to the

Cardinalate," the sonnets, also excellent and three also in number, which were written by Sister Mary Stanislaus on the Cardinal's eightieth birthday, February 21st, 1881; and very probably, according to his wont, he would have told us in the discreet privacy of a footnote that this Irish Dominican nun is the daughter of our sweet Irish poet, Denis Florence Mac Carthy. As magazine readers cannot be expected to go back from our thirteenth to our ninth volume, we may reprint here this bygone page of our own.

"Thus would I have him to remain," was said  
 Long since of one, the favourite of his Lord;—  
 And so the others passed to their reward,  
 Rejoicing—while on John's beloved head  
 Well nigh a hundred slow-paced winters shed  
 Their snowy blossoms. Why this exile hard?  
 Not his the flock of Christ to lead and guard,  
 But his to nourish with the Word's own bread.  
 Evangelist and doctor, priest and seer,  
 To pray, to teach, to write, he lingered here,  
 When Peter's self, when Mary passed above.  
 His the deep Future, the eternal Past—  
 Yet hear his single lesson at the last:  
 "Love, O my dear ones; little children, love!"

"A dreary gift of years." Ah! such, in sooth,  
 Seems thine, dear Father, kept beyond thy time  
 Gone are the comrades of thy early prime;  
 Long gone the loved companions of thy youth;  
 And even those who followed thee, like Ruth,  
 Choosing to share thy worship and thy clime,  
 No longer darkly but in light sublime  
 See all made plain, ere thou, their guide to Truth.  
 So swiftly now men live their lives away;  
 Almost two generations thou hast seen  
 Rise in their vigour, culminate, and wane,  
 And thou 'mong men a type of what has been,  
 Lone 'mid their reverent love, dost *fiat* say  
 To Him who wisely wills thee to remain.

Oh, yes, remain! So myriad voices pray  
*Ad multos annos!*—far the echo rings.  
 Thou hast more subjects than the mightiest kings,  
 And all who own thy gentle, potent sway  
 Are calling down a blessing on this day.  
 But, while they wish thee all God's choicest things,  
 From heart to lips one reservation springs—



We cannot spare thee yet; dear Father, stay!  
Stay for our sakes—to be the joy, the pride  
Of thine elected Church, thy native land;  
Oh! stay to be the beacon-light to guide  
More storm-tossed pilgrims to the welcome strand.  
Long may we greet thee on thy natal day—  
We cannot spare thee yet,—dear Father, stay!"

As we have ventured to link the foregoing sonnets with the amiable memory of our friend Denis Florence MacCarthy, we may add a circumstance which we heard lately and which relates to the present subject. When "The Dream of Gerontius" appeared first, a Dublin priest who carried it about with him always, meeting Mr. MacCarthy, asked him what he thought of it. "The finest thing in the English language since Milton!"

In the division of Mr. John Oldcastle's Newman Miscellany which contains the poetical tributes of Father Caswall, Father Ryder, Mrs. Leathley, and Mr. J. C. Earle, room ought to have been made for those remarkable sonnets with which the reading of "The Grammar of Assent" inspired the author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," Mother Raphael Drane. We hope that some of our readers may refer for them to "Songs in the Night," one of the most beautiful volumes of poetry that this century has produced. But still more pertinent to our purpose is the following reverential parody on the most famous of Cardinal Newman's short pieces, "The Pillar of the Cloud," oftener named from its opening words, "Lead, kindly Light!" Sister Mary Stanislaus' poem is dated "Maunday Thursday, 1879," and the last line alludes to the recently conferred cardinal's hat:

O kindly light, how well thy guiding ray  
Has led him on!  
With steady beam through all the rugged way  
It led him on;  
Through thirsty deserts to the boundless sea,  
From Egypt's bondage unto liberty!

Step after step, as he himself had prayed,  
It led him on:—  
The future veiled, the near path smoother made,  
Thus led him on  
Till Doubt's prolonged Gethsemane was done,  
And reason, faith, heart, intellect, were one.

And, gentle Master, thou thyself since then  
     Hast led men on,  
 By silent prayer and with thy magic pen,  
     Where thou hast gone.  
 England's true Moses in these latter days,  
 But first thyself to tread the new, strange ways.

Oh ! still for long and happy honoured years  
     Lead thou us on !  
 Till the shades vanish and the day appears,  
     Lead thou us on,  
 Till on thy loved and venerable brow  
 Gleams the full crown whose first rays dawn e'en now.

Under the scriptural title of "A Cloud of Witnesses," Mr. Oldcastle introduces with a very felicitous preface a collection of the dedications with which various writers have laid their best work at the feet of the Oratorian Cardinal. He omits the dedication prefixed by Dr. W. K. Sullivan (now President of Queen's College, Cork) to the two ample tomes containing Eugene O'Curry's "Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish :—" "To John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory, these volumes are inscribed, in acknowledgment of what he did for the advancement of learning and the encouragement of Irish archæology and history, as first Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland." These volumes are posthumous ; but Eugene O'Curry himself has practically dedicated to Dr. Newman his first volume of "Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of early Irish History." In his preface he has this interesting reference to the great man who became a Catholic just forty years ago :

"There was, however, among my varying audience one constant attendant, whose presence was both embarrassing and encouraging to me—whose polite expressions at the conclusion of each Lecture I scarcely dared to receive as those of approbation,—but whose kindly sympathy practically exhibited itself, not in mere words alone, but in the active encouragement he never ceased to afford me as I went along ; often, for example, reminding me that I was not to be uneasy at the apparent shortness of a course of Lectures, the preparation of which required so much of labour in a new field ; and assuring me that in his eyes, and in the eyes of those who had committed the University to his charge, quantity was of far less importance than accuracy in careful examination of the wide range of subjects which it was my object to digest and arrange. At the conclusion of the course, however, this great scholar and pious priest (for to whom can I allude but to our late illustrious Rector, the Rev. Dr. Newman ?)—whose warmly-felt and oft-expressed sympathy with Erin, her wrongs and her hopes, as well as her history, I am rejoiced to have an opportunity thus publicly to acknowledge—astonished me by announcing to me on the part of the University, that my poor Lectures were deemed worthy to

be published at its expense. Nor can I ever forget the warmth with which Dr. Newman congratulated me on this termination of my first course, any more than the thoughtfulness of a dear friend with which he encouraged and advised me, during the progress of what was to me so difficult a task, that, left to myself, I believe I should soon have surrendered it in despair."

It is unnecessary to remark in conclusion that the collection of Newmaniana which we are supplementing makes no pretence of being complete in any of its departments. In no fault-finding spirit, therefore, but as our individual tribute of gratitude for the glorious event of which *Merry England* for October is a pleasant memorial, the present writer has ventured to supply some of the October Omissions of Mr. John Oldcastle.\*

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#### OLD LETTERS.

ONLY a pile of old letters,  
Written by long dead hands,  
Letters from near ones and dear ones,  
Letters from foreign lands;

Full of affections long withered,  
Bright with sweet hopes long decayed,  
Teeming with old recollections  
In peaceful oblivion long laid.

These ghosts of the past, as I read them,  
Before me seem sadly to rise  
With a message of sorrowful meaning  
In the depths of their shadowy eyes.

"We have passed," they say, solemn and slowly,  
"We have crumbled away into dust  
"With our sparkle, and beauty, and brightness  
"Consumed by the moth and the rust.

"And other bright hopes and sweet visions  
"Are hovering round you to-day;  
"But be warned; even as we have departed,  
"So, too, will they vanish away!"

M. A. C

\* See also the first of the notices of "New Books" a little further on.  
Vol. XIII. No. 149.

AN AUTUMNAL LYRIC.

BY KLEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"Death is not slow."—ECC. XIV. 12.

I.

THE flowers blossom but to fade,  
Their brilliant leaves soon scatter'd lie;  
Ah! even so, beloved maid!  
Thy roseate graces bloom to die.  
When eyes grow dim, and locks grow grey,  
And cheek and lip their blush forego,  
When youthful joys with youth decay,  
Remember, dear, "Death is not slow!"

II.

The golden ears among the corn  
Await the sickle, full and fair;  
Ah! even thus, must riches born;  
Of earth, of earthly change beware.  
O miser, gloating o'er thy gold,  
The shining sickle deals its blow:  
The light goes out, the air turns cold,  
Remember well, "Death is not slow!"

III.

The logs upon the open hearth  
Burn for a while, and, blazing, shine:  
And, then, like many a dream of earth,  
Fall into ashes, fast and fine.  
O hearts, on fire with glory's flame,  
Mark where the smould'ring embers glow,  
And o'er your baseless dreams exclaim:  
"Ah! even thus: 'Death is not slow!'"

## AN IRISH NUN IN FOREIGN PARTS.

IT is often said that the world is growing very bad. There has always been a great deal of sin and misery in this fallen world ; but the fallen world has been redeemed ; and in thousands and thousands of places on God's earth His angels see with delight the exercise of the highest virtues and the truest heroism. The heroism which is before my mind at present is that which is displayed by so many timid and tender Irish maidens who make a sacrifice which must be terrible for their affectionate hearts by breaking the ties of kindred and country and going to the ends of the earth to serve God and to save souls in various less favoured corners of the Church. It is a grace to know many of these, not in general or as a class, but personally and individually, as we do, from the most northern habitable parts of North America to almost the most southern parts of South America—in Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Java, China, everywhere !

As a sample I venture to quote from a letter dated "Convent of the Good Shepherd, Quito, August 24th, 1884." The exiled Irish maiden begins : "My own dear mother, no doubt you number your little Mary among the dead, it is so long since you heard from me. Though I have been silent, I have not forgotten you in my prayers, and I always have your interests at heart. I am going to give you an outline of what has happened since I wrote from New Orleans. You see I have flown from the sunny South still further south, even to the top of the wild and rugged Andes."

We are not told how long Sister Mary of Calvary had sojourned in the beautiful capital of Louisiana ; but to break whatever tendrils her heart might have put forth, and to prepare for such an utter change, such a revolution as we shall see described, she got no other (at least immediate) warning than a telegram which reached at two o'clock on the 15th September, 1881, and which she obeyed by packing up and catching the five o'clock train the same day. The telegram had summoned her to St. Louis, the convent where she had made her noviceship. This merely preliminary little trip occupied two days and two nights of continuous railway travelling.

"One of our Sisters had been at the station-house waiting for me from early morning. After a few minutes' ride in the street-cars I beheld once more my dear Noviciate and Mother Provincial receiving me into her great motherly arms. 'I am going to make

you a little soldier of Christ—I am going to send you to Quito.’ It was no small pleasure to be able to see again that dear Mother and to enjoy for a few days the sweet society of those cherished companions of my noviciate. After six days’ stay in St. Louis I left for Chicago accompanied by Mother Provincial. In Chicago three Sisters joined me, and after three days we four started for New York where two more volunteered for the foreign mission of Quito. There also we remained a few days to rest and prepare for our long and tedious journey over seas and mountains.

“On Friday, September 30th, 1881, we sailed from New York, and on the following Monday week we landed in Aspinwall, where we took the train, and in four hours we arrived in Panama. The trees and plants that grew along the road showed that the land must be rich and fertile; but we saw no houses except a few cabins out of which came tawnies with a very slothful, neglected look.

“At Panama we went straight to the residence of the Bishop, who received us in a most fatherly way. He confided us to the kind care of the Sisters of Charity during the two or three days that we were kept waiting for the steamer for Guayaquil. There we landed, after three days’ voyage, on the 16th of October, thankful to bid farewell to all our sea-journeys.

“Guayaquil, though the seaport of the Republic of Equador, is but a small town. The fever makes great havoc there, especially among strangers. It seemed like a miracle that none of us caught it, although obliged to remain there ten days.

“Next came our tedious and dangerous journey across the mountains. They can only be crossed on horseback. The fatigue and weariness of that journey cannot be expressed. Just imagine eight days of slow riding over those bleak and lonely mountains. Each night as we dismounted, unable to put a foot under us, we thought that certainly the next morning we should be unable to continue our journey; but, when morning came, our Lord gave us new strength and courage. In some places the path is only a foot and a half wide; on one side frightful precipices some hundred feet deep, on the other high and rugged cliffs. When we met travellers in some of the narrow passages, the peril was so great that I had to shut my eyes and let the mule take his own way, as he knew the road better than *we* did. In other places all we could do was to keep from falling over the animals’ heads, for it seemed like going down a steep staircase. Though it was dangerous and wearisome in the extreme, yet the scenes from the summit of those

lofty mountains were very grand and beautiful. One in particular I can never forget. It was our second evening in the mountains, going up and around and around like a gigantic winding stairs. Looking down from our height we saw far below us a great white cloud which filled up the valleys between the mountains, leaving only their peaks to be seen which appeared like great ships at anchor in an ocean of foam; and as the sun, slowly sinking in the west, shed its rays of many colours over this airy ocean, it produced an effect beautiful beyond conception. Just imagine, we have been higher than the clouds! We passed close by Cotopaxi and through the ashes that but a few years ago it vomited from its burning breast, causing death to many—close by Chimborazo with its freezing air and snow-crowned head. In some months of the year it is impossible to pass here, the winds are so strong. A few weeks before we passed, two gentlemen with their horses were swept off and smashed to pieces. Amid all these perils I felt not the least afraid. I knew our Lord would protect us, as we were acting under obedience and the journey was undertaken for His glory. When we were leaving Chicago, a holy Jesuit assured us that, if we perished, we should gain the martyr's crown. But we were not so lucky, for after eight days of ups and downs we arrived safe but aching all over, devoutly thankful to find ourselves once more within the sacred precincts of our convent-home. You see dear mother, that my brother's fears have been well-nigh realised: he said one time that I would not stop till I went to the end of the earth. When we were in St. Louis, we considered Quito as the most distant part of our mission, on account of the great length and the great dangers of the journey.

“I like this place very much. It is said to have an eternal spring—not like your spring at home: *that* is but a time of leaves and flowers; here we have fresh buds, flowers, and ripe fruits on the same tree at the same time, and flowers of the rarest kind all the year round. As Quito is almost upon the equator, we never have any winter. From here can be seen in the distance four mountains whose summits are always covered with snow. Were it not for these and the surrounding mountains, we should never be able to stand the heat, as we have the sun almost straight over our heads. We have but two seasons here, and the only difference between them is that in one the rain falls in torrents, and in the other everything is dry. In this season the thunder rolls furiously through the mountains, and the lightning sometimes strikes people dead. We have an occasional earthquake to tell us to be always ready for eternity.

"Spanish is the only language spoken here. It was very amusing to hear us trying to speak it at first. Necessity obliged us to learn it as quickly as possible, as no priest could be found to hear our confessions in English. Now we can all speak it pretty well."

\* \* \* \* \*

The good nun winds up with minute and affectionate inquiries about all sorts of persons and things. "My dear little brother, I want you to give me a full account of how things are going on at the old castle, that cherished cradle of my childhood, where I first learned the holy truths of our religion, and where God spoke to my heart, filling it with a disgust for everything that passes with time." She bids them tell her schoolmistress that she considers her one of the guardian angels of her youth. "Send me some shamrocks from dear father's grave." Her next letter will, no doubt, ask for shamrocks from the grave of her mother: for the pious Christian matron whose prayers and solid training helped to secure for her child so brave a vocation has died during the too long interval that has elapsed since a kind priest borrowed for us the much prized letter of her missionary daughter, Sister Mary of Calvary.

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#### PROVIDENCE.

**T**HY ways, O God, are wondrous; in the shower  
 The splendour of the sun the rainbow shows;  
 And, when the night is dark, more brightly glows  
 Heaven's gold and silver star-emblazon'd bower.

The path of dawn is through the darkest hour;  
 And from the briar is born the perfumed rose;  
 The cold, that kills the buds, creates the snows  
 That shield the tender germs of fruit and flower.

The deepest languor brings the deepest sleep,  
 That leads through death-like chambers into light,  
 Where eyes more clearly see that erst did weep.

Thus darker death shall lead to lands so bright  
 That nought of gloom can o'er their gladness weep:  
 We'll seek Thee nearest then when all seems night!

KINNERSLEY LAWS.



## NEW BOOKS.

IN reading lately or at least looking over one of Eugene O'Curry's learned books on the literature of ancient Ireland, we noted a passage which reviewers might take to heart, especially as O'Curry says it is "perhaps the oldest piece of pure Gaedhlic writing in existence." The Book of Dimma, it seems, ends with these deprecatory words: "I beseech for me, as the price of my labour, that I be not venomously criticised, and the residence of the heavens." Authors are guaranteed against venomous criticism in these pages; may the rest of the prayer of the old Celtic scribe be verified in them!

In some earlier pages of this magazine, the present writer has said his say about the Cardinal Newman Number of *Merry England*. Many editions of that Number have been exhausted, and Mr. John Oldcastle's very interesting compilation has now appeared as a substantive independent work under the title of "Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman," produced very tastefully for half-a-crown, and with sumptuous elegance for half-a-guinea.

A new and cheaper yet extremely elegant edition has appeared of "A Saint among Saints: a Sketch of the Life of Saint Emmelia, Mother of Saint Basil the Great," by S. M. S., whose name may be given in full as Sister Mary Stanialaus. To this edition, which is published by M. H. Gill and Son, the following words of unnecessary recommendation have been prefixed:—

"A large edition of this work has been received so favourably by the public that a new issue has been for some time required.

"Though this success has rather distressed than gratified the religious modesty of the Author, she will forgive it when it is linked with a memory which Ireland will always cherish affectionately. Such a link is formed by the circumstance alluded to by our other illustrious poet, Aubrey de Vere, in the note prefixed to his beautiful sonnets on the next leaf.

"What Denis Florence MacCarthy did for the fame of St. Brendan in verse, his Dominican daughter has done in graceful prose for St. Emmelia."

The publishing firm of Cassell and Company, with establishments so far apart as London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne, continues to add to its immense stock of books in every department of literature. One of its series of publications consists of bright and handsome volumes, giving each in some two or three hundred pages a chatty account of a country, illustrated by a vast number of excellent pictures of scenes in the country described. The latest of these sent to us is "A Ramble round France by J. Chesney." It is admirably done. It will give young people most useful information in a very agreeable

way ; and there is not one of those offensive phrases which sometimes slip from the pens of even well-intentioned writers when describing Catholic countries.

"One Angel More in Heaven" (Benziger) appropriately bound in white vellum, is a little book of consolations for mothers who have sent little angels to heaven. Though St. Francis de Sales is drawn upon, there is nothing better here than the letters of Father Joseph Farrell which were placed first in our "Relics of a Certain Professor" in the October number of this Magazine. Yet better still is the comfort offered in the *Ave Maria*, to one who had lost her only daughter, a child of seven years. These beautiful lines are written by Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, now working as a Passionist at Buenos Ayres, once known in New York as the Rev. Benjamin Hill :—

I mourn with you—but not your child ;  
 I weep with you—but not for her.  
     How should I grieve that one so blest  
     Has enter'd her eternal rest ?  
 That one so sweet, so undefiled,  
     Shall never walk with feet that err ?

But you—weep on ! A mother's tears  
     Are sacred ever, nor can wrong  
     The holiest dead. And well I know  
     How keen, dear friend, your bosom's woe.  
 The sunshine of your widow'd years,  
     You fondly hoped would cheer them long,

Has vanish'd. Ay, 'tis saddest loss !  
     But God will make it greater gain.  
     His grace was with you when you knew  
     Thus she must go, yet, staunchly true  
 To duty, took the proffer'd Cross ;  
     Then knelt beside the bed of pain,

No longer to avert death's stroke,  
     But rather woo its kind release.  
     " O dearest Mother, ere I tell  
     This decade, let my darling dwell  
 In Heav'n with thee ! " . . . 'Twas heard.\* She woke  
     To meet God's smile of perfect peace.

An earnest of that peace was yours,  
     Brave mother, as you bow'd and said,  
     " My God, I give Thee back my child ! "  
     Ah, surely, then on *you* He smiled,  
 And blest with purpose that endures  
     Your upward yearning, sorrow-led,

\* This is what actually occurred.

For nobler life. More grace, and more,  
 Awaits, the promised crown to gem.  
 What sanctifies like loving sorrow,  
 For faith's to-day and hope's to-morrow ?  
 'Twas Calvary brought our Queen a store  
 Of richer joy than Bethlehem—

Of richer joy. For Her true Heart<sup>e</sup>  
 Through all its Dolors' wave on wave,  
 Still sang "*Magnificat* !" and still  
 Rejoiced in God's exacting will :  
 Deserving thus Her royal part  
 In Easter's triumph o'er the grave.

And you, dear friend, ev'n here may know  
 A foretaste of the bliss to come :  
 Hold commune with your child, and prove  
 A tender, ever-watchful love,  
 Which will not fail, but daily grow—  
 So *you* draw daily nearer Home.

Messrs. Cornish and Sons, the well-known London booksellers, and Messrs. Combridge and Co., of 18 Grafton-street, Dublin, whose name we here notice for the first time on a titlepage, are the publishers of an extremely handsome volume entitled "*Celtic Irish Songs and Song-writers. A Selection. With an Introduction and Memoirs. By Charles MacCarthy Collins, M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-law.*" The publishers have done their part admirably, and for so large and so well-bound a book printed so excellently on such good paper we consider five shillings a very moderate price. Mr. Collins deserves credit for his choice of such a subject, and for the zeal he has brought to bear upon it; but we are not altogether satisfied with his system or in some places with his tone. A terser style and a more economical type would have condensed with great advantage Mr. Collins's introductory and biographical matter. Many writers, of whom nothing is told, might have a line or two devoted to them. Most of the larger notices could easily have been crushed into a quarter of a page, as in Gavan Duffy's perfectly edited "*Ballad Poetry of Ireland*," which is a model for all such collections, the first and in many respects the best of its class. Mr. Collins ends with the year 1870—which accounts for the absence of Denis Florence MacCarthy. Was Richard Henry Wilde, who wrote "*My Life is like Summer Rose*," an Irishman ? A word or two ought to have been said about him. Why is *Dolman's Magazine* called an Irish journal at page 96 ? It is ungrateful to find any faults in a book which gives such an array of Irish lyrics in so attractive a garb. We hope a second volume may follow, containing the Anglo-Irish Song-writers—such as Goldsmith, Davis, Lover, Lefanu, and Sir Samuel Ferguson.

Dr. Maurice Hime, Head-master of Foyle College, has published recently two works of very distinct aim and character. One of them we pass over with the remark that our readers can have no concern with the subject of religion treated by a Protestant layman, however excellent the writer's intentions may be. "A Schoolmaster's Retrospect of Eighteen and a Half Years in an Irish School," contains a great many useful hints for those engaged in the work of education. Five closely printed pages at the end of the book are devoted to eulogies on Dr. Hime's "Masonic Hints" from which it is plain that the Head Master of Foyle College is an ardent propagandist of Freemasonry. At what age are young lads eligible for membership in that mysterious organisation, which is said to exercise a sinister influence in the police and higher official circles? It is strange that such men as the author of "Unbelief" should tolerate any solidarity with continental freemasonry, which is confessedly a power on the side of irreligion.

The Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J., Professor of the University of St. Louis in the United States, has published a full and methodical treatise on "The Art of Oratorical Composition, based upon the precepts and models of the old masters" (New York: Catholic Publication Society). In spite of the statement on the titlepage Daniel Webster is quoted as often perhaps as Cicero; and no wonder if the praise of Dr. Brownson was not a ridiculous exaggeration: "As an orator Mr. Webster has all the terseness of Demosthenes, the grace and fulness of Cicero, the fire and energy of Chatham, and a dignity and repose peculiarly his own." Young men, with a taste for careful composition and for what is irreverently termed "spouting," will find Father Coppens' work a rich storehouse of principles, suggestions, and examples, which will interest them as mere reading, and benefit them greatly in as far as they are able to reduce theory to practice.

One branch of the subject of the American Jesuit's large treatise which we have just introduced to our readers has been treated very briefly by the Rev. Arthur Ryan, Professor of Sacred Eloquence in St. Patrick's College, Thurles, in "Some Notes on Popular Preaching," written for the theological students of that college (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Sons). In forty-four pages Father Ryan puts forward a great number of excellent practical suggestions in a lively style, which, however, did not call for quite so plentiful a sprinkling of "those crooked little things that ask questions." We agree heartily with all that is here said about the importance of learning how to divide a sermon or any other composition into paragraphs. Indeed one might do well to aim at thinking in paragraphs, nay at *living* in paragraphs—rounding out each paragraph to its full musical perfection.

## AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF CARLYLE'S.

THE subjoined letter from Thomas Carlyle to Mr. Duffy (now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy) will, we have no doubt, be read with great interest. The "small-type department" referred to is the "Answers to Correspondents" which were in fact written mainly though not exclusively by Mr. Duffy himself. They were also occasionally made by him the medium of giving to the public some of the most striking contributions in prose and verse.

As the "IRISH MONTHLY" lately laid before its readers some of these "Answers to Correspondents," there is a peculiar appropriateness in publishing this letter in its columns. The book sent by Mr. Carlyle was his "Past and Present," and the book which Mr. Duffy had sent to Mrs. Carlyle was the first edition of "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland."

\* \* \* \*

"CHELSEA,  
"October 25, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Will you accept of this book from me, which probably you have already examined but may put now on your shelves as a symbol of regards that will not be unwelcome to you.

"For a good while back, especially in late weeks during a rustication in Scotland, I have read punctually your own part, or what I understand to be such, of *The Nation* newspaper, and always with a true sympathy and assent. There reigns in that small type department a manfulness, veracity, good sense and dignity which are worthy of all approbation. Of the much elsewhere that remains extraneous to me, and even afflictive to me, I will here say nothing. When one reflects how in the history of this world the noblest human efforts have had to take the most confused embodiments and tend to a beneficent eternal goal by courses they were much mistaken in,—why should we not be patient even with Repeal! You, I will with little qualification bid persevere, and prosper, and wish all Ireland would listen to you more and more. The thing you intrinsically mean is what all good Irishmen and all good men must mean; let it come quickly and continue for ever. Your coadjutors also shall persevere under such conditions as they can, and grow clearer and clearer according to their faithfulness in these.

"My wife, while I was absent, received a little book from you with much thankfulness, and answered with light words, she says, in profound ignorance of the great afflictions just then lying heavy on you which had made such a tone-very inappropriate. Forgiveness for this—you may believe always that there is true sympathy with you here, a hearty good-will for you here.

"When you come to London again, fail not to let us see you. If I ever visit Ireland, yours is a house I will seek out.

"With many wishes and regards,

"Yours very sincerely,

THOMAS CARLYLE

"C. G. Duffy, Esq."

## A VALIANT SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY."

**I**N describing scenes over which mine eye has wandered, I have kept so faithfully to the land of the sun, where winter seldom or never leaves his icy footprints, that my discursive papers were not improperly styled "Southern Sketches." Yet other latitudes in America are not wholly unknown to me. Month after month have I gazed on the white monotony of unthawing snow. No one could admire more than I the chaste beauty of the feathery flakes, or the gorgeous sparkle of trees bereft of leaves and covered with crystals that flashed every hue of the rainbow. But even in this bright September day, with the mercury among the eighties, I get chilled through and through, and shake with the "shivers" when I imagine myself once more among the hard frosts of New Hampshire. Unlike the brave soldier of Christ whom I am about to introduce to the readers of the "IRISH MONTHLY," and who found the heat of a short northern summer simply "intolerable," the tropics and their environs rather allure me. True, soldiers and old residents speak of places between which and the lower regions there is but a sheet of non-combustible tissue paper. Nevertheless, the writer who has lived in both places would rather, as a matter of choice, summer in the Tropics than winter in New Hampshire.

Though this state, in which my hero passed the greater part of his holy life, be the Switzerland of America, a grandly beautiful section full of picturesque rivers, tall mountains, and dreamy looking lakes, attracting more tourists than any other place in America save Niagara, yet I will pass over its stern and rugged scenery to write of a man whose titles to our admiration are wholly of the supernatural order.

To me, the finest landscape is but a painted picture unless a human being enliven it. Just one fisherwoman on a sandy beach, or a lone shepherd on a bleak hill-side, and fancy can weave a drama of hope, and love, and beauty about either. Faith tells of a beautiful immortal soul imprisoned in forms gaunt and shrunken; a prayer that we may meet again in heaven surges up in my heart. The landscape is made alive for me in the twinkling of an eye, and stretches from this lower world to the better and brighter land above. Father MacDonald was for forty-one years the light of a

manufacturing town. And when I think of its looms, and spindles, and fire-engines, and forests of tall, red chimneys, and tens of thousands of operatives, Father MacDonald is the figure which illumines for me the weird and grimy spectacle, and casts over it a halo of the supernatural. Little cared he for the sparkling rivers, or bewitching lakes, or romantic mountains of the granite state : his whole interest was centred in souls.

Some fifty years ago, Irish immigrants began to come timidly, and in small numbers, to the little manufacturing town of Manchester which rises on both sides of the laughing waters of the Merrimac. Here, in the heart of New Hampshire, one of the original thirteen states, and a stronghold of everything non-Catholic, these poor but industrious aliens knocked at the gates of the Puritan\* for work. Strong and willing arms were wanted ; and Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, learning that some hundreds of Catholics working in the Manchester factories were sighing for the ministrations of a parish, sent Father MacDonald, in July 1844, to take charge of their spiritual interests.

William MacDonald was born in the county Leitrim, in 1813, being the youngest of a family of six sons and one daughter, whose parents were John MacDonald and Winifred Reynolds. The now aged daughter is the sole survivor of this large family. They were very strictly brought up by their virtuous, pious parents, and, through long and chequered lines, were upright, honourable citizens, and thoroughly practical Catholics. Years ago, the writer was told that no descendant of Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald had ever seen the inside of a non-Catholic school. Charles and William became priests, the former emigrating when quite young. William attended the school of his native parish, where he received a solid rudimentary education, after which he pursued his classical studies in Dublin. In 1833, he joined his brother Charles who was pastor of a church at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Father Charles died in his prime, with a high reputation for sanctity. William always carried about him a little Latin Imitation of Christ, which had also been the *vade mecum* of his beloved brother. The spiritual life of both was formed in that wonderful book, and Father William was wont to prescribe a suitable chapter in the same for every mental trouble, difficulty, or temptation referred to him.

\* The Irish Catholic names, Sullivan and Carroll, are stamped on two of the ten counties of New Hampshire, in memory of Revolutionary heroes.

Father MacDonald's education was finished in the College of Three Rivers, Canada, under the Sulpician Fathers. After his ordination he exercised the ministry in several places till sent by the Bishop of Boston to Manchester. Here he found his co-religionists and countrymen regarded as Helots, and far more despised by Yankee and Puritan than the slaves in the south by their rulers. The Irish were denied the privilege of sidewalks, and obliged, in order to avoid perpetual quarrels, to walk in the middle of the streets. Wherever they appeared they were hissed and hooted, and "blood-hounds of hell" was the affectionate epithet the ubiquitous small boy bestowed on them. Previous to Father MacDonald's arrival, Father Daly, whose parish included nearly all New Hampshire and Vermont, used to say Mass in Manchester with unfailing regularity every three months. On one of these occasions, the floor of the temporary chapel gave way, and priest, altar, and congregation, were precipitated into the cellar. Providentially, beyond a few bruises and abrasions, no one was injured. The previous day, the bigots having heard that Mass was to be said in the room, had cut the supports from under the floor.

To these people, a priest was an object of hatred and scorn whom they believed it would be a good work to kill, and Father MacDonald settled among them at the risk of his life. But when duty was in question, he knew not fear. *The servant is not greater than his master*, he would say: *If they have persecuted me they will persecute you also*. It was in vain they used every means their perverse ingenuity suggested to intimidate this dangerous papist. They even began to like him. Slowly but surely, he won his way among them, and within a year of his arrival he was able to hire the Granite Hall as a temporary chapel. In 1849, he built a church on a square purchased with his own patrimony, at the corner of Union and Merrimac streets.

Besides the theological virtues which the "natives" valued not, Father MacDonald possessed all the natural virtues which they pretend to canonize. He was most frugal. To great objects he would give royally, but it is doubtful if he ever wasted a dollar. He sought to live on as little as possible, but it was that he might have more for the needy. He was industrious; not a moment of his day was lost. For many years, he was one of the only two priests in the State, but when his parochial duties left him a little leisure, he was seen to handle the trowel and use the broom. He paid cash for everything he bought, and whoever worked for him



received full pay on the day and hour agreed upon: no cutting down of rates. If they wished to give to the church, very well, but they must take their pay from him to the last farthing. He was neatness personified. The fresh complexion and fine physique common among his countrymen he did not possess. Barely reaching middle height, his spare form, sharp features, sallow complexion, and keen spectacled eyes, made him look like a son of the soil. And as for energy, no Yankee ever had more, or perhaps so much. The non-Catholics knew that his power over his flock was absolute. But they admitted that his wish, his word, and his work, were always on the side of order, sobriety, frugality, and good citizenship.

When Father MacDonald's beautiful church was finished, the Know-Nothings or Native American Party, by way of celebrating in a fitting manner the independence of the United States, burst upon the defenceless Catholics, July 4, tore down their houses, destroyed their furniture, dragged their sick out of bed into the streets, and finally riddled the beautiful stained glass windows of the church. For these damages no compensation was ever made. An Irishman having some dispute with a native, the latter seized a monkey-wrench that was near, and killed him. Father MacDonald asked for justice, but the officials refused to arrest the murderer. Through his wise counsels, the Catholics, though boiling with indignation, did not retaliate, and, as it takes two parties to make a fight, the Know-Nothing excitement having spent itself, soon subsided. But for years, the Irishmen of Manchester and their brave pastor had to take turns at night to guard the church buildings from sacrilegious hands.

So far from being frightened at the lawlessness of the mob, Father MacDonald at the height of the excitement announced a daring project. He would bring nuns to Manchester, and he called a meeting of his parishioners to devise ways and means. But, for the first and last time, they strenuously opposed him. "It would be madness. They had frequently heard their employers say they would never allow a nunnery in the city." He soon saw that if he waited for encouragement from any quarter his object would never be accomplished. He built his convent. It was set on fire when completed, but he was not to be baffled. He repaired the damages. Though he declined some compensation offered on this occasion, he was not slow to express his opinion as to the effect such evidences of New England culture might have on his beloved and most

generous flock. He invited Sisters of Mercy from Providence R.I., and had the pleasure of welcoming them, July 16, 1858.

He received them in his own house, which they mistook for their convent. Great was their surprise when they heard that the handsome pillared edifice in the next square was theirs. "I will conduct you thither," said he, "but first we will visit our Lord in the church." The Rev. Mother, M. Frances Warde and the Sisters admired the exquisite church and the extreme neatness and beauty of the altar. "No hand," said he, "but mine has ever touched that altar. No secular has ever been admitted within the sanctuary rails even to sweep. I myself sweep the sanctuary, and attend to the cleanliness of everything that approaches the Blessed Sacrament. But my work as sole priest here is now so arduous, that I will resign this sweet and sacred duty to you."

Schools were immediately opened for boys, girls, adults. Night schools and an academy for the higher studies followed. On account of the superior instruction given in this institution, it has always been well patronised by the best Protestant families in New Hampshire. Indeed, the success of the Sisters of Mercy in this stronghold of Puritanism has been phenomenal. During Father MacDonald's incumbency, Catholics increased from a few despised aliens to more than half the population of Manchester. He was never obliged to ask them for money, they gave him all he needed. He never failed to meet his engagements; and in one way or another every coin he handled went to God's church or God's poor. He laid up nothing for himself. He had the most exalted ideas of the priesthood, and he carried them out to the letter in his daily life. Thousands of young men have been enrolled in his sodalities. As an example to them, he totally abstained from tobacco and from intoxicating drink. St. John's Total Abstinence Society was the pride of his heart. One of his "Sodality Boys," Right Rev. Denis Bradley, became first Bishop of Manchester, and many have become zealous priests. From the girls' schools and the sodalities, too, many religious vocations have sprung, and the number of converts under instruction is always very large. This worthy priest brought free Catholic education within the reach of every Catholic in his adopted city. As soon as he finished one good work he began another, and splendid churches, convents, schools, orphanage, hospital, home for old ladies, &c., remain as monuments of his zeal. These institutions are not excelled in the country. They are all administered by the Sisters of Mercy, to whom he was a most generous benefactor.

During the forty-one years of Father MacDonald's life in Manchester, he never took a vacation but one, which his Bishop compelled him to take. He was so methodical in the distribution of his time that it was said he did the work of six priests, and did it well. He knew every member of his flock, and was to all friend and father as well as priest, their refuge in every emergency. Every day he studied some point of theology, visited his schools and other institutions, and went the rounds of his sick and poor. Every home had its allotted duty, and grave, indeed, should be the reasons that could induce him to deviate one iota from his ordinary routine. His charities were unbounded, yet given with discrimination, nor did his left hand know what his right hand gave. With the sick and the aged, he was like a woman, or a mother. He would make their fires, warm drinks for them, see that they had sufficient covering. Though they all doated on "Father Mac," they must not thank him, or even pretend they saw what he was doing for them, so well did they know that he worked solely *for Him who seeth in secret*. Monday, August 24, 1885, this holy man was stricken with paralysis of the brain, and died two days later, while the Bishop and the Sisters of Mercy were praying for his soul. It is almost certain that he had some presentiment of his death, as he selected the Gregorian Requiem Mass for his obsequies, and asked the choir to practise it. August 28, his sacred remains were committed to the earth, the funeral sermon being preached by the Bishop who had been as a son to the venerable patriarch. In real, personal holiness, Father MacDonald possessed the only power that makes the knee bend. Over twenty years ago, his sexton said to the writer: "I never opened the church in the morning that I did not find Father MacDonald kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament." What time he entered it, no one knew. How edifying this must have been to the poor factory hands who were wont to beg God's blessing on their daily labour, in the short, scorching summer and the bitter cold of the long winter, for at that time the church was not heated. Never did these children of toil miss that bent and venerable form, absorbed in prayer before the hidden Jesus, of whose august presence he had such a vivid realisation.

Before such a life of toil and prayer, no bigotry could stand. By sheer force of virtue alone, this holy man wrought a complete change in the sentiments of his adversaries. Hence the extraordinary respect shown to his memory. The non-Catholic press says that no man ever exercised so much influence in Manchester for forty

years as Father MacDonald, and that he was the man whom Manchester could least afford to lose. The mayor and the city government attended his obsequies in a body, and the governor of New Hampshire wrote to express his regret that absence hindered his paying the last tribute of respect to a priest he so highly revered. Business was suspended and all the factories closed, that the whole city might follow his remains to the tomb. On Sunday, August 30, the non-Catholic pulpits of the thrifty city resounded with the praises of this humble priest, whose chief characteristics were stainless integrity, an entire absence of human respect, burning zeal for God's glory, and life-long efforts to promote it. He feared no man and sought the favour of none, and his noble independence of character won him the admiration of all who had the privilege of knowing him. His death was universally deplored as the greatest calamity that ever befell Manchester. Among the Protestant ministers who eulogised him in their sermons, August 30, was Rev. Dr. Spalding, who thanked God for raising up a man whose life was remarkable "for its large consecration to Church and people, for its high earnestness, its sacrifices and unselfishness, its purity and truthfulness. God grant unto us all," he continued, "a desire to imitate this life in its devotion to others, and its trust in Him!"

As a preacher, Father MacDonald was rather solid than brilliant. In manner he was somewhat blunt. He conversed pleasantly and sensibly, but people given to gossip or foolish talk soon learned to steer clear of him. Hospitality was with him a Christian duty. If he heard that some ecclesiastic was at the hotel—and he heard everything—he would at once go for him, and place his own neat, comfortable house at his disposal. "Many a time," he would say, "has a young priest acquired a taste for card-playing by spending but one night in a hotel." So fearful was he of the least thing that might disedify the weaklings of his flock, that, when the writer knew him, he was accustomed to send to Boston for altar wine. "If I buy it here," he said, "some poor fellows will think I don't practise what I preach. They will want stimulants as well as I. Even the people who sell will never think of altar wine." Father MacDonald had a great love for the south. Its material advancement gave him pleasure, but his chief interest lay in its spiritual progress. Six years ago, the writer met him after an interval of sixteen years. After the usual greetings, he began to question: "Now, tell me, how is religion in New Orleans! Are the priests zealous? Have you a live Bishop? Are the public

institutions well attended by priests and religious? But, above and before all else, are your Catholic children all in Catholic schools? And have you superior schools, so that children will have no excuse for going to the godless schools? How are the Masses attended? Are the people well-instructed? Do many lead lives of piety?" He was then in his sixty-seventh year, rather broken from incessant labours, but as active as ever. His hair had changed from black to white since last we met. When I gave some edifying details, he would say: "God be praised. I am so glad of what you tell me. Thanks be to God." And he called the attention of a young priest at the other end of the room: "Listen! Hear what they are doing in the south for the school-children, and the waifs and street arabs. And all that is done for the sick and the prisoners. Oh, blessed be God! How happy all this makes me!"

I felt as though I were listening to St. Alfonso, so irresistibly did this remind me of him. I was no longer among the crisp snows of New Hampshire that had crackled beneath my feet that morning. Fancy had transported me to the genial clime of Naples. I stood by the bed-ridden Bishop of St. Agatha, in the old Redemptorist convent at Pagani, and listened to the touching dialogue between Mauro, the royal architect, and the saint: "And the churches in the city of Naples, are they much frequented? O yes, Monsignor, and you cannot imagine the good that results from this. All classes, especially the working people, crowd them, and we have saints even among the coachmen." At these words the saint rose from his recumbent position, and cried out in tones of joy and triumph: "Saintly coachmen at Naples! Gloria Patri." He could not sleep for joy at this intelligence, but during the night would frequently call for his attendant: "You heard what Don Mauro said? Saints among the coachmen at Naples! What do you think of that?" Associated in our mind with the great St. Alfonso, we keep this holy priest, whom Bishop Bradley so justly styled, "the pioneer of Catholic education in New England." His flock universally regarded him as a saint, and a great saint. And, in all humility, and in perfect submission to the decrees of Holy Church, the writer is able to say, of her own knowledge and observation, that this humble, hard-working, mortified Irish priest, William MacDonald, practised in a high, a very high, degree, every virtue which we venerate in the saints of God. I never met a holier soul. I could not imagine him guilty of the smallest wilful fault. I feel more inclined to pray to him than

for him, it seems incredible that he should have anything to expiate in purgatory. May his successors walk in his footsteps, and his children never forget the lessons he taught them more by example than by word. May our friendship, a great grace to me, be renewed in *requie æterna et in luce perpetua*. Amen.

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GERALD GRIFFIN.

LEAL heart, and brave right hand that never drew  
 One false note from thy harp, although the ache  
 Of weariness and hope deferred might shake  
 Harsh discords from a soul less clear and true  
 Than thine amid the gloom that knew no break—  
 The London gloom that barred the heaven's blue  
 From thy deep Celtic eyes, so wide to take  
 The bliss of earth and sky within their view!  
 On fleet white wings thy music made its way  
 Back o'er the waves to Ireland's holy shore;  
 Close nestled in her bosom, each wild lay  
 Mixed with her sighs—'twas from her deep heart's core  
 She called thee: "'Gille Machree'\* come home, I pray—  
 In my green lap of shamrocks sleep, ashore!"

ROSE KAVANAGH.

\**Gille Maohree*, "brightener of my heart;" the name of one of Gerald Griffin's sweetest songs.

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## THEN AND NOW.

A LITERARY RETROSPECT.

BY DENNY LANE.

## PART I.

A GOOD many years ago Spohr composed a symphony entitled "Then and Now," "Sonst und Jetzt." I have never heard the work, and probably would not understand it if I did. It is most likely that I would be very much perplexed and fatigued by the eternal harmonies of its intricate German music, which do not reach my heart like those melodies, transient yet immortal, which we may hear "by Feal's wave benighted," or those we listen to when "by Banna's banks we stray," or those more mournful strains which by the Moyle "hushed to silence the roar of its water." But the title of Spohr's work interested me. Although I never heard it, save with my mind's ears, I have fancied that the *then* may have painted in its tone-colour some massive hymn of Æschylus, or in more tender harmonies, the chorus of Sophocles deploring the woes of blind old Œdipus. Or, coming to later times, he may have taken as his type some of the hymns of the early Christians, in which it is supposed that the still earlier music of the Greek modes has, like the bodies of the martyrs, been embalmed in the odour of holiness. Or for the expression of the olden time, he may have chosen the folk-music which in Hungary, Spain, or Ireland the shepherds sung by their flocks, or the warriors chanted as they tramped to battle; or, after the fray, the women delivered as a death dirge or caoine over the corpses of the unreturning brave. Into any of these vases of thought he might have dipped his scallop shell in order to get a draught of ancient wine. Whether for his type of *Now*, he sought his theme in the ideas of Rossini or Mozart, or Weber, I cannot guess; but whencesoever he drew the draught its savour was different from that of the older "vintage that had been cool'd for long ages in the deep delved earth." For thus describing what I never heard I may be found fault with, but the example of "Yarrow unvisited" may be pleaded in extenuation of "Spohr unheard," and if some sweet precisians quarrel with me for speaking on a subject of which I know nothing, I may refer to those names so multitudinous and bright, who have set me the

example, and, like Molière's *gens de qualité*, know everything without having learned anything.

"Then and Now" is the theme I have selected, and the period I have chosen for the former is that of the earliest years of your society.\* I have a misty recollection of having, while I am still a schoolboy, been present when Sir James Shaw Willes, then a youth not many years older than myself, my cousin Daniel Owen Madden, Dr. O'Connor, the Rev. M. B. O'Shea, Mr. Richard Dowden, Mr. Thomas Jennings, Mr. Keleher, and a few others, proposed the establishment of this society, and I suppose I was an original member of it. If so, I believe that my friend Dr. O'Connor and I are the last leaves of that season left on the bough of this stalwart old tree, and I trust that, even when other generations, which old Homer compares to the leaves of the forest, have withered and fallen, this society, like a sturdy old oak, will still wave in the breeze young and vigorous branches, and with every recurring year renew all the freshness of its first spring tide. As well as I recollect, this society was founded in 1834, but as my recollections of that time are not quite so distinct, I will ask you to turn back the hands of the clock only for half a century, and to suppose that I am speaking to you of the literature and science at the opening of the Session in 1835, and not 1885. I do not like to go back farther, for I did not begin to read until comparatively late in life. I did not learn my letters until I was over six years old. This was before the era of competitive examinations, before that "swarmth" of infant Tassos, Pico di Mirandolas, and learned *Lipsii* and the only infant prodigy of that era I remember was that unfortunate John Stuart Mill, who I have not the slightest doubt was a child of original genius till his doctrinaire tyrant of a father drove all the red blood out of his body by excessive teaching. If he had had the good fortune in his infancy to have been deprived of his father and left to his mother Nature, there is no knowing what height so fine so intellect might have risen. Although I did not begin to read until I was thus advanced in life, when I did begin I, like most of the boys in my set, read with avidity which is the natural consequence of an empty stomach. School lessons could be mastered in less time than was appropriated to them in the day school which I attended, and I read more than one of Scott's novel half concealed beneath the bulkier mass of Homer or of Horace. The gluttonous reader, the *helluo librorum* was to be found in every

\* The Cork Literary and Scientific Society, at the opening of its fifty-first session.



school, and the cramming we enjoyed in these days was different from the cramming which the rising generation now suffers from. Before I left the school of Dr. Porter, I had therefore a tolerable knowledge of the literature that was appreciated in our provincial circle. Of course, I had no acquaintance with the literary progress of a capital, but when soon after I spent some years in London and Dublin, I saw that in neither city did there exist the love of, or the acquaintance with, literature which I found at home. I speak, of course, of the middle class of society, for here we had no upper class in the strict sense of the word. We had no peers, nor even baronets. I do not know whether Deputy Lieutenants had yet been invented, and a few civic knights were the only representatives of the resident nobility. Even these, I believe, had to earn their bread by honest industry instead of by robbery, a degradation unknown to the belted knights of old.

I may mention an instance of the love of literature in this neighbourhood in the early part of the century. There was no circulating libraries in our country towns, and instead of the books going to the people, the people went to the books, which were too dear for their purses. A copy of a popular romance, "The Children of the Abbey," reached Youghal, and in one house was read aloud to the largest number of people that the largest room would contain. As soon as the story was finished, the book was handed over to a messenger to be carried, often in the dead of night, to another house, where another reader was ready amidst a throng of listeners to read the story over again; and so the book was carried from household to household like the turf lighted at the Baal fire to kindle and renew the flame. Agair, even so late as the time when *Lalla Rookh* first appeared in an expensive quarto edition, a copy was sent as a present to a relative of mine, and night after night a throng of friends assembled in her drawingroom, and someone in turn read out the poems and the connecting narrative until the whole was finished, and then it was read and re-read again: And here I may remark that the act of reading aloud was more valued and cultivated than it is now. I am told that Mr. Martin Farrell, who, before my time, conducted a celebrated school in Cork, was an admirable reader. At the preparatory school of Mr. Millikin, where I learned my letters, reading was carefully attended to, and many a passage of Shakespeare and Addison was read, and well read, by boys not yet in their teens. This in itself sowed the seed of literary taste, which was afterwards developed by the excellent performances of the old

Apollo society—an association started in Cork when the Kilkenny theatricals had a widespread fame, performances at which, I believe, Miss O'Neill first made the acquaintance of her future husband, and our neighbour the late Sir William Wrixon Becher, who was himself an accomplished amateur. I say so much to show that in these days the people of Cork breathed a more stimulating atmosphere than they inspire now—an atmosphere quickened by Father Prout, Dr. Maginn, Callanan, Daniel Owen Madden, O'Shea, and the many other men who trained here were foremost amongst men in periodical literature. One of the principal causes which led to this cultivation was the excellence of the schools which existed in Cork. I have already mentioned the school of Mr. O'Farrell; I wish to add especially that of Messrs. Hamblin and Porter in Cork, and that of Mr. Turpin, at Middleton. I believe that out of about twenty Fellowships in Trinity College, twelve were held by Cork men. Now it must be remembered that at this period no Catholic could hold Fellowship or Scholarship or any position higher than that of a sizar, originally a servitor, and while the city and county of Cork could not count more than one-twentieth of the Protestant population, it could count twelve-twentieths of the Fellows of the only Irish University, a striking proof of the sound training which the Cork schools imparted to their students. And while I am upon this subject I may remark upon the very extensive course of classics which was then requisite for the entrance examination of the University. It comprised in Greek six books of Homer, the *Cyropaedia* of Xenophon, Walker's selections from the dialogues of Lucian, the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in Greek, while in Latin we had to study six books of Virgil, the satires and epistles of Horace, all Salust's works, four satires of Juvenal, and two plays of Terence, an examination which, although confined to classics, would, I think, startle a matriculating student of these latter days, and which far exceeds in importance the whole curriculum of the London and other Universities. It is true that the examiners were not strict, but I can assert that several of my class-fellows, for example the present Vice-Chancellor, the late Professor Bagley, Mr. Ryder, and several others, knew this course so thoroughly that they could not be "spun." The strictest and most thorough examination could scarcely detect them in an error in so long and miscellaneous a course. The teaching was perhaps slow, but it was very sure, and the knowledge gained was not only extensive but accurate. Dr. Keneally was also a member of our class, and although perhaps the lowest in classical attainments,

subsequently developed remarkable ability in his translations of popular ballads into Latin verse.

With this extensive classical course science was not altogether neglected in our schools. Although the entrance examination at Trinity College included no science, yet the first term examination embraced a small portion of geometry and algebra. In the schools the names of physics, chemistry, botany, biology were never heard. The students of the classics never learned English history; Irish history was absolutely banned, and while one of us would get a bad mark for not knowing how many generations intervened between Codrus and Inachus, none of us could tell whether George II. was the grandmother or the mother-in-law of George III. The school of Mr. Mulcahy was remarkable for the number of prizes in science won by its pupils, and the son of its founder, afterwards Professor at Galway College, has contributed some remarkable works to modern geometry. A few pupils learned French from Mr. Claude Marcel, an excellent teacher. German no one knew of. The Protestant boys were taught the Church Catechism at certain hours in school; the Catholic boys went for religious instruction to the private residence of Father Mathew, where theology was sweetly tempered with cakes and oranges. I am proud to be the possessor of a prize granted by him for superior diligence, but whether it was for my capacity in assimilating the Christian doctrine or cakes and oranges, I leave it to my audience to guess.

So much for our training. I will now endeavour to give, as far as I can, an idea of what we in the South of Ireland read at that time. The author who had undoubtedly the largest number of readers was Sir Walter Scott; it was only three years since he had laid down his life with the burden which had oppressed him in his latter years, but the full tide of his popularity as a Novelist was at its highest point, for the Waverley edition of his novels had made his works more accessible to all. All Europe and America read them, and in France alone 1,400,000 volumes of translations of his works were sold in a short period. I might call this the second wave of his popularity, for at that time his poems were not quite so much read as they had been. Some years earlier his poetical works had been the object of an almost idolatrous admiration, and I knew more than one lady who, like Macaulay, could repeat by heart the greater part of the *Lady of the Lake*, or the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The higher and ampler sweep of wing of Byron and other poets had overshadowed the metrical romances of Scott. But his prose novels stood alone. In the delineation of any historic period

there was but one who stood near his throne, for Victor Hugo had, in the year before Scott's death, published his "Notre Dame de Paris." In those works in which he so admirably painted Scotch character there was no one who ran parallel to his course save Gerald Griffin, who, in his *Collegians* especially, painted the Southern Ireland of the beginning of this century with a master hand. Everyone read the Waverley Novels, and read them again, often with as great pleasure the second time as the first, and fortunately they contained a garner well filled with a teeming and various harvest. Shakespeare was the only other writer of any other age or country, who had presented us with *dramatis personæ* so manifold and so excellent; and I am sure to many of the readers of Scott the phantom shapes which the Wizard of the North evoked were more real than most of the people who actually surrounded them. Moreover, the purity of his works—so different from the novels of the preceding age in England, and of his own time in France—made it possible to place his works in the hands of the young. Between the time of Fielding and Smollett and that of Scott, a host of novels had been published which I have seen in the old circulating libraries, but they have all disappeared, and left scarcely a name behind. "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and the "Castle of Otranto," were, perhaps, still read by a few, and out of the yeasty deep that intervened between the time of Smollett and that of Scott, the only notable work of fiction that emerged to remain for ever an inimitable model was the "Vicar of Wakefield." Richardson no one read. Thirteen volumes in one novel naturally startled a group of beings to whom only threescore years and ten were allotted. Miss Burney's "Evelina" was forgotten. A few read the "Scottish Chiefs," and other novels by Miss Porter, and some read "Pride and Prejudice," "Northanger Abbey," and others of Miss Austen's novels, works which are placed by Macaulay in the highest class of fiction, but on account of their very temperance and moderation can never become popular with a public which seeks an aliment *trop poivre*, and who can never be content with the simple country fare which Miss Austen provides. When the palate has been trained upon pepper-pot and leek porridge, it can never appreciate the delicate savour of custard and cream.

Next to Scott came Bulwer. His first novel "Pelham" developed a new vein—the novel of high life—so fully worked out afterwards by D'Israeli, Ward, Mrs. Gore, and Theodore Hook. Bulwer's first romance was far more powerful than those which immediately followed it, but was to my mind excelled by some which appeared

after the time to which I refer, and especially by "My Novel," and "The Caxtons." Bulwer was a most industrious literary workman ; his dramatic works, especially "The Lady of Lyons," and some of his poetical works, notably the first part of the "New Timon," added greatly to his fame as a novelist. It cannot be denied that there is some glittering tinsel about his style, and the shallow profundity of his philosophy, which consisted a good deal of adjectives spelled with capital letters such as the Beautiful with a capital B, and the Ideal with a capital I, was not inaptly described in the lines—

"And Bulwer as deep as the sky in a lake  
Till the mud at six inches reveals your mistake."

Yet take him with all his faults Bulwer will always hold his place, and a good place, in the string of English novelists. At the time I have chosen, "Eugene Aram" was the sensation novel of the day, and "The Last days of Pompeii," which had just appeared, opened a new path in fiction. It was one of his greatest successes.

At this time only one novel of Ainsworth, "Rookwood," had appeared, a romance totally different from, and infinitely superior to his subsequent works of the "Jack Shepherd" and "Tower of London" school. His decline and fall were alluded to by Prout in the "Redbreast of Aquitania," and at this time, D'Israeli the younger, as Lord Beaconsfield was then called, was known only as a novelist and the author of the "Revolutionary Epic." "Vivian Grey" had been published in 1826, and its five volumes were still universally popular, and some of his subsequent ones moderately so. He had not yet entered Parliament ; for it was not until 1839 that he made the celebrated maiden speech with which he brought down the laughter of the House, but at the same time vowed that they should hear him yet. Up to this time none of his novels had any political significance. At the time I speak of he was engaged in the celebrated fight with O'Connell, in which the latter complimented him so much upon his remote ancestry.

Cooper's novels, especially his sea stories and his pictures of Indian life, were much read. Ward, the author of "Tremaine," Mrs. Gore, Theodore Hook, and Peacock, were also popular.

Among the poets, Byron and Moore were the twin stars of our firmament. "The Corsair," "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," were devoured by everyone, and "Don Juan," in spite of its license, had many a reader, although, of course, the elders reserved it for themselves, and forbade the younger branches from opening its pages. "Childe Harold," which some one has defined as a col-

lection of sonnets, of course took the first place with thoughtful readers, but, wanting the narrative and dramatic elements, delighted a more limited circle. Byron's several styles produced a host of imitators, and the *pseudo* Byrons, the second-hand Laras, Don Juans, Manfreds, Beppos, were Byronic in their Spenserian stanzas, in their *ottava rima*, in their collars, in everything *sauf le talent*. The most successful imitation of the Don Juan stanza which appeared amongst us was "The Steamboat," which was published in Bolster's magazine, for in those days Cork produced a magazine similar in form to *Blackwood*. It was written by Mr. Henry Bennett, a solicitor, and a partner in the firm of Colburn and Bennett. It was a graceful and accurate picture of the people of its day, as they slowly glided in the City of Cork steamboat from Cork to Cove, and depended on the drift of the tide as much as on the giant steam for dignified movement.

Moore was naturally a great favourite in his native land, and in his Irish Melodies has left us a possession for ever. Never was music more nobly married to immortal verse. Every one sung them, and I was a child when I first heard my old friend, Mr. James Roche, who, I am glad to say, still blooms amongst us, not only sing, but in his singing read them with full appreciation not only of melody but of words. Moore, himself, who had scarce any voice, produced more effect by his admirable singing of these songs than the first tenor of the time could create, and we find in Willis's "Pencillings by the Way" an excellent account of the mode in which he delivered, in a kind of melodious recitative, the song, "When first I met thee, warm and young," in which tradition says that she "who did not dare to doubt" was Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the "false one" was George IV. I have already spoken of "Lalla Rookh," and it would be impossible to pass over the "Fudge Family," and the countless political *jeux d'esprit* which he contributed to the *Morning Chronicle*, a class of comic writing in which he stands unrivalled.

It has been the fashion to depreciate Moore, and some hostile critics, to prove their theses, have selected as specimens the least interesting of his poems. It is true that as a poet for the people he has not equalled Burns; perhaps here again his classical education spoiled him, and his songs are not as racy of the soil as the Young Ireland party would have wished; but still, as models of happy fancies, embroidered in the fairest colours and of the purest outline, he stands in the first rank, side by side with Horace, and far above the Anacreon that he translated. He was, like the first, a scholar and a gentleman, living in the highest and most intellec-

tual society of his time, and it could not be expected that his poems should possess the same untutored beauties as those of the Ayrshire Ploughman. As well expect that Lesbia should win us by the same artless arts as Nora Creina.

Next Moore, Samuel Lover was the most popular of song writers. He substituted genuinely humorous songs for the spurious comic ballads which passed muster, especially on the stage, as Irish fun :—

“Oh, whack, Cupid’s a mannikin,  
Smack on the back he hit me a poulter,  
Good luck, Judy O’Flanagin,  
Dearly she loves neat Looney M’Toulter.”

Such was the vulgar caricature that George Colman the younger gave of an Irish comic song. That Lover stood high may be seen from the following quotation from the *Athenæum* of 1835 :—“He treads closely upon the heels of Erin’s great little bard. At all events, we recommend Mr. Moore not to leave his shoes near Mr. Lover’s room door on a morning, for they will fit the feet of the latter so closely that no jury will convict him of stealing.”

In Ireland Burns was not so popular as Moore, partly from difference of sentiment, and partly from difference of language—Burns’ Scotch was not so well understood by us Southrons. But of all authors of song the one who seems to me to soar the highest was that Northern peasant, who sprung like a lark from his native sod, soaring and singing till he made all the *caller* northern air thrill with his melody. Amongst the wonders of science, we are told by someone that the lark, high poised in air, makes eighteen thousand tons of air move in that rhythmic measure which we call sound.\* A marvel, truly; how that little throat can start that mighty mass into waves of music. A marvel, truly; but not so great a wonder as this—that an humble shepherd on a lonely Scotch hillside should, with *his* song make the hearts of men vibrate, from those who dwell beneath Arcturus to those who live beneath the Southern Cross, and not for a sunny hour of morn, but in shade and in sunshine, in brightness and in gloom; not for an hour, but for decades of decades of years, mayhap for decades of centuries.

Shelley was little read. His atheistic opinions excluded many of his works, and it was only by his minor poems, such as “The Sensitive Plant,” and “The Ode to the Skylark,” that he was well known amongst us. Of Coleridge’s poems only “Christabel,” the “Rime of the Ancient Mariner,” “Genevieve,” and a few of the sonnets were familiar. A few read Keats, and many

\* 18,000 tons of air in a sphere, the radius of which is 500 feet.

delighted in Percy's Reliques. Pope, Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins still held their own. Shakspeare and Milton only, of the elder poets, were much studied. Of course a few read their Dryden, and fewer their Spenser, and still fewer dipped into the old dramatists. We were fond not only of seeing but of reading plays, and many an hour was spent over Mrs. Inchbald's Theatre. Sheridan's plays stood first; but, of course, as loyal Corkmen, we all admired Sheridan Knowles.

I could not within the limits I have prescribed to myself go with any detail into the subject of general literature. Perhaps the greatest favourite of all was Washington Irving, whose "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" were regarded as classics, a character which I venture to think they will always hold. Tom Hood's works provoked to never-ending laughter, but the only serious poem of his that I can recollect at that time was the "Dream of Eugene Aram." Of the books most read at the time, I recollect particularly De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America;" De Beaumont's "Ireland," the best work on Ireland that had ever appeared; Willis' "Pencilings by the Way," a most interesting account of English manners and society by an American writer, the first and best of interviewers; Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," a biting satire, for which she would have been lynched had she been caught; "The Crescent and the Cross," by Warburton, an admirable series of pictures, unequalled in its way until Eothen blazed across the eastern sky. Warburton also wrote a novel "Darien," in which, with a strangely prophetic soul, he described the destruction of a ship by fire, and so foreshadowed his own melancholy fate. A new mode of writing history had been invented. The work most familiar to us was Augustin Thierry's history of the Norman Conquest. In the text the words of the chronicler were closely translated, and the original passages in the very words of the old writer were added in the notes, a mode of writing which brought more vividly before you not only what actually occurred, but how the story was told by the first relator of it. This new departure was made more striking from its contrast with the generalities which had preceded, where the original imprint was defaced by the medal having passed through the hands of so many burnishers and polishers. It is remarkable that both Augustin Thierry and Prescott produced their great works after they had become blind, and in their researches in many a library they had to depend upon the eyes of others when consulting original authorities.



## MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "KESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERREVIL," "ELDERGOWAN,"  
"THE WALKING TREES AND OTHER TALES," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS.

As Father Daly turned back when a few perches up the path, and saw her waving her hand to him, he remarked within himself that he had never seen her look so fair and sweet as on this particular morning. She wore a very dark blue dress, many shades darker than the heather, with something crimson in her hat, and the old man's thought was that she had improved during the last few months, that Bryan had never seen her look so well as this. The idea of danger hovering round her had made him notice her more closely than usual. She was as dear to him as his own grandchild might have been. Nothing but the impossible alternative of allowing a troubled soul to go into eternity unprepared and unshriven would have drawn him at that moment from her side. But as he turned away and lost sight of her he felt himself suddenly sharing her happy presentiment. "She is right," he thought. "*Something* will undoubtedly take care of her!"

Marcella went on her way with no abatement of her unusually good spirits. The effort to reassure Father Daly had reacted upon herself and all realisation of danger had left her. She walked quickly, but not as though she were nervous, or running out of anybody's way. At the next turn of the road she saw a car and horse standing, as if waiting for some one, and she noticed as she passed that she did not know the driver, who was standing by the roadside while the horse munched the grass, idly plucking at the tips of the lance-like leaves of the withering flag-lilies. At her approach he averted his face and almost turned his back upon her.

At this point her way left the road and struck out over a piece of vividly coloured moorland, skirted by black bog on the side where it swept across to the mountains. About half a mile along this level strip of land she could see the wooden walls of her

hospital catching the gleam of the sun, but the intervening space between her and them was lonely in the extreme. There was not a cabin, nor a living thing in sight. So well-known was it to Marcella that its liveness did not strike her. It was simply an interesting bit of her daily walk in which the landscape always took a peculiarly pathetic expression. A little further on there was a wide, dark pool of irregular shape, with ragged edges, into which the high-sailing clouds kept looking down as they passed, giving an air of mournful animation to the solitude.

Just before coming to this pool by the edge of which her path was to lead her, she suddenly stood still, fancying she saw a figure lurking behind one of the short dark bushes. Then she walked on a few paces, thinking she was after all more nervous than she had admitted to herself, since she was seeing mysterious figures in every bush in her path. Another moment and it was put beyond doubt that her fancy had played her no trick. A man was crouching on the ground behind that clump of thorn, and her eye had caught momentary sight of the muzzle of a gun.

In an instant she remembered the waiting car, the threats of her midnight visitor, and concluded that her daring had ruined her. With an unuttered prayer in her heart she remained standing quite still. She was well within range of the assassin's gun, if assassin this should be, and to turn to fly or run about wildly would only be to provoke his anger and hurry his work. A few seconds passed during which she seemed to have lived a century. What was he waiting for? Why did he not fire? Her mind was becoming active again, recovering from the first shock. She looked and listened intently, and presently saw the crouching figure stir. It did not try to rise, but stirred with a writhing movement, and in an instant it flashed upon her that this was not a person who could injure her, but one who was in need of her help. Getting to the other side of the bush she saw that the man half hidden there was lying on his face in an attitude of mortal pain, and that the gun she had perceived was not grasped in his hand, but was resting harmlessly against a sturdy stem of a stunted tree in the thicket.

Making up her mind, from several signs she had learned to know well, that this was a case of the fever, she hurried back to the point of the road where she had seen a car waiting. The driver was still standing where she had left him, but stared at her strangely as she approached. She explained quickly that a man

was lying ill about fifty yards away and that she hoped he would convey him to the hospital.

"I am engaged," he answered, "I am waiting for my fare. I cannot leave this spot."

"It will not keep you long," she pleaded. "You may still be in time for your fare."

He stared at her again still more strangely and gave a look up the road by which she had come. Then he stood a few moments irresolute, and finally took his horse by the head and began leading it over the rough moorland, where there was no way for a car, only a footpath.

"The joltin' will ruin my springs," he grumbled, but still he followed her.

When they came to the spot where the man lay they found him turned on his back with his flushed face thrown upward. He seemed to have fallen into a stupor. The driver, on seeing him, made a curious exclamation, and appeared so bewildered that Marcella feared he had taken fright of the fever, and was going to run away.

"I implore you for God's sake," she said, "to do this act of charity. The man will die if he is neglected longer. He has been ill with the fever for many hours. And it is not so contagious as you suppose —"

Then the man with the car swore a great oath which scorned the dread of contagion, and ended in a muttering about this being an extraordinary business. Marcella admitted that truth in her heart, but she did not betray the fact that she had recognised the face, and still more the hands of the creature for whose life she was pleading. She saw him lifted and laid across the car, and then got up beside him, and held him that he might not fall off; while the driver led the horse as before, till they stopped at the door of the hospital sheds.

It was a case of fever of the most virulent type. As soon as the patient was in bed and had been attended to for the moment, Marcella went to look for the driver of the car. He had disappeared and no one had noticed in what direction he had gone. A careful messenger was sent to search for the gun which was probably loaded and had been forgotten at the bush, but no such thing was anywhere to be found.

Nobody had any knowledge of the patient whom "Herself" had picked up on the roadside. His features were strange to everyone. Patients, nurses, friends of the patients—all declared

they had never beheld him before. Only Marcella recognised him.

When, a few hours later, Father Daly had come to the hospital to look for her, to assure himself that she had not suffered from his necessary desertion of her in the morning, he looked at the sick man with pitying interest, and remarked that his face was entirely unknown to him. What opinion had the doctor given about him, he questioned. A poor, gaunt, frail-looking creature, he seemed pretty sure to die. What a pity he had not fallen into helpful hands before delirium set in. It was sad to think that his friends could not be communicated with.

The doctor's opinion was a bad one. Marcella walked up and down outside the hospital with Father Daly, and talked about this new case which powerfully interested her. There was a strained look of excitement in her eyes, but Father Daly was not observant enough to see it. She had been gay and hopeful in the morning; he found her active and strong-hearted now. He noticed no subtle change in her, did not guess that anything extraordinary had occurred in the meantime, that any crisis in her life had arrived which she was taxing all her energies to meet. While he talked she was asking herself whether she would dare to tell him of her overwhelming discovery. Her heart was beating so fast that she drew her breath in long inspirations occasionally; her hands were trembling, it was only by walking about that she could hold down the inclination to laugh, to cry, to weep. No, she dared not tell Father Daly. He would bring the police about the place immediately and scare away this cowardly soul into the other world before she had had her chance to wait and watch for the saving words which her hope assured her he could speak for her. She would not tell any one yet who was lying in that hospital bed, who it was that Providence had delivered into her hands.

"I am going to nurse this patient myself," she said. "It is an interesting case. The doctor says that nothing but the greatest care can save him. We are all good nurses here, but they say I am the most——"

"Not at night," began the priest.

"Yes, at night, till he is over the worst. Now, Father Daly, shall I not be safer here than anywhere else? Nobody would come to shoot me here. I know that this is the best place for me at present, so please don't say that it isn't."

From this resolution Father Daly could not move her. It was the best place, the safest place in which she could hide herself now. So she argued and he was obliged to agree with her.

The days were shortening, the September evenings lengthening. When night came on she sent the other nurses to rest ; even the man who was always in waiting in case of emergency was dismissed to have some sleep within call, and Marcella took her place alone as nightwatch. Father Daly had undertaken to write her daily letter to Bryan for her, in such a way as not to alarm him. She would not risk writing to him from beside a fever bed. Oh, what news might she not have to write to him before a month, a week, if heaven would only be on her side. She wrapped her shawl closely around her and tried to still the trembling of her body and soul as the vivid realisation of this chance, this opportunity that had drifted to her feet, and might drift on past her, never to return, seized and shook her like the paroxysm of a physical disorder.

After midnight the patient opened his eyes and began to rave, and Marcella fell on her knees and listened to every word as if life or death were to be decided by his delirious outpourings. They were only the disjointed utterance of an evil conscience, revealing nothing except the confused images and memories of a darkened mind. Once she heard the name Kilmartin uttered with an oath, but no words of any meaning followed it. Her strained ears were rewarded with not a single sentence that could promise her the remorse and confession for which she hoped. Before daybreak she was obliged to summon the strong man always in attendance, to control physically the frenzy of the patient which she was powerless to soothe ; and fled out on the moor in the breaking dawn to wrestle with her impatience, to cry aloud to heaven for a light to guide her in this cruel emergency.

If he should die in her hands without one sane word ? Never had her faith and courage been so tried as now. How was she to remain quiet and trustful in God's Providence through all the hours that were to decide whether her new-sprung hope was a beacon light, or only a wandering fire that would flicker maddeningly and go out ? By prayer alone, and if in her prayer she raved, why, heaven would have pity on her, would know all she had wanted to say, and forgive everything that she ought not to have said. The sight of sunrise seemed to give her new hope, and she went back with outward calm to take up her watch again at the stranger's bedside.

The people around began to wonder at her exceptional interest in this particular case of the sickness. Seeing the surprise in their eyes she tried to account for it, saying that this was a stranger, that no one knew his friends, that it would be especially sad were he to die without giving some clue to them. The doctor

told her that she was foolish, was wearing herself out, that he had never counselled her acting as a night-nurse. He noticed a change in her strength, and would not answer for the consequences if she were now to catch the fever which hitherto she had so wonderfully escaped.

Father Daly exhorted, commanded, marvelled. It seemed to him she had neglected her duties at home, her care of Mrs. Kilmartin, her own health, forgotten even Bryan himself in her extravagant solicitude for the life of this ill-looking stranger whom chance had dropped into her hands. For all answers to his entreaties she simply shook her head and kept her place. There was something working within her which he failed to see or touch. He began to think that her extraordinary action was due to panic, that she had got a dread of her home, a fear of being attacked there, that in reality she felt safer at this bedside than anywhere else.

And yet such sudden unreasoning terror coming so quickly upon her former almost reckless daring perplexed him. A fear grew within him that the long strain upon her was telling terribly fast, and that her mind was becoming a little astray.

This thought startled him cruelly one evening when she put her hand on his arm at parting and looked in his face, and said :

"You will not be out of the way when the crisis is near ? I am anxious about this man's confession."

"My dear," he said, gently, "am not I, too, anxious, always, for such poor souls ?"

"Yes, yes, I know, I know ; but the doctor thinks this man may die without being able to speak."

"If he does, it will be sad," he replied. "We must pray for him."

"Yes, pray for him, and pray for me," she said, urgently. "The crisis is expected about an hour after midnight."

"Then I will be here."

She gave him a piteous look and wrung her hands together, as if his promise was powerless to give her comfort.

"Oh, Father Daly, if I dared to tell you !"

"Yes, for heaven's sake tell me. What is troubling you ?"

She swayed back and forward with her hands pressing each other. Her whole body expressed at once her longing to speak and her effort to be silent. At last she conquered her agitation and looked him steadily in the face.

"No, I will not tell, so long as there is a hope for his life."

Now go, Father Daly. But you will come back? You will be here?"

That night after midnight the crisis was past, and the patient lived. With the glimmer of a smile on her lips, a pale light on her brows, as if an angel's wing had passed across her face, she signed to Father Daly to depart and leave her alone with her work. Entirely baffled, he went home marvelling; while Marcella sat motionless at her post, scarcely daring to breathe as the hours went past and the patient lay wrapped in a life-giving slumber.

The scourge had been abating for some time past, and all the other cases now in the hospital were convalescent. The present patient had been put in a shed by himself, and his nurse was alone as she watched through that night by his bed. A small shaded lamp burned in a corner so that the light could not reach him, and Marcella sat in an arm-chair wrapped in a large rug, her wide-open eyes fixed on the window beyond which a star was visible between the dividing folds of the curtain. She dared not let her thoughts run before the present moment; all her mind was concentrated in endurance. When morning came she stole away and took measures to endure the continuance of quiet, so that the long slumber of the sufferer might not be prematurely broken; then she lay down to rest in a spot close by, appropriated to her own use. Late in the afternoon he still slept, and Marcella having recovered her strength a little, seated herself, refreshed, by his bed as before.

A red-gold beam from the sunset fell on her as she sat with some needlework in her hands. Her face was a little pale, but fair and cheerful under her nurse's cap, her fingers did not tremble as she plaited the muslin frills of the apron she was making for one of her girls. There was a strange sweetness on her downcast eyelids, the after-gleam of much prayer, the sign of a faith that can live while waiting upon hope. So the patient saw her when he first unclosed his eyes and looked around him. Before she chanced to glance up and towards him, he shut his eyes again, and pretended still to sleep while observing her.

After a while she was conscious that he was awake and watching her, but by no sign did she betray that she was aware of being so studied. Out of the corners of his narrow eyes he took note of the expressions flitting across her face, so pure and still under its snow-white head-dress, the patient movement of her hands, the dainty touch with which she adjusted the niceties of her work with her fine finger-tips. He admired her graceful figure with the square white apron smoothed across her breast. *Digitized by Google* Accustomed to be

watchful and suspicious he saw nothing in the picture before him to suggest any but the most soothing thoughts. At first he did not know her, could not imagine where he was, but when she raised her eyes with their wide peculiar glance then he recognised her.

Not until the next morning did he admit that he was conscious of what was going on around him, and in the meantime he watched, and took note of everything with the wariness of a detective.

As Marcella came and went, hovering near with all that was needed for his comfort, bringing him nourishment with her own hands, placing a few late flowers where his eyes could see them, shading the light and hushing every sound that could disturb him, she was all the time nervously aware that she had been placed upon her trial, that she was undergoing a searching examination, and that presently not by looks only, but by words, difficult perhaps to answer, would she be called on to betray herself and to confess her recognition of the identity of this enemy who had been so strangely delivered into her hands. And thus to betray herself might frustrate the efforts she was making and had yet to make.

She controlled herself to meet with a pleasant smile of encouragement those treacherous eyes that had so sickened her with horror when she had first seen them in the witness-box, to place her bounties without shuddering in those cruel hands that had filled her with such fear. She tried to forget for the moment what he was, to be the nurse only, the almoner of heaven's mercy, to win his gratitude by her service, to touch his conscience, if he had one, by her good will.

On the third day of his slow convalescence he found himself strong enough to ask the questions which the cunning of his mind had been arranging even before his voice was able to articulate them.

"You are very good to me," he said, "and I want to know why? I have been wondering how I came to be here."

She had just set down the vessel from which he had taken food, and was standing with the light on her face so that he could observe her.

"You were found ill and unconscious on the moor. You had caught the fever. Of course we brought you here."

"Who found me?"

"I found you on the way here one morning. I saw that you were a stranger overtaken on your journey by the sick-



ness. We have had a great deal of the sickness in this part of the country. You have had it very badly."

He watched her narrowly all the time she was speaking, and when she had finished he drew a breath of relief.

"Yes, I am a stranger here," he said, "I was walking this part of the country, for my holiday. I am employed in Dublin as a clerk, and I do not often get a holiday. I had got a shooting licence, and I had my gun. What has become of my gun."

"I thought I saw one near you, but I was so busy with you that I did not mind it. I tried to save it for you afterwards, but when I sent to look for it nobody could find it. I am afraid it must have been stolen. I hope it was not a valuable gun."

"Well, it was worth a good deal to me. Still, I am lucky to have got off with my life. I suppose this is the hospital I heard about, put up by Mrs. Kilmartin for the fever. It was a capital idea. Only for it I'd be dead."

Presently he added: "Are you one of the nurses?"

"Yes."

"You are not the same as the others. You look like a lady."

"I am Mrs. Kilmartin."

"Nonsense. You're joking with me. Catch her putting herself in the way of infection! Ladies don't do that when they can help it."

He turned his head away impatiently, as if annoyed at being joked with, and Marcella arranged his pillows without another word, and went and sat down at a little distance with her work. She was afraid to look up, or almost to breathe for some time after, fearful of betraying her satisfaction. In this first encounter she knew she had got the advantage. He believed that she had not recognised him, that he was as yet safe and unsuspected, and might remain where he was to get well without fear of detection. Let her now encourage his feeling of security. She must not for one moment relax the effort to hide the terror, disgust, and impatience with which the sight of him inspired her, but rather try to subdue and ignore those feelings so as to do the work she had appointed to herself in a Christian spirit. The meaning of the words "do good to those that hate you," came to her for the first time with clearness and force in all its difficulty. She would give him her charity, striving to forget what he was. That was the utmost she could attain to.

Meanwhile the enemy did not hate her. He felt himself secure

for the time, quite unknown to and unrecognised by her. After all why should he have been afraid of detection? In her excitement and trouble during the trial she had probably not been observant; besides he had then been shaven and close cropped; now his hair was long, and his beard had grown, and in this place it was not likely that any attempt would be made to interfere with either. On the night when he had gone to frighten her in her home his face had been disguised beyond all possibility of identification. It was evident at all events that she had no distrust of him. With all her pluck, and she was a brave one, she could not have concealed some sign of such a feeling, had it existed in her mind, neither could she by any possibility have behaved as she was behaving. The police would have been at his bedside, the magistrates would have been watching him, but now it seemed that nobody was taking any heed of him but herself. Was it only that she was consoling her sad heart with deeds of charity, as the people said of her? He had heard there were women in the world of that order, who, when their own hearts were broken, could only get along by serving, tending, saving others who were in pain.

He was not altogether an ignorant man, and only for certain misfortunes, ill-taken, in his youth, might never have been a criminal; yet these thoughts surprised him, coming to him with each long, stealthy look at Marcella's face, as ideas come to a reader off the printed page of a book. He began to feel it a distinct pleasure to see her sitting near him, a pleasure such as he had never felt since the days long ago, in another life perhaps, when he might have been, when he probably was good. He was too callous to hate her because he had done her harm, neither had he any fear of her because of a power she might possibly possess to harm him. He had run a risk of that, but it was over now. He would soon be strong enough to rise up at any moment he pleased and disappear from this place. There was nothing to stay him but the resistance which might be made by those bountiful womanly hands, no one to oppose him but a creature whom he could in a moment fell with a blow; and it pleased him to think he would rather not injure her, that possibly he might never have to do so now.

No, he would not go away just yet. He would prolong the pleasure of getting well in such hands. Even for his own security and that of those who employed him it was desirable that he should not move too soon. He asked her to read to him, for the luxury of hearing her voice. He would exact every attention that his

sickness entitled him to receive. He could never in his life have such a chance again, and he would enjoy it now, to the utmost. He paid little heed to the sense of what she read, only lay seeing dim visions of what good men's lives might be who had women like this to love them and care for them.

Marcella, fulfilling her tasks and seeing him get stronger every day began to grow sick with fear of the hour when he might be strong enough to defy her. Her dream of touching his heart and conscience began to fade. Could she expect a man like this to turn round and denounce himself, to betray the organisation of which he was the tool, unless life were, in any case, over for him, nothing to be looked for but death? Was he really going to get completely well, and had the doctor been deceived? Should she have to entrap and betray him herself into the hands of justice, after saving, and serving, and cherishing him? She began to suffer from an intolerable fear that she had been wrong from the first in this affair, that she ought to have declared her knowledge of his identity while he lay too ill to struggle, ought to have stationed the police at once round his sick-bed. In that case he might, on recovering, have avenged himself on her by still withholding the confession that would redeem Bryan, but at least her evidence of his attack upon herself would go far to prove that the secret society had really been Kilmartin's enemy, and that her husband was, as he had protested, the victim of a plot. If this was the utmost she could hope to obtain by his arrest now, how cruel she had been to herself, how needlessly she had aggravated her own sufferings in the matter. She began to watch him with a new anxiety, dread of his too speedy recovery, and to ask herself how soon she ought to call on Father Daly to share her secret and her responsibility, to give her his countenance and advice.

Yet the convalescent was certainly gaining less strength than might have been expected as a result of the abundant care that had been bestowed upon him. He did not appear to have got cold, and yet he coughed incessantly. Of this, however, he did not himself take any heed, was quite satisfied with his own progress, felt that he should only too soon be able to rise up and depart out of this place, in which thoughts had come to him which would have to be banished as soon as he had power to turn his back upon the comfortable walls that had sheltered him.

At last one night, a sort of scare came over him, a fear that some fatal supernatural change had been wrought in him by the

gentleness of this woman, a change ruinous to his own interests and to the interests of the society to which he belonged; and he resolved to save himself on the instant by escape.

He got up in the night, dressed himself, easily took possession of all that was his own, and stole noiselessly out of the place. As the few sick now remaining in the hospital were all on the way to recovery, the night watch was not very strict, and no one observed that the man was gone till morning dawned. Then Marcella coming in to look to the needs of her patient found the bed empty, and the criminal whom she ought to have secured and given up to justice fled.

The discovery caused a sensation in the hospital, and Marcella's dismay passed unnoticed in the general surprise. The ingratitude of the creature in thus disappearing without saying "thank you" to any one disgusted the other patients and angered the nurses. All agreed that if he died of the sudden change from the comforts that had surrounded him to the freezing hardship of foot travel through the October night, nobody could pity him much. There was every reason to suppose that such sudden exposure might be the cause of his immediate death. Oh, yes, they would go out in search of him if "Herself" commanded them to do so, but the ungrateful creature had done nothing to deserve it. Why make such a fuss about his good-for-nothing troublesome life?

Marcella had little hope that they would be able to recover him alive, and as she went out on the wild moor in the chill misty morning she felt as if she must have been living in a state of madness during the past month, an unhappy madness that had lost her a chance which could certainly never return to her. The hope, the expectation with which she had worked had been idle, fantastic, impossible. She ought to have denied her enemy her personal ministrations and placed him under the watch of the police. Now, he would die in some obscure corner —

While her mind thus writhed in its perplexity and her heart smote her with passionate self-reproach her thoughts were interrupted by the sight of a group of figures approaching slowly out of the distance. As they drew nearer, a little new hope sprang up in her. Here were the messengers returning, and they were carrying—was it merely the body of the missing patient, or was he returning to her to die? And yet, what did it matter, if at the last he should refuse to speak? He was brought into the hospital and laid again in his bed. The doctor was hastily summoned, and the sufferer

was restored to consciousness. He had broken a blood-vessel, and had swooned, but he was not dead. He had days, perhaps weeks, to live, thanks to those who had found him where he had fallen upon the wayside.

"You have been very hard on yourself, my man," said the doctor, when the patient feebly questioned him. "Why were you so mad as to run away and bring on this attack?"

"I thought I was well enough to go, and that it was time. I had given trouble enough. I suppose I am not going to give much more. What is the matter with me now?"

"I am sorry to tell you that you have been in consumption for months past. Is it possible that you did not know it? By exposing yourself as you have done you have hastened the end."

The patient reflected for some minutes and then said :

"You are sure you are telling me the truth?"

"Certainly. I should have told you before, only I wanted to give you a chance. I am sorry you have taken the matter out of my hands. You cannot now live more than a week, I fear—though it is possible——"

When the doctor's ministrations were over and he was turning to go away, the patient stopped him, saying :

"Look here, doctor, I suppose this is all as it ought to be. If you tell me I'm bound to go, why I don't see much to say against it. But there are one or two little matters I would like to put straight. Will you be good enough to send me a magistrate, and anybody else who ought to be present at an important confession? It's a matter for the public, and I mean to have everything fair and square, so that the law can pick no holes in it when I'm gone."

Marcella, who had been approaching the bed with something needed by the doctor, paused and stood looking steadily at the patient. Had he really spoken, or was it a delusion that brought sounds to her ears which they had been straining to hear?

"Ay, lady," he said, "I'm going to do it for you. You have been good to me, that I will say, and for once in my life I'll do an honest turn to somebody."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## SUNRISE.

MR. O'FLAHERTY of Mount Ramshackle and a brother magistrate were soon at the patient's bedside, accompanied by a sergeant of police and one of his men. The deposition made to them ran somewhat as follows :—

“As I am a dying man, going before judgment, I declare that Mr. Bryan Kilmartin is innocent of all knowledge of the crime for which he is suffering penal servitude, and of which he was convicted chiefly on my testimony. I now acknowledge that testimony to have been false, and confess that I, James Barrett, shot with my own hand Mr. Gerald Ffrench Ffont, on the night of the 10th of January, 188—. Bitter experience of landlordism in my family made me a Fenian while a lad, and of late years I have been the agent of a very active branch of that society. In the year 188— it was resolved to remove Mr. Ffont, who was a tyrannical landlord, and at the same time to punish Mr. Bryan Kilmartin for deserting from our ranks. We do not think it worth while to pursue everyone who drops away from us, but Kilmartin's position had made him a precious prize for us, and when he ratted it was resolved to do away with him. We did not want to have his strong influence working among the people by different means from ours. The ‘Nationalist’ party which he had joined is a difficulty in our road; and he was tried and condemned by our Council.

“At the same time we were anxious not to have too many murders on our hands, and it was resolved to get rid of Kilmartin by making him accountable for the shooting of Ffont. The lot to manage the affair fell upon me as I had been found useful on several other occasions. It was I who lured him to the place, I who fired the shot that killed Ffont; I who gave the word to the police who went in pursuit of Kilmartin. It was suspected that one of our band tipped him the hint that enabled him to hide, and—well, that man is dead.

“Finding that Kilmartin was reprieved, and that in twenty years he would in all probability be at liberty, the Society resolved to make an effort to work upon him through his wife, and to persuade him to enlist with us again. It was thought that a desperate man, branded as a convict, might be influenced by hatred of the laws that had condemned him, and might be induced

to give the rest of his life to our service. As I had succeeded so well in managing his affairs before, this second piece of business was entrusted to me. I got orders to remove the lad, Mike, as a punishment of his opposition to us, and a warning to others, and then to frighten Kilmartin's wife into agreeing to our plans. The penalty of refusal was to be death.

"I could make no impression on her ; she was too plucky for me ; and though I would have given her time, myself, I had my orders. I didn't want to hurt her, but the thing had to be done. I had been hiding up in the mountain for a week and hadn't been very comfortable, and when I felt ill for a couple of days before the time came to remove her, I thought it was only the hardships. That morning I was so bad that I said to one that was with me, and who has got away, that I believed I couldn't do it. He called me a coward and reminded me that to fail of obeying my orders was death to myself and no escape for her. I went to the place though I hardly knew what I was doing. I remember the sun getting as red as blood and as big as a mill-wheel, and the sea rising up and beginning to move over the land, and then the earth opened and I thought there was an earthquake. I remember nothing more about that time, but I saw her face all through my illness. It went hard with me to take all I've taken from her—I mean Mrs. Kilmartin—and know all that I knew. I would have got away if I could, for I daren't break my oath and tell on the Society, but it's all right now as I am bound to die. I will tell you more again, perhaps, when I've got time to think it over, but that will do for the present, I believe. All I will add now is that if most landlords were like Mr. and Mrs. Kilmartin, I and the like of me would never have been what we are.

"(Signed), JAMES BARRETT, of the Irish Invincibles, Chief 'Informer' on the Kilmartin trial."

Witnesses of this confession were the magistrates, the police, the doctor, Father Daly, Marcella, and one or two nurses.

"Now," said the doctor to the police, "you can watch your man here ; but mind, I tell you, he will never be able to leave this bed. Let him die in peace."

"Lady," said the dying man, who had scarcely taken his eyes from Marcella's shining face from the moment he began his confession, "you're going to your husband now, and I'll be dead when you come back. I have only one thing to beg from you more—that you will let me kiss your hand——"

With a swift movement Marcella came to his side and gave him her hand. "May God bless you," she said, "and forgive you, as I forgive you, for myself and him."

Then she turned slowly and walked towards the door, and passed out, stunned and blind, scarcely seeing where she was going till the others overtook her, and Father Daly caught her hand and led her. Mr. O'Flaherty took off his hat and congratulated her warmly, and assured her that Mrs. O'Flaherty would do herself the pleasure of calling at Crane's Castle to-morrow. The other magistrate murmured something to the effect that the whole county would do its best to make amends. Marcella bowed mechanically, but did not hear them, and Father Daly signed to them to let her alone, and go. When they were gone, she began to tremble violently, and stood still, and said :

"Oh, Father Daly, is it a dream? I have dreamed it so often. Is it only a dream? Don't tell me it is a dream and that I have got to awake."

He stroked her shoulder, her hand, gently.

"No, dear, no dream, no dream; only God's love and God's mercy. We have trusted in that, and that is no dream. Now, my dear, courage, courage! Sorrow could not crush you, neither must joy. Remember Bryan——"

At the sound of his name a low cry broke from her, in which rapture and anguish were mixed, as if the new joy in her heart could not believe it had got that strong sanctuary all to itself by right, and was still constrained by the struggle of departing pain. And with that first lifting up of her voice the tears came, and she wept a torrent.

"Let me cry; it will be over in a moment."

"Cry away, my dear; it will wash out the last of the misery."

Half an hour later they were in Mrs. Kilmartin's room.

"Mother," said Marcella walking up to the invalid, "our Bryan is coming home at once, do you know? He is coming home at once. Father Daly and I are going to meet him now."

A sort of white radiance illumined her face, though her manner was very quiet. Only for that marvellous light in her eyes and the curious thrill in her tones one could not have guessed that anything extraordinary had happened.

But the change in her acted at once on the invalid, who looked up with a sudden glance of awakened intelligence.

"Coming?" she said, "coming? Ah, yes, now I believe



you, because you look like it. Many a time you said it, but your eyes told me at the same time it was not true. Is he coming to-night? Oh, why are we not all at Inisheen?"

The doctor who had followed them was listening to her.

"I believe it will be just as I fancied it might if he could come," he said to Father Daly. "His arrival will probably work a sudden cure."

Within an hour Marcella was ready to start on her journey to England. "We can be there as soon as a letter," she said, "and perhaps they would not give him a telegram. Let me go at once."

Father Daly was eager to accompany her, but reminded her that there might yet be a trial in store for her patience, a small trial, easily borne after all that had come and gone.

"The law moves slowly," he said, "and doubtless many formalities will be necessary before the order for release can be forwarded to the prison."

"Then we must whisper him the news through the keyhole," said Marcella, with a sudden bright laugh, the novelty of which startled the listeners.

After all there was a period of waiting outside the prison gates before even a whisper of the news was conveyed to the prisoner, but when the order for release came Marcella was permitted to be the bearer of the happy tidings.

Kilmartin was reading in his cell, or trying to read, for his mind was disturbed by a haunting fear that all was not well at Distresna. He knew that the fever still lingered about the country, and that his wife was exposed to it, and he had been informed that there were letters from Ireland awaiting him, which had been withheld, and could not yet be delivered. He was not quite able to connect these two facts in his uneasy speculation, not seeing why the authorities should interfere to retard bad news from home, if such were in store for him, yet the interruption in his correspondence seemed ominous, and his imagination had free room to work in his solitude and suspense. He laid down his book and tried once again to reason himself out of his forebodings, when the sound of the key in his cell-door concentrated his attention on itself as an occurrence quite out of rule at that hour of the morning. The next moment he had sprung to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and gladness, for Marcella was within a yard of him.

"My love, how have you come here? What extraordinary favour is this?"

She was looking so bright and bonnie, her eyes shining, her lips quivering with joy, that she seemed to have stepped straight out of the old happy time before the trouble came. What cause had she now for such delight in merely an unexpected opportunity of seeing him? In proportion to his rapture would be the depth of her sorrow at having to leave him again when the hour of departure should strike. This thought passed through his mind as he held her in his arms, and then across it flashed another with growing brilliance—a conviction that there was some more than ordinary cause for the happiness that irradiated her whole face and figure, that seemed to throb even in her very hands, and in the movement of her feet.

"What is it, Marcella? You have something to tell me. Tell it to me."

She tried to speak and failed. Now that the moment was come, her voice was lost and she stood dumb. She looked at him imploringly, and with a supreme effort brought forth at last the words which she had repeated to herself so often that the whole universe seemed to echo with them.

"Do you not know it?" she whispered. "Can you not guess it? You are free."

The affair was talked about in the papers awhile, several paragraphs appeared drawing attention to it, one or two journals had even a leading article on the subject, while a controversy sprang up for a few days between anonymous letter-writers to the press as to whether the testimony of informers was or was not a safe kind of evidence through which to obtain conviction on an Irish trial. The nine days' wonder came to an end, however, even before the expiration of the proverbial term. A few people talked of compensation for Mr. Kilmartin, who, when consulted, made the request that any compensation of which he might be thought deserving should be held over in trust for the next victim of criminal information. The subject was an unpleasant one for those who had been oversure of the released convict's guilt, and there were a good many people who were ready to quote "no smoke without fire," and to grumble that a man who had once been in prison for murder could never be quite on a level with a man who had not.

Kilmartin and his wife had meanwhile returned to Ireland, received the delighted congratulations and welcomes of their people, and enjoyed the consolation of seeing the mother cured by the reappearance of her son in accordance with the doctor's expectation. Italy is at present the scene of their hard-won, and scarcely hoped-for happiness, yet they are far from entertaining the idea of becoming absentees ; for Father Daly is already making preparations for their return to their home.

THE END.

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IMMACULATE :

SEE, the brightening eastern sky  
Tells us that the sun is nigh.  
What a glow the welkin fills,  
Ere he peeps above the hills !  
Earth, rejoice ! the night is past,  
Gladsome day is come at last,  
And the dawn, her errand done,  
Opens the portals of the Sun.

All the world was plunged in night,  
Reckless, hopeless of the light.  
Through sin's paths men staggered on,  
Where no ray of mercy shone.  
Blind, they lay where'er they fell,  
Knew no heaven, and feared no hell.

Ah ! that flash across the sky  
Speaks the Sun of justice nigh !  
Mary comes, her blissful birth  
Tells of joy to all the earth.  
Raise your heads, the darkness flies,  
See the blessed Dawn arise !  
Flashing rays proclaim her state—  
Immaculate ! Immaculate !

G. R. K.

## THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS DURING AN ERUPTION.

BY JOHN FALLON.

**T**HE little story which I am going to tell is rather an old one—just twenty years old last Spring—and my sole reason for venturing to tell it in print is, that having mentioned it a few times to friends, I have found that part of it caused some little surprise, indicating that the experience which it enfolds is not too hackneyed. You will judge, if you care to read. To me the affair never seemed to involve anything either particularly hazardous or heroic; and I have no doubt dozens of young men did as I did, during the same season, and without thinking much about it.

It was in the month of March, 1865. Visitors to Rome at that time will remember a rather lively exodus from the eternal city towards Naples, because the word had gone forth that Vesuvius was in a state of active eruption, sending up clouds of ashes, and immense volumes of steam and smoke, which glowed like flames at night. This was a sight to attract travellers, the more so as old Etna was reported to be in an absolute blaze across the waters, lighting up the straits with its incandescent lava; and the two-fold eruption was at variance with preconceived ideas, that the sister-volcanoes only worked by turns, like alternate safety-valves of mother-earth's internal fires.

Following contagious example, and rather glad to have a little respite from the laborious delights of sight-seeing in Rome, I started one morning without the least preparation, without even surrendering my charming room at the Minerva, but leaving the floor of it all littered with Roman books lent by friends. Books and floor and room I relent to a young Oxonian, who was suffering ill-health from overwork at home, and further overwork here, whither he had been sent for repose; and my reward was to find him a renovated man when I returned after a fortnight. Such is the magic result of a simple change of aspect in Italy.

For miles, as the railway led along, it was through a succession of valleys, the hills on either side streaked and capped with snow. It must be the clearness of the air, and the consequent night-frosts, that retain this dazzling mantle, notwithstanding the genial

sunshine of each successive day ; and thus one travels in almost summer garments, all incongruously, amid the vestiges of winter. This same dryness of the atmosphere causes the few white clouds, that float high up in the air, to project shadows on the mountain-sides, so deep in tint and so clear in outline, that they mottle the slopes in the strangest manner to our northern eyes.

At Ceprano, the then frontier-town of the Pontifical states, I was fined by the Piedmontese officials for not having my passport in order : this little misfortune was not so much to be wondered at, considering that I had started volcano-hunting without the least preparation. But the curious thing was that, on the return journey I was fined again for some fresh informality of the same precious document, though in the meantime it had been laid before the Spanish embassy, at Naples, to be stamped and signed afresh.

At San Germáno I had just leisure to view from the railway-carriage the mountain-perched monastery of Monte Cassino, princely in its dimensions, fortress-like in style. Is not this quite the senior, the absolute great-great-grandfather, of all the oldest monasteries in Western Europe ? I think it is ; and I noted that the young peasant women, strolling up and down the railway-platform, wore the white veil, in fact, all the head-dress of novices in a convent, except that a little of the throat was exposed.

Advancing towards Teano, the costume of the people became more and more picturesque and the landscape finer and finer.

It struck me I had never seen anything more beautiful than the country round Capua. Such tillage ! This is the heart of Campania, the garden of Italy, the land where toil is a never-ending joy. I can now understand why the Romans, in all their fierce resentment, after avenging the defeat of Cannæ and the treason of Capua, still spared the husbandmen to cultivate this paradise !

Tillage is a relative word, so let me give you an idea of what it means here : the steep hill-sides terraced into levels, those levels shaped into rectangles like billiard-tables, so that not a foot is lost. From level to level are vertical drops, sometimes amounting to eight or ten feet, of sheer descent ; down these the sparkling water, led from the mountain-tops for irrigation, tumbles in small cascades of crystal, then flows along the borders in rippling and joyous rivulets, or is borne from plot to plot in tiny aqueducts ; while tanks of white-washed masonry stud the hill-sides, to store a supply for the summer droughts. Just now each terrace is carpeted with

'grass-corn of brightest emerald. Amid this verdure run long straight lines of elms, planted from East to West, and pruned to present a letter Y to the sunny South; up these living trunks vines creep and cluster, and run pendant in festoons from tree to tree. At intervals, rows of tall poplars give fresh character to the scene; and, grander than all, giant parasol-pines, one here one there, uprear their mighty trunks and spread their dark boughs, shaped just as their name imports. It was of such the younger Pliny thought and wrote, when he compared to "a pine-tree" the smoke of the Vesuvian eruption that killed his uncle and buried Pompeii, together with so many other cities that we, hard-reading moderns, have learned to forget.

At length the fiery cone, main object of my trip, came in view, first to the right, then to the left of the train, as the latter wound slowly round the outskirts of the ancient city of Parthenopé. And, sure enough, the smoke and steam that rose up from it was like the pine-trees we had just passed, only *about a thousand yards high* instead of eighty or ninety feet; and the cone, contrary, as usual, to my preconceived ideas, was covered with dazzling snow to the very top!

It struck me there was an elegance in the villas that surround the wide-spreading suburbs of Naples, built, many of them, like Grecian temples, with pediments and pillars. And, as if for contrast, I observed huts of bee-hive shape, whether to shelter farm-produce or farm-labourers I know not, whose primeval form made the classic villas all the more effective.

\* \* \* \*

Scarcely had morning dawned, when I was off to Pompeii.

Needless, nay ridiculous, to descant on the unspeakable beauties of the coast line, and its familiar perspectives to South and North, and the deep blue of its sea beneath.

A punctilious official, with braided livery and parrot speech, insisted on guiding me round the roofless town, "*par ordre du gouvernement*;" and then I insisted on guiding myself round it again, he following in silence, to his intense amazement and disgust. This done, it was quite too late for that day to ascend Vesuvius with satisfaction.

Note that I saw, in a small museum, corpses, or plaster casts taken from the volcanic moulds of them, of men and women that were living and speaking in the days of Titus, when Pompeii was still a city. One was of a Roman legionary, caught by the eruption while mounting guard, and bravely dying at his post.

Another was of a youthful matron, her infant in her arms, her silver ring on her finger, the anguish of death on her face. Another had quite the smallest hands and feet I had ever seen, for one of her stature, and an inexpressibly sad look on her features. Could it be that if ten righteous ones had been sought to save the doomed city, this classic model and the young mother and the brave soldier would not have been eligible for the number?

Thus one wanders, musing, fooling, thinking, and then returns, satisfied with the day's hard work, with half the day's programme unaccomplished.

\* \* \* \*

The three following days went in exploring the northern side of the bay of Naples, from Pozzuoli, where St. Paul landed, to Cape Misenum where the, trumpeter of Æneas was drowned—by lakes Lucrine and Avernus, the caves of the sibyl and the dog, and by ever-matchless Baiæ. From these points of view the immense pine-tree cloud of Vesuvius seemed leaning over to one side, and pouring down the snow-covered slope, then up the opposite hill.

For three more days, constant broken weather detained me within the precincts of the city; but you can fancy me visiting the churches, most of which I understood to be under a temporary interdict as to religious service; and, of course, I explored, day after day, the Borbonico museum, in which the collections of pictures, vases, and statues, &c., are beyond reckoning and beyond price. You can also imagine me indulging in the unfashionable amusement of staring into the shop-windows bedecked with coral, or at the flashing equipages of the Chiaïa, and the lazy lazzaroni of the quays. I know not whether it was political prejudice, or the damp weather, but it struck me that the cries I heard resounding through the streets of Naples were all discordant, and that the people who uttered them were a mixed race, the dregs of many nationalities, devoid of type or beauty. In many cases the teams that drew their curiously-poised equipages were almost as composite as themselves, for you might note a horse pulling ignobly abreast with a mean cow and a meaner donkey; and this not infrequently.

\* \* \* \*

On Monday, the 13th of March, I made another early start for Pompeii, but was unable, from caitiff weather (*tempo cattivo*) even to revisit the ruins, much less to ascend the cone as I had intended. After spending three dreary hours in the hotel Diomede, waiting in vain for the downpour to stop, I returned. So you see that

bad weather is not altogether the monopoly of old Ireland, as some people assume.

On the following morning I sallied out again, with every circumstance propitious. It being the birthday of King Victor Emmanuel, and of his son Prince Humbert (now King), whole regiments of Bersaglieri were pouring into the Toledo thoroughfare for a review. They are small-sized, but smart well-built men, and as fighting machines I believe they are first-class.

Arrived at Pompeii, I revisited each favourite spot; after which, taking first a good breakfast and then a good guide, I made straight for the mountain, by "Bosco tre case."

The atmosphere was at starting somewhat hazy; but, as it cleared off, the view became superb, and fully repaid the ascent. I believe I was favoured by the snow, because, although it is no light matter to pull your feet through ten or twelve inches of it, or more, at every step, it might have been far worse to have had to scramble over pebbles and cinders, that yield and roll under you evermore.

Arrived at the very lip of the crater, I met two young Englishmen with their attendant guides, busily engaged cooking eggs in the hot ashes, at the edge of the beetling precipice. To what will not the eternal principle of "*nil admirari*" push the juvenile Anglo-Saxon race! . . . Every now and again, as I stood panting and admiring, a thundering noise arose from beneath, like the simultaneous tumbling of many carts of broken stones; then, just after a few seconds, there came back the clattering sound of a volley of rock fragments from against the steep cliffs on the opposite side of the crater, of which I could only get momentary glimpses through the seething volumes of uprushing steam.

And now, as if some imp inspired them, the young Anglo-Saxons proposed that we should all three go down with our guides, and have a look at the place below. . . . "They were game for it if I was." . . . "It was only five-francs a piece extra." . . . "The guides were willing." . . . "Those Italians were such cowards they would never venture if there was the least danger." . . . and so on. So down we went all three, each strapped by the waist, and held with a rope, like monkeys in a menagerie.

The going down was a simple affair, mechanically speaking; the face of the crater was like a steep sandbank, owing to the ashes that covered the rock; each step gave a sheer descent of two or three feet, or more, and we took about eighty or ninety steps



downwards, more or less. We went as far as it was tolerably safe to go, certainly as far as I could endure. The skill of our guides consisted in steering us right *behind* the "emissario" from which the stones were being projected, and this they did with unerring ease. (People less prudent, who neglected this cardinal precaution, paid the penalty on previous and subsequent days.) But no skill could guard our precious feet against the scorching heat of the ashes, which made us dance strange antics as we sank into it, all unintentional, but most ridiculous. And no steering could preserve us against the choking effect of its gushing gases, which made us cough till it was unwise to tarry.

And what did we gain by this absurd descent, beyond suffocation and augmented noise? Nothing, except that at intervals we got perhaps clearer glimpses of the opposite wall of the crater, apparently a couple of hundred yards off, all brown and yellow with sulphurous deposits, and streaming with condensed vapour; and then all was clouded again. Vainly did we look downwards for yawning chasm, or the sight of a great blaze; it was all steam, and smoke, and nothing more.

And now, to reascend; this was verily, the "*mauvais quart d'heure*." We had come defiantly down, but were towed ignominiously out, each guide pulling his own particular victim, and we all coughing like fools, and blind as bats. Such is the effect of chlorine and sulphur gases on the eyes and lungs of the unaccustomed Celt and Saxon. You may believe that I shall not forget those arduous minutes, and was glad when we reached the heaven-sent ozone of the mountain-top.

And here, after a pause for breath, we cooked more hard eggs, eat them together as if we had been friends for years; then coolly, with a calm shake of the hand, we separated for ever. Such is life!

Of course this eruption was merely one of the ordinary ones of Vesuvius, quite a second-class affair compared with the grand displays that history tells of, and of which the cone itself is a speaking record. Even within quite recent memory there have been times when the mountain has shot up red hot stones and burning ashes, in volumes inconceivable, and when it has trembled and collapsed in its paroxysms, and poured out streams of molten lava, some of them narrow, others hundreds of yards wide and running along for miles. To approach its lip at such times would have been death indeed. Such streams harden rapidly, but take years, almost generations, to cool. I touched one, still hot, that was

vomited long years ago. Each lava stream has its date, and all have a hard metallic ring, and in places a hollow sound.

Historically speaking, it is pretty well attested that in the days of kingly and consular Rome, the crater was as quiescent as if it had been utterly extinct; its fires were a mere legend of the prehistoric past, only living in the doubtful nomenclature of the surroundings. Within its dense recesses a jungle of wild vines luxuriated; and here Spartacus, with his valiant companions, made his first brave stand for freedom; from here he and they escaped, down heights deemed too steep for human foot, with ladders made of the creeping boughs, and then, mere gladiators and slaves though they were, they defeated their pursuers, and gave the consuls and legions of Rome ample work to subdue them.

The sudden awakening of the volcano in the days of Titus is the theme of the younger Pliny's letters, and what Pompeii, Herculaneum, &c., too well attest. History tells of another dormant stage, all through the sixteenth century and the early part of the seventeenth, followed by another fierce awakening, with human holocausts in many many thousands, and ashes floating through the air off to the Isles of Greece, and the distant Bosphorus. Since then the mountain's record has been a pretty lively one; and, like a great earth-bubble it has gone up and down, varying vastly in height with several of its principal eruptions. All this may be had in books; but let me revert to self.

Passing down to the station of Torre Annunziata, the sole of one of my boots fell out, thanks to the atrocious scorching it had got in the crater; and for the first, and, I trust, the last time in my life, I had to walk barefooted, "quoad" one foot. Arrived at the village, I was shown a cistern that was being cut through three successive layers of volcanic ash, the upper and middle ones about three feet thick, the latter already indurated like Roman tufa, the undermost one apparently still harder.

It struck me the people about Torre Annunziata have features of classic type, in this respect differing vastly from the lower orders of the capital. Not only have they glorious hair and eyes, but also small mouths, fine teeth, straight profiles, and something suggesting lineal descent from the grand old Hellenic-speaking colonists of antiquity. But their amusements did not strike me as either classic or sublime; one was, to sit on the ruins of a wall in absolute and utter idleness; another, and apparently a better, to lie flat on the ground, with about three feet of macaroni pendant from an outstretched hand, the classic lips busily engaged gnawing at the other

extremity; thus mildly to devour is their dear delight. Listless and contented, with a much worse danger than the sword of Damocles ever hanging over them, those are the people to rebuild their homesteads after each fresh eruption, before the cinders are yet cool, while the embers are yet smoking. Mere existence here is life to them; life elsewhere would be banishment and death. A few short years of calm is all they ask of heaven, and this they thus enjoy. Good-bye.

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### BE BRAVE!

**B**E brave! for cowardice is ever fatal:  
 Make all the bulwarks of thy weak heart sure,  
 Gird up thy soul within thee for the battle,  
 And sternly set thy spirit to *endure*.

Be brave! There is no hope of thine evading  
 This field where thou must either yield or win.  
 A timid soul works out its own degrading,  
 And much depends on how thou dost begin.

Thy life shall be just what thine actions make it,  
 Warfare *must* come, though it come soon or late;  
 The cross is certain, whether thou dost take it  
 With willing hands, or shrinking from its weight.

Be brave, with that true courage God bestoweth  
 On humble hearts whose weakness He makes strong;  
 The end of all thy Father's wisdom knoweth,  
 And thine own heart shall know it too ere long.

The struggle may last long, but not for ever,  
 Let not Christ's freeman tremble like a slave.  
 Whatever He may ask of thee, oh! never  
 Forget the crown is greater—then, be brave!

SISTER MARY AGNES.

## THEN AND NOW.

### A LITERARY RETROSPECT.

BY DENNY LANE.

#### PART II.

ABOUT this time there gleamed above the horizon the first rays of a new star, and certainly there never swam into our ken a stranger comet—brilliant, erratic, lurid, nebulous, by times it seemed to be guided by no law, but flashed like those fireworks, which meeting even water, suddenly alter their track, and scintillate into effectual and changeful brightness. It seemed to belong to no system previously discovered, and for a short time threatened to establish an anti-system of its own. Yet it was but an outgrowth of seeds long previously sown, and Thomas Carlyle, though his admirers may think him to have sprung self-generated from the soil, was but the development of older germs, and the lineal descendant of Rabelais, Sterne, and Jean Paul Richter. It is an old saw, and wiser than most old proverbs—"Omne ignotum pro magnifico," and popular criticism sounds with a line so short that whenever its lead cannot touch bottom it supposes that everything beyond its reach must be unfathomably deep. Far be it from me to limit human genius within the shallows in which we, ordinary men, wade, or to prevent it from setting sail over a deeper sea, but I believe that many who profess to go beyond the shallow lagoons of thought, seem to us to do so only by the mists of language which they themselves cause to arise between us and their ensign. In 1835 Carlyle's "French Revolution" had not appeared. Some ten years before he had published his first work, the "Life of Schiller," written in what he called his "governess English"—a work which he afterwards designated as remarkable for "its intrinsic wretchedness and utter leanness and commonplace;" and in the following decade chips from his pen took the form of translations and criticisms on the German authors. But in 1830 and 1831 Carlyle's first important work appeared in *Fraser*—"Sartor Resartus, or the Philosophy of Clothes," and I especially mention his early works because he himself told me that a Corkman was he believed the first to discover their power, and when some years after Carlyle came to Cork, I had the pleasure of introducing to him at my own table his first admirer, the Very Rev

Archdeacon O'Shea, for many years a parish priest in this city, and an original member of this Society. Father O'Shea was an indefatigable reader, and when I was a boy there was a tradition that he and Mr. James Roche had read every book in the Cork Library, then, for its time and opportunities, a wonderfully well-selected collection. But whether this tradition be true or not (and I see so many lies in printed testimony that I am inclined to give the greater weight to tradition), it is certain that a priest in Cork was the first to discover the advent of the new comet. It is not for me to criticise Carlyle, but I cannot leave the subject without expressing my belief in his great defect of moral sense. Of right or wrong he seemed to have no perception. Power was what he bent down before. What other men called good fortune was his idol. To triumph with Cæsar, not to suffer with Cato, was his selected task. He introduced into literature the term "flunkey," and if I may use his own word he appeared to me as always the flunkey of power, and generally the flunkey of success. He had no ruth in his heart for the defeated, and long before Froude's cruel autopsy of his "friend," I had formed my own impressions from the writings themselves of the merciless injustice of his selfish philosophy, and I have to his face charged him with gross misrepresentation of my own countrymen—a misrepresentation founded on the evidence of an ignorant woman, and contradicted, as he admitted, by his own experience. But his great power as a writer no one can seriously question. Many passages in his "French Revolution" move you like a well-acted drama. In "Sartor Resartus" you may find specimens of style as characteristic as any he has ever written. He had a ruck of imitators, but the fashion he set has fortunately gone out.

In periodical literature the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* held the first places. Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and some others of those who had in 1802 founded the *Edinburgh Review* still wrote for it; and for some ten years they had the help of the most popular writer who ever contributed to its pages, and whose essays have become almost a text-book in modern literature. I mean, of course, Thomas Babington Macaulay. His first essay, that on Milton, was, perhaps, the most characteristic of his style, and to his own mind contained faults, for he subsequently amended them. The articles on Boswell's Johnson, on Warren Hastings, and that on Lord Bacon, are, perhaps, the most striking amongst them; and the last of over one hundred pages exceeded in length any other article ever published in a review. He had not yet written

the history which Carlyle characterized as "a novel," and others called "a long political pamphlet;" but he was known as a poet by the spirited ballads which had appeared in Knight's short-lived magazine.

The *Quarterly* ran close on the *Edinburgh*, and between its most powerful writer, John Wilson Croker and Macaulay, there existed a hatred which would not be unworthy of two musicians who, I am sure, exceeded in jealousy the Doctors and the Beggars of the old proverb, "*Medicorum et Mendicorum maxima est invidia.*" John Wilson Croker had for a long time been the leader-writer and political pamphleteer of the Tory party—a position afterwards occupied by Dr. Maginn with far different fortune.

Maginn was once asked to dinner by Croker, but was placed near the foot of the table, and taken no notice of by his host, who at the head of the table was surrounded by several peers. At that time the party was rather weak in debating power in the Upper House, and there was some talk of elevating the Secretary of the Admiralty to the Peerage. One of the noble lords asking his host what title he would take, Croker replied, "My people come originally from Lyneham in Oxfordshire, and I think of taking the title of 'Lord Lyneham.'" Maginn, nettled by the inattention of his entertainer, had been sulkily swilling wine at the foot of the table, until he reached that point which, in a lower grade of society is called "the cross tumbler," but now raising his voice, exclaimed—"Wouldn't it be better if you took the title of Lord Penny-a-line'em?" It is a matter of political history that Maginn dined only once at Croker's.

Another very able review, the *Foreign Quarterly*, was largely read. Many articles, and often the annual *resumé*, were contributed by Dr. Jones Quain, the distinguished anatomist, who had an extraordinary knowledge of literature as well as science. He was the First Professor of Anatomy at the London University; his brother was elected Professor of Surgery; another brother rose to the English Bench; and a nephew (the present Dr. Quain) holds the first place amongst the English physicians—a gifted family who came from our own county, and who certainly avoided the example of their sires, the old Rakes of Mallow. Dr. Jones Quain was the best educated man I ever knew, but, unfortunately, was of a singularly retiring disposition.

Amongst magazines *Blackwood* would have perhaps taken the first place, but it was closely pursued by *Fraser*, which first ap-

peared in 1830, and then had the co-operation of three most able Corkmen in Dr. Maginn and Father Prout, both not only able writers of prose, but authors of verse, and in Daniel Maclise, who as a draughtsman, stood unrivalled save by another Irishman—Mulready. Father Prout's name is such a household word in Cork that of him I need say nothing more than this, that he appeared to me to have exceeded all others as a translator of lyrical poems, and that at his hands even the refined gold of Beranger's noblest songs were gilt with a brighter metal and received a higher lustre than when they came originally from the hands of the great French artist. His "Bells of Shandon" remains the charter song of Cork. His beautiful poem, the "Red-breast of Aquitania," with its envoi to Harrison Ainsworth, led to a bitter quarrel between the writers. Maginn was long a contributor to *Blackwood*, and subsequently joined *Fraser*, and the humour and satire of his papers were rarely surpassed. In *Blackwood* Cork at one time occupied a prominent place, and some extravagant caricatures of our public men delighted other publics than that of Cork. There was a freedom of satire in these times which has disappeared now, but it must be confessed that in these our days satire has lost half its merit in losing all its grossness, and it is amongst the most highly placed politicians that we now have to seek for the most energetic ribaldry. Within these walls political leaders are as sacred as mumbo jumbo, or I might refer for examples to more than one leading statesman in more than one party.

Before leaving the names of the Rev. Francis Mahony and Dr. Maginn, I would wish to point out an error in Mr. Henry Morley's book on the "Literature of the Victorian Era," in which in two places, he makes the error of ascribing the authorship of the "Prout Reliques" to Maginn instead of Mahony—a mistake all the more notable from the great care and accuracy which distinguish the other portions of the work; a work which I saw for the first time a few days since, and which if I had seen sooner would have saved me much trouble in verifying dates.

The *New Monthly Magazine* was in those days rather declining from the high level to which it had been raised during the editorship of Campbell. *Tait's Magazine* was an able liberal publication. Both, however, have joined the majority. In 1832 there sprang into existence a new form of magazine, which appeared weekly; and the *Penny Magazine* and *Chambers' Journal* appeared almost simultaneously. The first was illustrated, and had numerous

imitators, amongst which was the *Dublin Penny Journal*, containing interesting papers and illustrations of Irish topography and antiquities. All have long since passed away, with the exception of *Chambers'*, which lives and thrives. And referring to Chambers, I would recommend every young man to read the life of Robert Chambers, by his brother William. He can there learn a lesson of patience and perseverance, of order, self-control, and of ultimate success in a useful career, attained in a great measure by those qualities in which our young men are most deficient. The sole relic of the *Penny Magazine* is the *Penny Cyclopaedia*, a most useful work which has been re-edited. Another class of work was in great vogue in these days, and might be classed amongst the magazines—I mean the annuals contributed to by the best writers of the day, but so disjointed that the principal value consisted in the beautiful steel engravings with which they were illustrated. However, some of Scott's and Hood's best poems appeared in them; and Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, and Mrs. Norton were constant contributors. The "Forget-me-Not," the "Amulet," the "Gem," the "Bijou" had a considerable sale in Cork about Christmas-time. The most ambitious was the "Keepsake." The price—a guinea—seemed high, but it was said that 11,000 guineas had been spent in bringing out a single number. At the time I refer to, however, the sale was steadily declining, and the annuals died out leaving a faint odour of kid-gloves and lavender-water behind them.

I now come to a department of literature the most important of all, if we count the number of readers. I mean, of course, the newspaper, and in no branch has there been so great a change, a change arising from many causes, to some of which I will call your attention. In the strict etymological sense journalism did not exist in Cork fifty years ago. If we speak of a journeyman we mean a man who works every day—*chaque journée*—except Sunday, and a journal properly means a daily writing. But at the time I speak of, the journals of Cork were half-timers. The *Constitution*, founded June, 1822, appeared on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The *Reporter* on the afternoons of the same days, and the *Chronicle* on the evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The *Constitution* was Tory, the *Chronicle* the very opposite, and the *Reporter* was a Catholic Whig journal. The last paper was conducted with great ability by the proprietor, Mr. Redmond O'Driscoll, who during the session of Parliament resided in London and wrote for his newspaper a private correspondence remarkably neat, trenchant, and brief, and his admirers before expressing an



opinion were in the habit of waiting until they could hear "what would Reddy say." Mr. O'Driscoll was not a University man, I believe not a classical scholar, and was noted for a simple and pure style of English, which I have often found goes with an ignorance of the learned languages. I once complimented a very dear friend of mine for the excellence of his judgment of books, and added that I attributed it to this, that his perfect natural taste had never been corrupted by any reading. I am glad to say he deeply appreciated the compliment. There is no doubt, that we find in the English, of the unlearned Cobbett a charm which we fail to discover in the ponderous style of the learned Samuel Johnston. The greatest writer of English, or any other language, we are assured (by another learned Jonson) had "small Latin and less Greek." I have seen many other similar cases, and if the keen-eyed critic can detect any error in my own style I beg that he will be merciful to me on the ground that I am one of those whose pure "well of English undefyled," was contaminated by a sound classical education.

If any members of the press are listening to me I feel I must make their teeth water when I tell of the Paradise in which their predecessors lived, an Elysium in which, like opera singers, they had to perform only three times a week, and generally in the evening, when the midnight oil was rarely burned, and their copy written on linen paper by nutgall ink was lighted by Dan Apollo's rays, instead of by stifling and unwholesome hydrocarbons or the livid light that the Dynamo-Electric sheds upon esparto paper and aniline ink—an era when the writer had time to think, whether he did so or not, and the reader had time to read—or to let it alone. In many a torture chamber abroad, and especially in the admirable collection of the Folter Kammer of Ratisbon, have I studied the various forms of torture which the middle ages devised, and herein had they marvellous powers of invention, but nowhere have I seen anything like that acute, yet continuous torment which the editor of or writer for a daily newspaper must suffer when he is drying up his heart's blood, and spinning out his nerve tissue to a beggarly public which pays him only a penny a day. I grieve to think of the oceans of ink that are spilled upon continents of paper, and printed in universes of journals, which in a day or two might as well have been left unwritten and in a few hours lapse into the vast void of nothing.

But fifty years ago there were salutary restraints upon this merciless shedding of ink. A benevolent government put a tax

of two pence on every printed copy of a journal, while the very paper in which it was printed paid in duty as much as the first cost, and the very oil and lampblack for which the printing ink was made, and the nutgalls and vitriol which filled the pen were heavily taxed. I often am about to beg that those blessed days may again return, but I check the prayer, when I remember that even then the people of Cork suffered from three newspapers, and that even in those days editors occasionally died.

It is beyond my present purpose to tell you how the *Cork Chronicle* with the pallor but without the poetry of the Roman Emperor bled to death, how the *Reporter* passed into the hands of Mr. William Fagan, and Mr. Mullen, and others, and was carried on under the editorship of Mr. Fagan, the Rev. William O'Sullivan, Mr. Edmund M'Carty, Mr. Michael Joseph Barry, Mr. Adams, until it gradually went out. The *Constitution*, now conducted with a broader spirit than that which animated its early days, is still flourishing, and was conducted as long as I can remember by the amiable Mr. Crean, who was a tiger in politics, and a lamb out of them. He always opened his columns to me, provided that my communications had nothing to do with religion or politics, and was as civil to me as he was threatening to the Emperor of all the Russias. He gave me an indulgence which I own I abused, and the corrupting influence of journalism was eating into my heart, when my conscience was rudely awakened by having been found out in giving a highly discriminating critique on a concert in Kinsale, when, I grieve to confess, it was proved that the writer was in Youghal. At this time the *Examiner* did not exist, having appeared for the first time on the 31st August, 1841, under the able editorship of Mr. Maguire. The *Cork Daily Herald*, at first an advertising sheet, until it passed into the hands of Mr. David A. Nagle, did not see the light until 1855, and the *Skibbereen Eagle* had not yet spread its ample pinions to the breeze. The price of a Cork newspaper fifty years ago was 6d., but the two-penny stamp secured one free transmission by post, an important privilege when the postage of a single letter without an inclosure was 1s. 3d. to London, and 10d. to Dublin. It must be remembered that no railway was opened in Ireland, and up to 1833, only two lines—the Stockton and Darlington, and Liverpool and Manchester, both short ones—were working in England. Although the steamers had long been used, they were slow, and on one occasion my voyage from Cork to Bristol occupied 56 hours.

The high price of newspapers reminds me of a story which illus-

trates the great ingenuity which the natives of the neighbouring kingdom of Kerry so often display. A solicitor from the kingdom, who always resided in Dublin during term-time, took up with him, a servant, a countryman of his own. Entertaining his friends one evening, when some important news was expected, he sent his servant out after dinner with a sixpence to buy a copy of a paper from the numerous hawkers who then cried *Mail ! Post !* these being the two evening papers of Dublin. The servant returned and handed his master the paper, which being a week old, was hurled, with sundry imprecations, at his head. The servant fled from his master's ire, but took the paper with him, and returned in a few minutes handing back the paper, and alleging that it was the *Post* of that evening, as it turned out to be. The master was positive that he had made no mistake in the first instance, and difficulty was explained by the ingenious domestic confessing, "Wisha, Masther, I thought I could sell a paper as well as any of them, so I put on an ould coat and a batthered ould cady, and called out, *Mail ! Post !* as loud as the best of them, until I sold the ould paper, and bought a new one, and saved your honour sixpence, which I hope you'll not forget." Before leaving the subject of journalism I must remark that few people, I think, fully comprehend the marvel of the penny paper. The immense amount of matter which is published, the extraordinary expense that is incurred to procure early information, and the high fees paid to special correspondents, besides the large incomes secured to the permanent staff and the ample profits reaped by the proprietors of the great journals, are marvellous, but would be impossible only for the large revenue derived from the advertisements. But this great source of revenue seems peculiar to the journals of England, and the French, German, or Italian readers are, perhaps, less credulous, or manufacturers are less enterprising; but certainly we cannot find in a foreign paper anything resembling the dense jungle of advertisements which enriches, while it encumbers our own journalism. I have counted in one weekly journal 60 pages of advertisements, and these, I know, are paid for at a high rate. In those days "Warren's jet blacking, No. 30, the Strand," took a leading place. "Rowland's Macassar Oil," which Byron has celebrated, ran a good second :

"And as for virtues, nothing could surpass her,  
Save thine incomparable oil, Macassar."

When Campbell, the poet, suggested to Mrs. Rowland that some of the metrical ballads in praise of the fragrant oil may have come from her own pen, she indignantly replied, "No, sir, we

keeps a poet." But, like the Homeric heroes, the advertisers of the present day may boast that they excel the achievements of their progenitors, but the artist is more employed than the poet. I believe of all, peerless amongst his peers, Mr. Pears appears. I should add that a paternal Government then put a restraint upon its prodigal children, for it imposed on each advertisement a duty of 3s. 6d., subsequently reduced to 1s. 6d. and 1s., which I think was the rate in 1835.

A very scurrilous sheet called the *Freeholder* continued to appear at irregular intervals, generally on Saturdays. The editor, one Johnnie Boyle, was believed to levy black mail on those who feared his pen. As a general rule, the paper was noted only for its indecencies and libels, but, occasionally, some clever verses appeared, and the best of these were written by Mr. Joseph O'Leary, the author of the celebrated temperance song, "Whiskey, drink divine." He had a good talent for versifying. I always admired the verse about Anacreon, and some of his satire would not have been unworthy of Swift. The *Freeholder* was seldom prosecuted for libel, but some one adopted the rude justice of revenge, by nearly cudgelling the brains out of the anonymous writer with an anonymous shillelagh. The "wounded" snake, however, "dragged its slow length along," from 1806 to 1838. It was an early progenitor of the Society papers.

In endeavouring to give an account of what we read, and what we wrote, and what we thought of, in Cork fifty years ago, I feel I have attempted too much, for the time at my disposal, and I must barely touch on the second motive of my theme, namely, what we read, write and think now in literature. This is not to be regretted, as you yourselves are as good, perhaps, better judges that I am of our present position. In this long lapse of time there has arisen and has passed away a host of writers of fiction. Dickens, of whom it is superfluous to say more than that he, beyond any other writer, has contributed to the honest pleasure of two generations, and in some things was as much a reformer as a story-teller. Lever, who made more men laugh heartily than any other writer of the century. Thackeray seldom showed power in the construction of a narrative, and his characters, whether good or bad, are defective in that inconsistency which is interwoven with our human nature. He is more of an essayist than a novelist, but the story itself may not be of gold, yet upon its thread is many a "pearl at random strung." Trollope, who provided for his readers pleasant pastime, but no more than pastime, and a host of others.

But the sceptre in a great measure passed into distaff, for in all that period the names of three women stand forth pre-eminent—Harriett Beecher Stowe, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot—Mrs. Stowe's great work was the sword that cleft Negro slavery from crest to centre. Charlotte Brontë's few novels stand examples of clearness, of thought, of deep emotion, and purity of style; and George Eliot has, from the "Scenes of Clerical Life," down to all her latest productions, which are too analytical, left works with all the finish and durability of finely sculptured marble. I regret to say that women have also produced the coarsest works which English literature has evolved during the time, and I could name another trio whose grossness has not deprived their works of popularity. I have looked into some of the novelists of the present day, and, excepting those of Mr. Black, Mr. M'Carthy, and Mr. Guinee, I confess I have not derived any great pleasure from them, and I believe few of them will reach posterity. Of the poets, what shall I say? Tennyson has been the object of an exaggerated *cult*, but whether it is that I have not been able to get rid of the evil impressions which the affectation of his earliest works has left, I own I can never take him to my heart, as I did the men of yore. He can never be a poet of the people, and I believe the intense admiration of his works is founded in a great measure on a certain dainty *Æstheticism* which will not be enduring. With respect to Robert Browning, I think that every one must regret that the author of "How we brought the good news to Ghent," and the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," should so often have involved his thoughts in an obscurity which I fear is not unstudied. I lived so much among the poets of the Young Ireland era, that I may be prejudiced in favour of my friends, but I believe the poems of Davis, of Duffy, of Clarence Mangan, and D. F. M'Carthy and of Ingram will last as long as Irish blood runs in Irish veins. Swinburne has his admirers; I am not amongst them. As a workman, his childish love of alliteration, and love of complex form condemn him. The minor poets are as numerous as the stars in the milky way, and many of them are nebulous enough to fill worthily a place in a diluted galaxy. Writers in general literature are so numerous that they are as countless as the poet wished that Chloe's sweet kisses might prove.

With respect to our literary *status* in Cork, in 1885, I will at once say that I see no evidence of progress. With far greater aids to learning, I see less learning. We have now what we had not then—a provincial college, a school of art, penny newspapers instead

of sixpenny newspapers ; we have telegraphs, telephones, railways, swift steamers, penny postage, many reforms in matters which too nearly approach politics for me to allude to them here. But, with all these aids, do we find in the middle class a mark of improvement? I regret to say I do not see it. I would only be too glad to be convinced that I am wrong. Of the men who remain amongst us, it would be invidious for me to speak ; of the men who have migrated within the last decades, I can only remember the name of Mr. Justin M'Carthy as that of one who has made his mark in literature. Our great schools exist no longer, a fact partly to be accounted for by the fashion of sending away boys to English and foreign schools to get a thin varnish of French, or an electro-plated English accent. I have met a good many of them, and none of them came up to the standard of the home-keeping youth of my boyhood, furnished with homely wits and home-spun knowledge. I cannot find more, I believe if I searched I would find fewer men who can write well, who can talk well, who can think well. I may, like other men advanced in life, be called *laudator temporis acti*, but I am fond of converse with my fellows, and I must confess that, so far as literary matters are concerned, I am repelled by the baldness of conversation, which is, for the most part, confined to a repetition, without variation, of what I have read in the papers of to-day or yesterday. I would give a premium for a man who would start a paradox, or who would twist into any new shape the useless information with which I have been bored for a day or a week before. I think the soil is more sterile, and certainly the plants are less vigorous than they were in my early days. I find young men thinking of entering an University at the age when my compeers left it, and yet I hear great complaints of overwork which I never heard of in my youth. I see few young men who are enthusiasts on any subject except cricket, lawn-tennis, yachting, or bicycling. I see young lads going about reading a pink paper called, I think, *Sport*, which derives its chief interest from the reports of betting transactions on the turf. Cricket, a stupid game introduced from England, to the prejudice of honest, bone-breaking hurley, seems to me one of the great agencies employed to deprive our youth of intellect, and I noticed some time ago, while moving about England, that the talk of nine men out of ten was of cricket or of horse-racing. Nothing can contribute more towards keeping a sound mind in a sound body than hearty exercise, but the body is not everything. Were I, like a Roman Emperor, to enjoy an apotheosis, and were I to select a companion, I confess I would prefer "Glorious

Apollo," or even that pleasant rogue Mercury, to that lubber Hercules, with all his thews and sinews, and his little nut of a head Or, reverting to the Antolycus of the skies, I would rather meet the herald Mercury new lighted on some heaven-kissing hill, and bear-some message from the skies, than burly and muscular Vulcan, after he had been kicked out of the upper house for his filial love. But, seriously, I do believe that in these latter days the mind has been made too much the slave of the body, and while our young men "wear out their youth with shapeless idleness," we too often find *mens vacua in corpore pleno*. In these remarks I address myself to the middle and upper classes of society. In the humbler classes I see a marked advance especially notable since the Intermediate Education was applied—a test which some of the middle class schools judiciously avoid. National schools have done much. Others have done more. I may point with pride to the school of my friends, the Christian Brothers, to show what a free school can do in open competition; and had I a schoolboy son myself I would, on sound financial principles, send him to a school where I would have to pay nothing, but where he would receive a great deal, instead of to one where I would pay a good deal, and whence he would bring away nothing. Now, from this we have to learn a lesson often taught before, but seldom heeded. If kenning and canning are the same, the upper and middle classes must see to it, that they do not become the lower classes. The higher classes of our citizens have in a great degree withdrawn themselves from municipal life, and very few of our younger men have ambition enough to come forward, but they leave all the work to the greybeards.

I rarely meet a young man in the Cork library now-a-days. It used not be so, and I am told that our friend, Sir John Pope Hennessy, whom, I hope to see ere long Ambassador to China, attributes his success in life to the hours he spent in that Institution in his early days.

But while I have noticed the decline and fall of literary taste and capacity in Cork, I do not despair of a renaissance—and it is especially the object of this society, to keep rebuilding in a newer, mayhap, in a better style, the edifice of which we were once so proud. The material I am sure is here; I trust we shall not want artists to hew it into forms of strength and beauty.

If my estimate of our present *status* seems too depreciative, my words are meant not to discourage but to stimulate, not to chill but to kindle amongst you that love of letters which so many writers, from Cicero to Sydney Smith, have so justly lauded. You will per-

ceive I have not said a word about science, for, great as are the pleasures it affords to the student, the mass of mankind must feel more interest in human emotions, and in human action, than in any of the objects of scientific research. And the younger members of this Society I would counsel to secure a provision against many a trial and balm for many a sorrow, to cultivate as a germ of priceless and perennial growth whatever love of literature now stirs within them. A very close friend of mine has said that if the offer were made of "forty pounds a year," with the love of reading, or a thousand a year without it, there would be no hesitating in adopting the former, for, on the first you may be "passing rich," and on the last you may "be poor indeed." If I may speak from my own experience, and after a life not without its trials, of all the endowments which fortune placed within my reach, I regard the love of reading as the most valuable. Other friendships may fade, or be blighted, ties that seemed made to last for ever may be snapped asunder like a thread of gossamer, but books are the true friends who always stand steadfastly by you, and sustain you, doubling your joy in the sunshine, and halving your sorrow in the gloom.

What struggles, what painful efforts have I seen made by many to rise into what they deemed a higher or a more polished grade of society, struggles often unsuccessful, and, if successful, often bitterly disappointing! And yet how easy is it to make companions of the real aristocracy of mankind. You require no letters of nobility to enter that truly royal court. Princely Shakspeare welcomes you with his friendly, honest smile. He is a prince in whom you may put your trust. When they hear your voice, blind old Homer and blind Milton stretch forth their hands to grasp your own; the greatest of thinkers, the mightiest masters of language proffer you their converse, and the great master singers of all ages greet you with the choral hymn that has stirred and elevated the hearts of the generations that have passed away, and will pulsate as deeply in the hearts of generations yet unborn.

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## AN IRISH BOY'S LEGACY TO THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

TWO or three summers ago the drawingrooms of Lord O'Hagan's residence in Rutland-square, Dublin, were filled chiefly with Catholic ladies who had come to show their interest, or to acquire an interest in a pious organization of zeal devoted to the Propagation of the Faith—not the grand Association which bears this name, but one preparatory and subsidiary to it. We have used the word “filled” as a weaker term than “thronged:” for those spacious rooms held on that occasion a very much smaller crowd than they did on other occasions when their noble mistress and some of her friends lent the aid of fine dramatic talent to the service of certain other charitable objects. The programme on the day I refer to was of a less attractive character. Lady O'Hagan, President of the Irish Ladies' Committee of the Holy Childhood, had invited us to hear a statement from the Director-General of the Association, the Chanoine du Fougeraia. Canon Fricker read a report on the work done in Ireland; and then the French Canon made a very interesting address in his own language, beginning with the history of the Association as established forty years ago in France, where the mother Association of the Propagation of the Faith had sprung up not long before. The *Sainte Enfance*, he explained, aims chiefly at enlisting the zeal of Christian children in converting the little children of heathendom.

How many of the pious mothers, gathered together in Rutland-square on that June day, have persevered in the effort to interest their little ones in that holy work? One of the week-day morning sermons in a certain Dublin church during the following Advent brought this same Association of the Holy Childhood before the pious faithful assembled. One mother enrolled her children that same day, and she and they have persevered ever since. Yet no: one of her children has given up his place in the ranks of these juvenile crusaders. He has died; and it is his legacy to the Holy Childhood that has suggested this little paper. His Christian names were “John Joseph Aloysius.” Early last summer, on the feast of the last of these patrons, or on the feast of the Sacred Heart, he made his First Communion. Then after a month he approached the sacred table a second time; and his third Communion was his Viaticum. On his deathbed he displayed preternatural sweetness and wisdom, giving good advice to his brothers, never murmuring but always praying, and thanking every one so brightly. When towards the very last he was too weak to grasp the crucifix and could gasp out a few words of prayer with his loud difficult breathing—“Put it against my mouth, mamma, that I may shout on it.” In the final prostration and pang of death the poor little boy said with

broken accents, yet quite loud: "O my God, I give up—Jesus, I am fainting—Jesus, take me!" These are his exact words, of which I took a note soon after. And then he closed his eyes himself; no hand, not even a mother's, was needed to be laid on them after death.

Yet even more consoling for the mother's grieving heart was the bequest that has suggested this slight memorial. The little purse containing the savings of his short lifetime was to be given to the Association of the Holy Childhood. The contents—let us venture to specify them—amounted to fifteen shillings and fourpence; but who can tell what sum *that* represents in the estimation of Him who of old prized the widow's mite considerably above its actual value in the money market?

There is another Irish child who, we trust, will not follow John Joseph Aloysius for many and many a year. He was only three or four years old when he showed his generosity by something harder than a legacy—a *donatio inter vivos*, parting with his money when he was alive and able to enjoy it. Pinned with certain papers bearing on the present subject, I find a letter, of which the writer little dreams it has survived so long. "May I ask you as a great favour to dispose of the enclosed large sum of three shillings in some way that will give personal pleasure to a few of the little ones in the Children's Hospital? This is half of the first money-box possessed by my son. I have told him some stories about the poor sick children and so excited his pity that, when asked what will he do with his money, he says: 'give sweets and horses to the sick *ba-bas*.' I know you will not refuse a helping hand in my son's first act of charity and thus satisfy a foolish mother."

May God bless such foolish mothers! This three-year-old lived a hundred miles away from St. Joseph's Hospital in Upper Temple-street, Dublin; yet this "foolish mother" had infused into him such compassion for suffering little brothers and sisters whom he had never seen, that when the question arises as to the distribution of his first treasure, his generous impulse is to provide, not himself but them, with an ample supply of cakes and of those hideous little wooden monstrosities which under the name of "horses" exercise so strange a fascination over the baby-boyish heart. Such a mother will have no difficulty in teaching such a child to extend his sympathies also to the far more pitiable and desolate little heathen children far away; and therefore we reckon on the proprietor of the aforesaid money-box, who is now three or four years older, as a zealous recruit and recruiting-sergeant for the Association of the Holy Childhood.

## THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

BY A MOTHER.

THE theatre, and theatrical amusements generally, are usually pronounced to be unfitted for a juvenile audience. Any protest, therefore, coming from a parent, as to the ill effect of any part thereof on the mind of his child, might be met with the rejoinder which Thackeray in his noble story of "The Newcomes," makes the night-revellers give to Colonel Newsome, under somewhat similar circumstances—"Why do you bring young boys here, old boy?"

There is, however, one exception to this general rule, one entertainment in the year's programme, especially arranged for, and supposed to be peculiarly appropriate to the little folk; I mean, of course, the Christmas pantomime. It is about this time-honoured institution that I have a word to say: a word so deeply, so unfortunately true, that despite defective and unskilful utterance it deserves, from this very truth of it, and from "the pity of it," some serious attention.

I do believe, and I am going to try to show, that of all the dramatic entertainments given at the theatre, from the year's beginning to its close, there is not one so absolutely harmful, so utterly evil in its influence upon the audience to whom it is presented, as this said Christmas pantomime. The dramas which are hurtful to older heads would pass harmlessly over the curly pates of the blissfully ignorant little ones; the pretty "mise en scene" would delight and perhaps even refine them; but, in this so-called juvenile entertainment, I think it will be found to be true, that rudeness, cruelty, and arrant vulgarity are made patent, clear, and unmistakable to the childish mind, nay, even its warm young sympathies are enlisted on their side.

I took my little people to their first pantomime last year; and more than once I was painfully puzzled how to answer their innocent questions—their expressions of doubt and utter astonishment. For instance, when a certain royal lady in the piece advanced with martial stride, and, giving her lord a sounding box on the ear, desired him summarily to "shut up," one of them turned wonderingly to me and said, "Why does everybody laugh, mamma? I think that lady is a little rude, isn't she?" Later on, I was glad their ignorance stood their friend, when the same exalted personage informed us that "all her clothes were up the spout, but, alas! the money to get them out was far, far away!" Does anyone see the faintest sparkle of childish fun in this? Surely the play would have been quite as amusing and more intelligible to the little audience, if the good old nursery rhyme on which it was founded, had been literally and faithfully followed—if

the king, instead of cowering pitifully before the assaults of his aggressive spouse, had borne himself in martial and kingly fashion, and, with all due pomp and ceremony, had brought the peculating knave to that condign and immediate justice which children always enjoy and understand. The queen would have been fully as interesting if she had never raised her voice or her hands at all, save in the gentle and domestic occupation mentioned in the text :

"The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts  
All on a summer day ;"

a graceful and appropriate employment for the fair hands of a true "ladye" or "loaf-giver" of the olden time, and one perhaps not unlikely to awaken admiring imitation among the little modern fine ladies present.

If, as I have heard it asserted, these interpolations are made for the benefit of the top gallery, it is difficult to understand why the top gallery should encroach on the rights of the children. The year is long, the children get only a month of it, give it to them then, entirely and altogether. Let it be bright, humorous, laughable, but also pure, clear, and innocent as their own white souls. Give them music by all means, there can hardly be too much of it ; but not blended with allusions to the pawnbroker (as in the ditty above quoted) nor with words like the following, from the same evening's entertainment :—

"Och ! we're the boys that loves a fight,  
Crackin' skulls is our delight," &c., &c.

the entire elegant composition being entitled "The Mud Island Fusiliers !" I remember, some time ago, that a sketch in *Punch*, representing the Irish peasant as "delighting" in something of the kind, awakened a good deal of righteous indignation on this side of the channel, and a strong protest against Saxon prejudice. Now, the individual who sang the "Mud Island Fusiliers" here in this capital city of Ireland, in the dress and character of an Irish peasant, presented as low and brutal and utterly unnatural a travesty on that truest of nature's gentlemen, as the most violently anti-Irish stage could create.\*

But why (I cannot help saying it again) why make such interpolations at all ? Why not keep to the children, and the giants, and the genii, and the fairies ? The dear old fairies ! let us have them always, as prettily surrounded, as beautifully dressed (and sufficiently) as possible : it does even the old folks good to get back again into the old

\* Why do not Irish audiences hiss the stage Irishman as an insulting caricature, instead of greeting him with approving laughter ? And why do patriotic journals publish Irish stories of which the hero's strong points are vulgarity, brogue, and blackguardism ?—*Ed. I. M.*

green hills, and to people them with elves, and fays, and leprechauns again. But don't let the lovely columbine dance with the policeman, or (as I saw her last year), turn into a saucy maid-of-all-work, and, with the blossoms of a fairy-land still clinging round her, put her arms a-kimbo, and give impertinence to her mistress. Then, the boys' peculiar property, the harlequinade—make it funnier, cleverer, more amusing (it might easily be so) but eliminate the idle cruelty, the dull coarseness that invariably characterise it, and that often take the place of any wit or talent.

There is a half-unconscious element of cruelty, born of thoughtlessness, in the nature of many boys, requiring the most delicate attention and care to counteract. Now, can you imagine anything more exactly adapted to strengthen, nay, actually to inculcate such a disposition than the following very usual episode in every pantomime? The clown and pantaloon attack a poor, ugly, ill-dressed old woman, altogether unoffending, drag away her parcels, pull off her bonnet and shawl, and running off with the same, leave her helpless and gesticulating wildly on the ground. Every boy in the theatre joins in the laugh at her, because she is old and ugly, ill-treated and helpless—a fine, manly, chivalrous feeling to encourage in the boyish mind!

Since I began putting these ideas into words, I met accidentally (and it strengthened very much my conviction of the necessity there is to ventilate the subject) an article on the very point in question from the pen of one of the deepest thinkers and noblest writers of the day. Speaking of a London pantomime (in the year 1872) he says: "It depended throughout for its success on an appeal to the lowest vices of the London populace." A short sentence, but a pithy one: think of it a moment: the lowest vices of the London populace brought before the eyes of little children! Going more into detail, he describes the one redeeming feature of the night's performance, and the reception thereof by the audience. "And then the little lady I told you of, a child eight or nine years old, danced a *pas-de-doux* with the donkey. She was not an infant prodigy, there was no evidence in her performance that she had been put to continual torture through half her little life—she danced her little dance as a child ought, with perfect grace, spirit, sweetness, and self-forgetfulness; and, through all the vast theatre, full of English fathers, and mothers, and children, there was not one hand lifted to give her a sign of praise but mine."

"Presently after this" (goes on the narrator) "came on the forty thieves; who, as I told you, were girls, and there being no thieving to be immediately done, and time hanging heavy on their heads, arms, and legs, the forty girl-thieves proceeded to light forty cigars. Whereupon the British public proceeded to give them a round of applause. Whereupon, I fell a thinking" (concludes Mr. Ruskin), "and saw little more of the piece save as an ugly and disturbing dream."

Due subject for disturbance truly, to any thinking mind!

Do they know what vile work they are doing who present such sights and sounds to the innocent minds of our children? Do they think it matters not because the little ones *are* little, that for that reason *they* will forget, will come forth unharmed? Forget, at a time of life when every light impression grows and deepens, even as the rings widen in the water when you throw a stone in. Listen to one last word on that point, from the same great writer and reformer I have quoted before; hear what John Ruskin has to say of the consequences of the slightest taint of evil contaminating the mind of a child:—

“The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction (I use the words with their weight in them), ‘n-taking of stores, establishment in vital habits, hopes, and faiths. There is not one hour of it but is trembling with destinies, not a moment, of which, once past, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron. Take your vase of Venice glass out of the furnace, and strew chaff over it in its transparent heat, and recover *that* to its clearness and rubied glory when the north wind has blown upon it; but do not think to strew chaff over the child fresh from God’s presence, and to bring the heavenly colours back to him—at least in this world.”

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#### LEFT BEHIND.

HEART of my heart, and hast thou crossed death’s sea,  
While my life-weighted feet lag slow behind?  
Do mine ears catch thy farewell on the wind,  
Thy last sweet words for loveliest memory?  
Art thou indeed for ever gone from me?  
Oh bitter life, grown sudden bleak, and blind!  
Oh tear-brimmed eyes, that seek yet may not find  
Thee, nor alas the merest shadow of thee!

Heart of my heart, thou hast the rose-sweet ways  
Set for thy treading, and the lute’s glad song  
In thine ears soundeth as the angels play;  
No pain or sorrow dims thy golden days;  
Safe in Christ’s heaven, glad art thou, and strong,  
Yet, love, remember, as an angel may!

## OUR POETS.

No. XV.—MARY E. BLAKE.

TWO years ago we concluded a slight notice of the poems of "Thomasine" (known in Ireland as Miss Olivia Knight, and in Australia as Mrs. Hope Connolly), with the following words.\* "A writer in the *Irish Fireside* said lately that Eva and Speranza had no successors. We could name, if we dared, three or four daughters of Erin whom we believe to be singing now from a truer and deeper inspiration and with a purer utterance." Happily, since these words were printed, two of these unnamed rivals whom we set up against the gifted wife of the new M.P. elect for Meath, and against the more gifted widow of Sir William Wilde, have placed their names on the titlepages of collections of their poems. We allude of course to the two who are mentioned in the opening paragraphs of our notices of New Books in this present Number—Katharine Tynan and Rosa Mulholland. Not only these whose place in literature is already secured, but higher than some to whom the enthusiasm of a political crisis gave prominence we should be inclined to rank such Irish songstresses as the late Attie O'Brien and the living but too silent "Alice Esmonde." And then of Irishwomen living outside Ireland we have Fanny Parnell, Fanny Forrester, Eleanor Donnelly, and the lady whom we claim as our own in the title of this paper—Mrs. Mary E. Blake. Though the wife, we believe, of a physician at Boston, she was born at Clonmel, and bore the more exclusively Celtic name of Magrath.†

Boston claims, or used to claim, to be the literary metropolis of the United States. A prose volume by Mrs. Blake and a volume of her poems lie before us, and for elegance of typography do credit to their Boston publishers. "On the Wing"—lively sketches of a trip to the Pacific, all about San Francisco and the Yosemite Valley, and Los Angeles, and Colorado, but ending with this affectionate description of Boston aforesaid.

And now, as the evening sun drops lower, what fair city is this that rises in the east, throned like a queen above the silver Charles, many-towered and pinnacled, with clustering roof and taper spire? How proud she looks, yet modest, as one too sure of her innate nobility to need adventitious aid to impress others. Look at the æsthetic simplicity of her pose on the single hill, which is all the mistaken kindness of her children has left of the three mountains

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† Amongst American women we fear we cannot claim Nora Perry, in spite of her Christian name; but the father of Miss Louise Quiney was an Irishman. Both of these show a fresh and bright talent which lifts them far above feminine verse-writers.

which were her birthright. Behold the stately avenues that stretch by bridge and road, radiating her lavish favours in every direction; look at the spreading suburbs that crowd beyond her gates, more beautiful than the parks and pleasure grounds of her less favoured sisters. See where she sits, small but precious, her pretty feet in the blue waters that love to dally about them; her pretty head, in its brave gilt cap, as near the clouds as she can manage to get it; her arms full of whatever is rarest, and dearest, and best. For doesn't she hold the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall, and Harvard College? Do not the fiery eloquence of Phillips, the songs of Longfellow, the philosophy of Fisk, the glory of the Great Organ, and the native lair of culture, belong to her? Ah! why should we not "tell truth and shame the devil"—doesn't she bring to us the babies and the family doctor?

But it is not as a writer of prose that Mrs. Blake has secured a niche in our gallery of literary portraits. Indeed, without knowing it, we have already introduced her poetry to our readers: for we are pleased to find in her volume of collected poems an anonymous piece which we had gathered as one of our "Flowers for a Child's Grave," from a number of "The Boston Pilot" as far back as 1870. We should reprint page 171 of this volume if it were not already found in our eighth volume (1880) at page 608. The division of Mrs. Blake's poems to which it belongs contains, we think, her best work. Her muse never sings more sweetly than in giving expression to the joy and grief of a mother's heart. The verses just referred to were the utterance of maternal grief: a mother's joy breaks out into these pleasant and musical stanzas:—

My little man is merry and wise,  
 Gay as a cricket and blithe as a bird;  
 Often he laughs and seldom he cries,  
 Chatters and coos at my lightest word:  
     Peeping and creeping and opening the door,  
     Clattering, pattering over the floor,  
     In and out, round about, fast as he can,—  
 So goes the daytime with my little man.

My little man is brimful of fun,  
 Always in mischief and sometimes in grief;  
 Thimble and scissors he hides one by one,  
 Till nothing is left but to catch the thief;  
     Sunny hair, golden fair, over his brow—  
     Eyes so deep, lost in sleep, look at him now;  
     Baby feet, dimpled sweet, tired as they ran,  
 So goes the night-time with my little man.

My little man with cherry-ripe face,  
 Pouting red lips and dimpled chin,  
 Fashioned in babyhood's exquisite grace,  
 Beauty without and beauty within,—



Full of light, golden bright, life as it seems,  
 Not a tear, not a fear, knows in thy dreams;  
 Kisses and blisses now make up its span,  
 Could it be always so, my little man?

My little man the years fly away,  
 Chances and changes may come to us all,—  
 I'll look for the babe at my side some day,  
 And find him above me, six feet tall;  
 Flowing beard hiding the dimples I love,  
 Grizzled locks shading the clear brow above,  
 Youth's promise ripened on Nature's broad plan,  
 And nothing more left me of my little man.

My little man,—when time shall bow,  
 With its hoary weight, my head and thine,—  
 Will you love me then as you love me now,  
 With sweet eyes looking so fond in mine?  
 However strangely my lot may be cast,  
 My hope in life's future, my joy in life's past,  
 Loyal and true as your loving heart can,  
 Say, will you always be my little man?

My little man! perchance the bloom  
 Of the hidden years, as they come and pass,  
 May leave me alone, with a wee, wee tomb  
 Hidden away in the tangled grass.  
 Still as on earth, so in heaven above,  
 Near to me, dear to me, claiming my love,  
 Safe in God's sunshine, and filling his plan,  
 Still be *forever* my own little man.

Perhaps our Irish poetess in exile—Boston does not consider itself a place of exile—would prefer to be represented by one of her more serious poems; and probably she had good reasons for placing first in her volume the following which is called “The Master's Hand.”

The scroll was old and gray;  
 The dust of time had gathered white and chill  
 Above the touches of the worker's skill,  
 And hid their charm away.

The many passed it by;  
 For no sweet curve of dainty face or form,  
 No gleam of light, or flash of colour warm,  
 Held back the careless eye.

But when the artist came,  
 With eye that saw beyond the charm of sense,  
 He seemed to catch a sense of power intense  
 That filled the dusky frame.

And when with jealous care  
 His hand had cleansed the canvas, line by line,  
 Behold! The fire of perfect art divine,  
 Had burned its impress there!

Upon the tablet glowed,  
 Made priceless by the arch of time they spanned,  
 The touches of the rare Old Master's hand,  
 The life his skill bestowed.

O God whom we adore!  
 Give us the watchful sight, to see and trace,  
 Thy living semblance in each human face  
 However clouded o'er.

Give us the power to find,  
 However warped and grimed by time and sin,  
 Thine impress stamped upon the soul within,  
 Thy signet on the mind.

Not ours the reckless speed  
 To proudly pass our brother's weakness by,  
 And turning from his side with careless eye,  
 To take no further heed ;

But, studying line by line,  
 Grant to our hearts deep trust and patient skill,  
 To trace within his soul and spirit still  
 Thy Master Hand divine!

Mrs. Blake in one point does not resemble the two Irish woman-poets—for they are more than poetesses—whom we named together at the beginning of this little paper. Ireland and the Blessed Virgin have not in this Boston book the prominence which Miss Mulholland gives them in the volume which is just issuing from Paternoster-square. The Irish-American lady made her selection with a view to the tastes of the general public; but the general public are sure to be won by earnest and truthful feeling, and an Irish and Catholic heart cannot be truthful and earnest without betraying its devotion to the Madonna and Erin.

## WINGED WORDS.

It is my conviction that especially in matters where many varied and at times conflicting interests are involved, legislation to be effective should be confined within the narrowest limits consistent with the attainment of the object which it has in view.—*Most Rev. W. Walsh, D.D.*

How hard it is sometimes to cure a slight sprain! So it is also in social life. An open rupture is often easier to repair than strained relations.—*T. K.*

Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.—*Emerson.*

Politeness is the poetry of conduct, and like poetry, it has many qualities. Let not your politeness be too florid, but of that gentle kind which indicates refined nature.—*Anon.*

However great may have been the intellectual triumphs of the nineteenth century, we can hardly think so highly of its achievements as to imagine that in less than twenty years we have passed from complete ignorance to almost perfect knowledge on two such vast and complex subjects as the origin of species and the antiquity of man.—*Alfred Wallace.*

Human nature is a greater force even than laws of political economy, and the Almighty Himself has implanted in the human breast that passionate love of country which rivets with irresistible attraction the Esquimaux to his eternal snows, the Arab to his sandy desert, and the Highlander to his rugged mountains.—*Joseph Chamberlain.*

To no people on earth can death be made so sweetly acceptable as to the faithful among the Irish poor.—*Miss Mulholland's "Marcella Grace."*

Recreation is likely to be more truly worthy of the name if it is not made the chief object of life, and when it has not become the weary toil that unrestricted amusement is apt to degenerate into.—*Anon.*

With true orators success is won by the long continued work which supplies the hard facts and telling truths for which eloquent words are but the vehicle. Powder, no doubt, is very useful in war; it makes the most noise, but it is the bullets and shells that silence the enemy.—*Rev. William Delaney, S.J.*

Enjoy present pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones.—*Seneca*

The best education in the world is that got by struggling for a living.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.—*Longfellow*.

Organizations may change or dissolve, but when parties cease to exist liberty will perish.—*Garfield*.

What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship? Then all things go to decay.—*Emerson*.

Nothing makes a man so contented as an experience gathered from a well-watched past.—*Norman Macleod*.

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## NEW BOOKS.

WE must begin our book-notes this month with two excellent bits of Irish literary news. The first is that Miss Katharine Tynan's poems have in five months reached a second edition—a proof of popularity which, after a much longer interval, falls to the lot of very few volumes of poetry, even those bearing the names of distinguished men.

The second piece of good news is that the same publishers (Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., of 1 Paternoster-square, London), have in the press another volume of poems, for which we guarantee a similar destiny. Miss Rosa Mulholland has given to this first collection of her poems—which are true poetry of a very high and perfect kind—the far too modest name of “Vagrant Verses.” We shall watch with curiosity the opinions pronounced by English and American critics on a book which we believe to be one of the most exquisite additions that Irish genius has ever made to that very glorious literature, which has a place not only for Shakspeare and Milton, but also for Gerald Griffin and Oliver Goldsmith.

What pleases us best in the last number of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* is not either of the learned essays by the Rev. Walter Mac Donald of Maynooth, or the Rev. Edward O'Dwyer of Limerick; nor even Mr. Bedford's picturesque “Fragments of a Broken Tour;” but the announcement that henceforth the magazine will be increased by an addition of half as many pages as now make up a Number, while the price will remain the same. Ninety-six pages of such varied interest for priestly readers, coming free by post month after month for a year, and all for half-a-sovereign paid in advance! May as good value be received for every five florins expended between this and Little Christmas!

A small “Life of St. Vincent de Paul,” published by Burns and Oates, is very neatly “gotten up,” as our Yankee cousins say. It is